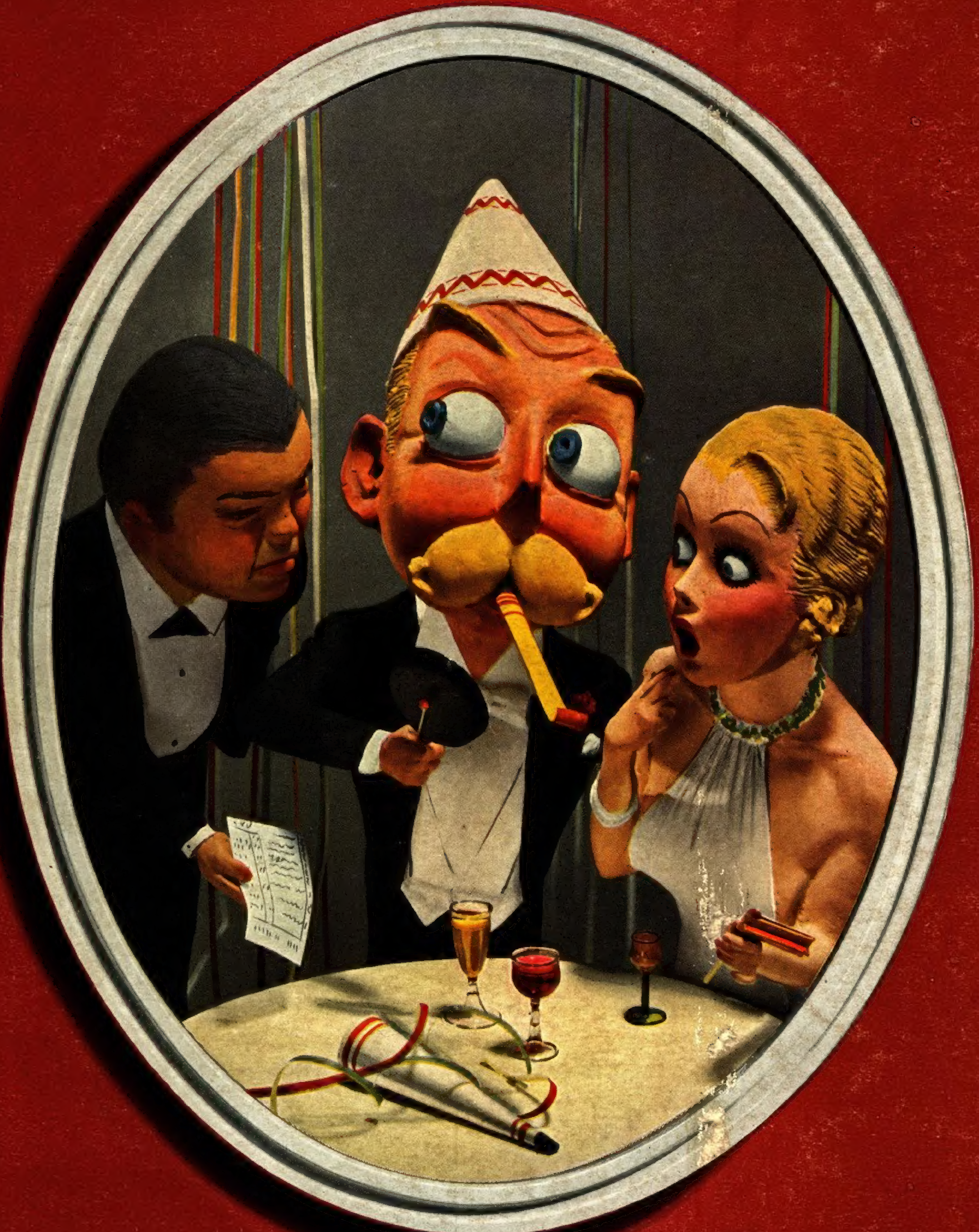
Esquire

A. N. C.

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY
1937



ARTICLES

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EUGENE HIGGINS

SATIRE

PARKE CUMMINGS
DOUG WELCH
SAMUEL GRAFTON
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(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

"East, west – *that* taste's best . . ."

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Wherever you meet
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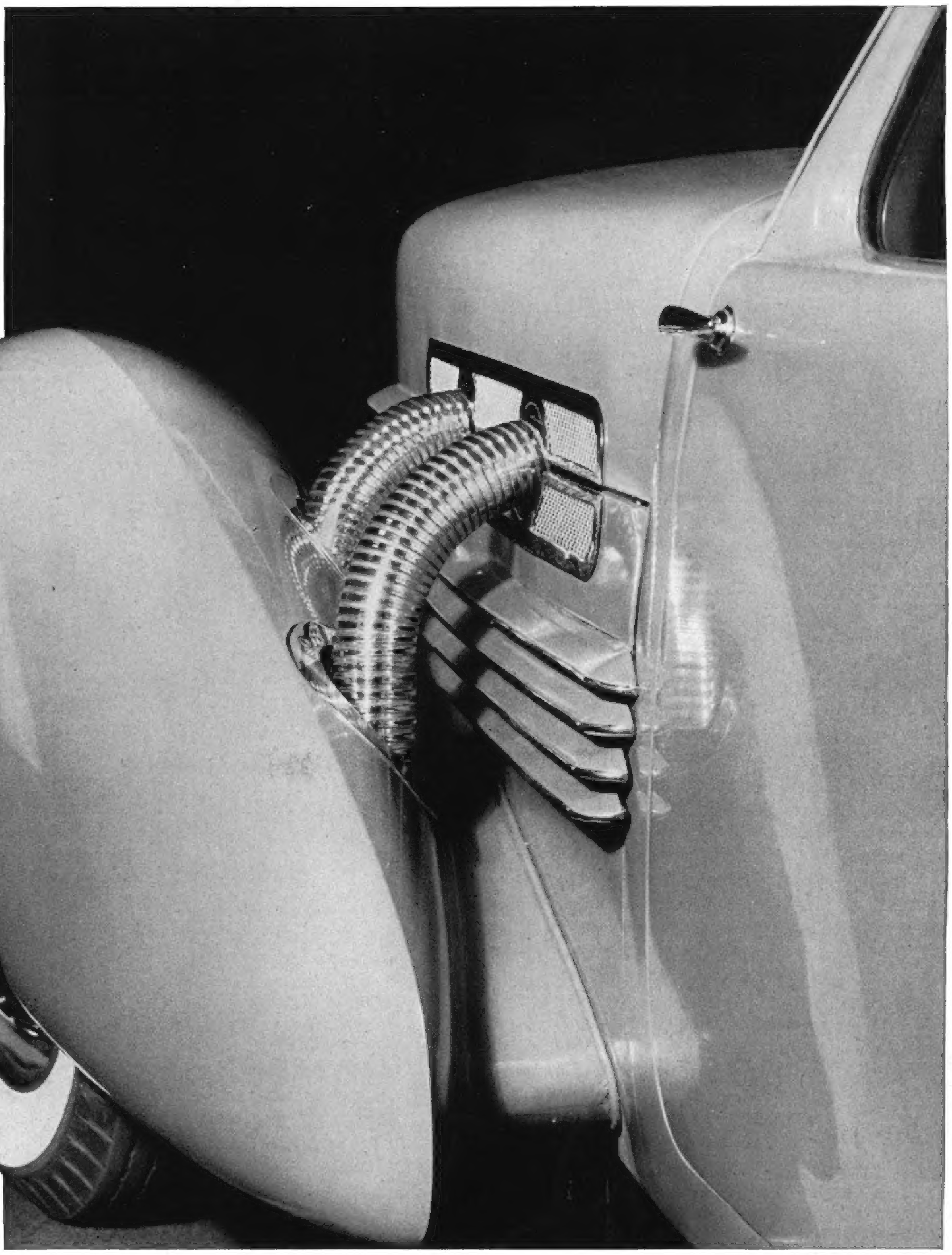

Ab Jenkins speaks

"I work for the Auburn Automobile Company. I am not an automobile race driver, although I hold more world's records than any other man in the world. My work as an experimental engineer is to build safety and performance into automobiles. At the New York Show the Auburn Automobile Company announced the new Super-Charged Cord, powered with 170 Horse Power Super-Charged Lycoming engine. I believe honestly that this motor car offers more dollar-per-dollar value in flexibility and all-around performance than any car being built in America today. This is not a paid testimonial for, as I stated before, I work for the company, but I make this statement from the fund of knowledge gained in the experimental work attendant upon the building of this motor car."

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IN
JANUARY

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Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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TRENDS IN DRESS

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by Saalburg and Fellows beginning on page 132

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Salute to the fourth New Year

With this issue Esquire greets its fourth New Year. For America, from the mid-November day that serves as the vantage point for this observation the New Year looks Happy. For Europe, atremble with each reverberation from fallen Madrid, the New Year could hardly look worse. The temptation is strong for all of us, triumphant New Dealers and defeated Landonites alike, to take one look at Europe's lowering sky and offer up, by way of Thanksgiving, the prayer of the Pharisee, thanking the Lord that we are not as other nations are. This Holier than Thou attitude may be hard to forgive but it is at least easy to understand. If you have not, yourself, felt this glow of Thanksgiving for the fortunate accident that makes you a member of what now appears to be the freest of the earth's free peoples, we know the prescription that will make you feel it. Go by street car or bus or let your chauffeur drive you, if you live there, or get there somehow if you don't, but hie yourself in either case to the Adelphi Theatre in New York, the Majestic in Brooklyn, the Jefferson in Birmingham, Ala., the Mayan in Los Angeles, the Columbia in San Francisco, the Baker in Denver, the Park in Bridgeport, or the Palace in Hartford, Conn., the Blackstone in Chicago, the Keith in Indianapolis, the Repertory in Boston, the Lafayette in Detroit, the City in Newark, N. J., the Warburton in Yonkers, the Carter in Cleveland, the Moore in Seattle or the Scottish Rite in Tacoma. To the 50c admission price you may add at least six dollars in transportation costs to get there and still come out ahead. For whatever you may think of the Federal Theatre Project, whether you consider the W.P.A. a boon or a boondoggle, and whether you regard Sinclair Lewis as a prophet or a pamphleteer, we defy you to sit through one performance of *It Can't Happen Here* without catching yourself, some time in the three acts, thanking your lucky stars that you live in a country where government will permit such a spectacle, let alone produce it. Sit through it and you will be purged, oh brothers and sisters in the classic and Aristotelian manner, through pity and fear!

Salute to the new subscriber

This thing seems to be getting out of hand. We started out simply to wish you a Happy New Year and we find ourselves on a siding, not to say on a soapbox, as unauthorized press-agents for a play. It behooves us to start over again. With this issue, Esquire enters Volume Seven. More important, with this issue Esquire enters many homes where it has never been before. For the January issue is the one with which Christmas gift subscriptions begin. We do not presume to assume, after a short three years, that everyone knows by now what Esquire is. And in case you don't, we are pleased to explain that what you are now holding in your hands is a magazine for men to which, through circumstances beyond its control, a considerable number of women seem to have become addicted. It has learned most of the accepted rules and practices of publishing only in the course of breaking them. The magazine is, as its name explains, not for children. Nor is it, on the other hand, a dirty magazine, as some may have falsely told you. The publishers personally guarantee that its cartoons are as clean as the paper on which they are printed. They only refuse to be responsible for the state of your mind. The magazine is dedicated to the literate, if not the literary, and to the intelligent if not the intellectual. Politically it is non-partisan, as concerns the two major American parties. Otherwise, it is something of an anomaly, because it is both anti-fascist and anti-communist, and actively anti-war. It will probably puzzle you. It might help to explain that its conception of the true and ideal American way of life lies in every man's right to misspend his life as and if he sees fit. Editorially it is broad-minded, in every sense of the term. It has only one fixed editorial policy and that is a devotion to gradual but constant change. If you have tender prejudices it will probably step on at least one of them before the year is out. It isn't, and it never will be, the magazine for everybody. But in its fourth year it's the magazine of over half a million families, of whose way of life it is a reflection. It is bought by them and if we can believe the surveys, read by five million more. Their way of life may not be yours. It may not be the best one. But it must be pretty good, because they seem to find in its confines room for love and laughter, vanity and variety, courage and curiosity, wonder and weeping and, even now and then, reverence and reflection. It may not be for you, though we hope it is. You may be right. They could be wrong. In any event, you can't say we didn't warn you.

Two little girls in search of a studio

The Discovery of the Month will surprise you this time. It isn't a story. It's twins. Two Hollywood unknowns, Barbara and Gloria Brewster. We can tell you where to find them (page 68) but we can't tell you how to tell them apart. Anyway, we're very proud of them, we being responsible for getting I. Magnin to dress them up pretty for Mr. Hurrell to take their picture, right along with the stars. Aside and urgent to a Hollywood producer: Give 'em a job. Put 'em in a picture. We know the power of the press isn't what it used to be. The election proved that. But give 'em a job. Put 'em in a picture. We'll even give you a free title for it: Bodies by Brewster.

ESQUIRE
Jan., 1937
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VII, No. 1
Whole No. 38
T. M.
Reg.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AUTO ACCESSORIES

PRESS THE MAGIC BUTTON—
Presto a lighted cigarette! SERV-A-LITE—in one beautiful compact unit combines a case for 20 cigarettes, a self lighter and dispenser, a handy ash tray. It's fully automatic. Attachable to any auto dash in 5 minutes without tools. The ideal gift to give and to receive. Deluxe model, $3.95 in gift packing. Standard model, $2.45 at your favorite store. Or write to
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HERBERT S. MILLS
HAMILTON CANADA

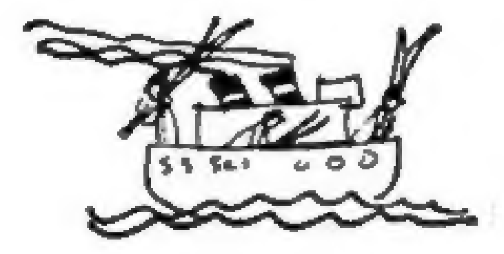
HATTERS

For day and evening wear, YOUNG'S-STETSON Derbies are in irreproachable taste. STETSONS at $6.50 up; PENN-CRAFT $5.00; YOUNG'S $2.85 and $3.50. For the formal evenings ahead, YOUNG'S 29 hat shops bring you Operas, Silk Hats, Midnight Blue, and Black Felts.

Bath towels are enjoying a progressive masculation, the latest step being design. The unobservant, upon whom the creation of usefully large towels made no impression, can hardly miss the crossed golf clubs, horse's head and crossed polo mallets, skis and ski poles with which they may now pound their hairy chests. These decorations are brilliantly colored and effective.

Paradoxically, efforts have been made to soften the strident ringing of alarm clocks. Latest contribution to the elimination of rude awakenings is an alarm that breaks into a tinkling waltz at the predetermined arising time. We fear that if the tune were just a bit dreamier, it would lull us back to sleep.

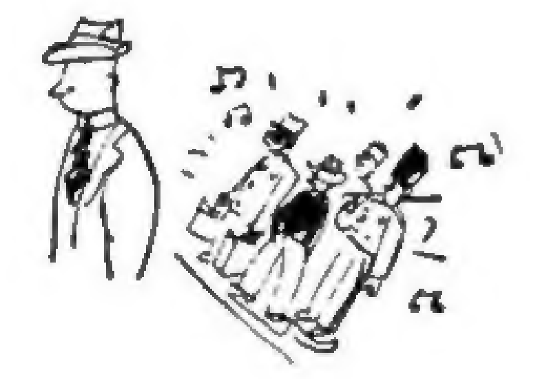
Those procrastinators who put off buying razor blades, until some morning they find themselves unable to shave, are fair game for a very practical gift that will protect them from themselves. The makers of the most widely used razor and blades have packaged their product in glamorous gift boxes containing five or more packages of blades. A double use is a feature of one box, which serves not only to enhance the gift, but may also be used as a cigarette case when the contents have been removed. This is one gift that presents no problem of duplication, as he can use as many as he receives.



A year ago we commented in this column on the ingenuity displayed by one of New York's leading stores in piquing local interest in skiing by the installation of a ski slide in the store. Since then, other stores have followed its leadership. This January, however, the same store plans to contribute still more to the stimulation of enthusiasm for skiing by the introduction of a ski cruise that surpasses even the most ambitious of ski train activities. This snow-boat leaves New York in mid-January for a six week tour that lands you in France with a couple of days in Paris en route to St. Moritz, where skiing and winter sports may be indulged in without limit for three weeks. After this, the snow tourist will be put through a reverse action via Paris, Havre, and the North Atlantic.

While we're on the subject of skiing, we might report here that we happened upon a ski shop which, although known to the trade, should prove a real discovery to the novice. They answer all the whys and wherefores the Missouri ski-errs can invent, and offer a catalogue listing equipment assembled from all over the world. Dressing rooms in the back of the shop are available for customers from out of town. It is possible to enter the store in civilian attire and leave in a parka, head-band, multi-colored scarf, and mitten-clad hands—not on foot but propelled by Austrian poles on the newest steel-edged skis.

Chamois-lined cape skin gloves offer a full measure of warmth without loss of the desirable formality for business wear in town. If your hands follow the thermometer and you prefer not to wear gloves more suitable for a ski outfit, here is a solution to your difficulty.



The trio of carved wood whistling figures—the man on the flying trapeze, the huntsman and the sailor—has been enlarged to a choir. New members are a cowboy weeping for his "Home on the Range," a negro Red Cap happily busy with "This Is My Lucky Day," a soldier dashing off "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," and a banjo strumming negro crooning "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." We set all seven going at once, God knows why. So many people came running that we got red in the face and sheepishly tip-toed away, while some doughty clerk waded in to the bedlam and silenced it.

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Good-looking hair "belongs" on every festive occasion

THIS is the time of the year for happy family reunions . . . for romance . . . for festive celebrations and glorious parties. It's the time of the year when pride in personal appearance hits a new high—and good grooming justifies a little extra attention.

Thanks to Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout," good-looking hair is a holiday asset—a year-round asset—that's easy to have.

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This brisk massage takes the tonic effects of Vitalis right down to the very hair roots themselves. This quickly loosens the tight skin of your dry scalp . . . stimulates new circulation . . . and restores the flow of hair-nourishing oils.

Your scalp responds with tingling vitality. Loose dandruff disappears, and with it goes one threat of falling hair. Yet there's no trace of objectionable "patent-leather" shine. For your hair gleams with a natural, good-looking lustre.

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 SECONDS** to rub—hair-nourishing oils are replenished. Circulation quickens. Your hair takes on new life and lustre.

2 **10 SECONDS** to comb and brush—hair looks rich and lustrous, but with no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

Think of your sweetheart, wife or mother. They like to see you looking your best. So give your hair the little attention it needs by starting your "60-Second Workouts" with Vitalis today.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. He is recommending Vitalis in the new single application Sealtube. It is the *most sanitary* package ever made. Be sure to get a Sealtube.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" KEEPS SCALP HEALTHY—HAIR HANDSOME

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BALLAD OF READING MAIL

The day has come, days always do,
When I must Sound my Fury too.
To Mr. Smart, or whatever man sends
Me letters: "Your subscription ends
Next month. I know your friend desires
Another year to read Esquires.
Perhaps in the swing of life's gay pursual,
You have neglected your renewal.
In which case, sign your name right here.
Your friend will love Esquire another year."
So this is my furor, Mr. Smart:
He was no friend; he broke my heart.
I gave him Esquire, thinking that maybe
He'd say, "You are a clever baby.
I love you. Why don't you marry me,
And we could cut down on our Esquire fee!"
But, Hell, it didn't work like that.
He reached for Esquire and he reached for his hat.
He wrote for a while but I knew he was tiring;
And then he fell for a Petty siren.....
So now he has gone, but there's still the "Smart" guy,
With his wise-cracks on what magazine to buy,
With his "life's mad swing", when I need a rope;
And his "your friend will love", when he won't . . . the dope.
But you're a dope too, Mr. Smarty Smarty Smart,
'Cause he wasn't a friend; he broke my heart.
Envoi:
Thanking you just the same
I will join the parade
Of the women without Esquires
Who have paid and paid.

Vicksburg, Miss. Anne Payde

TICK TALK

Words fail me—or, I should say, the words I need to be really effective fail me. I have just read Alan MacDonald's article *You Can't Sleep with Women,* and it makes me so mad I could just spit! Does he think you can sleep with men?

He is a thirty-three year old bachelor, and says his findings are based upon numerous unexpected and unplanned observations over a period of years, and upon unwilling complaints of fatigue-racked (by the way, shouldn't it be wracked?) friends during their frantic search for surcease.

Well, I'll be thirty-three by the time he reads this (and please, oh, please, kind sir, see that he does!), and my findings are the result of countless "hair taking-down" sessions coupled with eleven years of *trying* to sleep in double harness. I read some place that you can't argue with a woman because she always goes personal on you—her re-action to general criticism is "*I* don't."

The average woman, in an average sized bed, is short enough to stretch out straight and to snuggle clear down to the foot of the bed and still have covers up to, yes, and over, her chin. Men, because they make a greater bulk are much more apt to be the "cover pullers." I'd strongly advise Mr. MacDonald to call on his friends in the morning before bed-making time. He'd see for himself on which side of the bed the covers have been pulled.

The average woman sleeps most healthfully, and more comfortably, on her stomach, or even on her side, but never on her back. Let Mr. MacDonald ask his female friends what discomfort bothered them most during pregnancy, and with dern few exceptions they'll say "having to sleep on their backs." The male figure adjusts itself very nicely to sleeping on the back, and anyone, regardless of sex, will snore in that position.

If the masculine half of a sleeping team puts his arm around you, there is only one place for your nose to go—his neck. And, figure it out for yourself, Mr. Mac, that while she is breathing up, he is breathing *down* on her. That accounts for a dream I occasionally have—of being trapped in a flame-swept room. I wake and find, instead of flames lapping at me, my darling is huffing and puffing in my direction. That is quite a common dream among my feminine friends.

I could quote both names and figures, so you may believe me when I say that most couples would prefer to, and do, sleep better when they sleep separately. But, they can't always afford to do so. At the same time, life goes on a little more smoothly when couples occupy the same bed. You don't need to page Mr. Ellis—it is a trifle difficult to maintain the level of a "mad" at someone who is only inches away.

More on the covers situation. I think that since women wear lighter weight clothes, both day and night, it proves that they are warmer blooded. Twin beds would settle that point, at least, but they seem silly, because one has practically all the disadvantages of sleeping with some one, and none of the advantages, such as they are.

Some day, God willing and weather permitting, we will have two bedrooms, each with a full sized bed, and that, I am sure, will be ideal for both of us. Until then, Mr. MacDonald, you can take it from me, you can't sleep with men either. There are two sides to this question.

In memory of one thousand and one sleepless nights, by

Yours very truly,
Denver, Colo. Elizabeth M. Fitz

A. T.—I'd prefer being anonymous, except that it seems lacking in the courage of one's convictions.

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING

Me thinks you've got something, Esky, when you inaugurated the series of Hurrell portraits with an opening blast of C. Lombard . . . and don't let the iron-firemen discourage your efforts (as they will) by informing that your bundle of enlightenment is assuming the role of a dime cinema pulp. Hurrell prints are not the work of a camera—but a force of imagination set to sensitive "canvas." They made their debut in the correct atmosphere where only quality press-work can insure worthy reproduction.

Give this husky man of the Brownie the sincere compliments of a mannequin whose wings have been scorched with the heat of the Kleigs and from one who knows the patience that belongs to that fellow who plays around in the dark room.

Ruth Margaret Bradbury

Keep your mind out of the gutter, Esky!

Cordially,
Ruth Margaret Bradbury
Cleveland, Ohio

N.B.—The enclosure is not copyrighted.

A CRITIQUE OF OUR GORGEOUS GEORGES

I am not condemning the November issue, but George Sokolsky and George Antheil started it off with a couple of sour blasts that deserve a squawk. However, I can't do my worst because I also read *Marriages Not Made in Heaven* by Havelock Ellis; *Jailer or Surgeon* by Dr. Maltz; and *Uncle Joe's Boys* by Jesse Stuart.

Dr. Maltz lanced a highly pertinent abscess and did pretty well considering the lack of clinical information. Havelock Ellis—good old Havie, always dependable in the pinches; the guy with the steely eye who whacks them over the right field bleachers whether the bases are full or not. A civilized bird with an honest premise. Certainly one of the most sophisticated, objective dilettantes cruising uncharted seas. Jesse Stuart is miles ahead of the myriad, acclaimed phoneys who slap a typewriter around. His is a top story, as puritanically American as Martial was decadent. If the Big Sandy doesn't go down in American Literature the loss is ours and not Stuart's. I'll trade a half buck for a paragraph of Jay anytime, or a year's subscription price for another description like Jay's marriage and how he got rid of it.

But let's get back to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—Sokolsky and Antheil; for I cannot get to my point until I pass through their mausoleums. Who thought of *One Sure Cure?* Why was it written? Who laid down the jack for it? Here is a guy who sweeps into the plumbing all the subtle recordings of the political seismograph. He takes the weightiest social problem of the entire century—one that has taken five centuries to bring to a head—and he kneads it back into a pin head. You know, like Houdini rolling a half dozen bed-sheets in his palms and turning them into an eczema rash. Worried about Communism? Give the boys a great big job and Pippa Passes. And in all this foolery there is as much esoterica as there is nourishment in spaghetti especially prepared for diabetics. So what if the guy didn't read Machiavelli? What if he never heard of the anti-social basis of man? What if he is ignorant of the differential between the conjectural and realized profit in mass-movement? You gotta admit he makes funny faces and he wuz in Shanghai.

So Smells Defeat? Why, I thought it was just a bad egg. That was a smart trick you did: pull Antheil away from his music, where pure emotion forever eludes rationalization, and sic him on to the metaphysics of psychiatry. Just because he filled his belly with the sympathetic magic of Forel, Moll, Kraft-Ebbing, and the Viennese fakers who proved that American mooches were suckers on a silver platter, and just because he turned out a lot of astrology for the erotic to go by—and land in jail with the first free feel—you paid him for giving a half-hind picture of post-war Germany in the throes of inflation and shifting the scene over into our back yard. Well, maybe he can get away with the thesis that a sniffling nostril and a twitching eyelid belong in the erogenous area. Maybe he can convince a lot of sexual doughnuts that a sneezing swain is bed-work bound. Maybe he can tell by the wilting of a gardenia what are the nocturnal excitations of its wearer. If he's tired of fixin' tunes for cowbells and steampipes, and if he's gotta write instead, then let him stick to his peculiar brand of chiropractic psychiatry. But keep him away from freak and naive prophecy. It's possible you have a lot of smart guys reading your sheet. And it's possible that they read other sheets and have learned a lot about the sub-surface of the formulating Armageddon. And it's possible they resent stumbling into Antheil's kindergarten for precocious brats. And it's possible that they'll aim a kick at your seat for Antheil's belabored cleverisms just because he is not available.

Now, I like your magazine and I'd hate to see you make the mistake of your predecessors. When I want an accountant to go over my books I don't call on Eddie Cantor; and I never heard of Groucho Marx laughing anybody out of arterio-sclerosis. Beware of the dilletante who'll fight anybody anywhere anytime for any purse. Many a guy was socked on the nose for taking in too much territory. Even Meyer Levin left himself wide open when he damaged his dydee over *Green Pastures* and decided to supplement his homage with a little history (the first all-Negro cast in the first all-Negro movie—forgetting that earlier and much better job, *Hallelujah;* but it wasn't written by Caius Marcus Connollyus who like his *et tu* contemporary could do no bilge).

And how long after Hemingway wrote his prophecy on Joe Louis did Schmeling put him to bed with a sandman story?

Do you remember Herbert Asbury's much-touted book on the gangs of New York? Do you remember that eye-rolling sermon towards the end: that there were no more gangsters. Before that book could get into the dollar reprints Field Marshal Capone was splitting up America with such deftness that some of the major municipal political units never got over it.

And what a laugh De Kruif handed *Herr doktors* when he stated in *Microbe Hunters* that there weren't enough yellow fever germs left in the world to cover the head of a pin. Maybe the oodles that were dying off in Central America, much after the book was written, had eaten green apples and forgot to chew them thoroughly.

Beware of the slapstick dilletante, and the Ides of March, and the Greek that opens up coffee shoppes. Beware of the adolescents who determine what is universal by skimming over the local.

So if you don't mind I'll go back to Esquire with the hope that you lost some freak bet and that you preferred a couple of articles by the Siamese Georges to pushing a cwt. of Edgar Guest's poetry across the country in a wheelbarrow.

Very sincerely yours,
New York, N. Y. Harry Serwer

LAST LINE DOES IT

At least once in a person's life there comes a time when he must write a letter to a magazine. God help me! My time has come.

What do I do now? Do I say I don't like the magazine and get the letter printed or do I say I'm for it and stay out in the cold. Of course I want to see this in print and who doesn't. That's the only reason I'm writing this—you damned fool.

The trouble is that I can't find anything wrong with the damned magazine. Guess that's why I'll keep parting with fifty cents every month. Like Petty's cartoons (but wasn't he a bit lazy in the November issue?) and best of all the satire. Very good. Give us lots more. I'm done now so you can rest your speck of brain.

Yours,
Lynn, Mass. Ray Bauwers

Continued on page 10

ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

IF we didn't know the month or day—if we couldn't find a calendar high or low—we'd *still* be kept right up to date by the annual flood of requests we get at this time for our Four Roses Egg-nog recipe.

It's the *best* recipe—the one most honored by usage—that we've ever unearthed. Its success in past years seems somehow to have made re-printing this recipe at Christmas our public duty.

So . . . here it is again. Follow it reverently. Mark well what a magnificent, heart-warming Egg-nog it makes for you. Just be careful—mighty careful—that you make it *with Four Roses Whiskey!*

For, Four Roses is more than a single fine whiskey. In it are combined *several* straight whiskies, and nothing *but* whiskey. Each of the straight whiskies we use is a noble whiskey in its own right, yet each has some special virtue—aroma, smoothness, body, flavor. Blended together, they give *all* their virtues to *one* superlative whiskey—Four Roses.

That's why Four Roses is the *only* whiskey that should grace your Christmas Egg-nog. And that goes for your cocktails and high-balls, too!

* * *

In gay holiday wrappers, perfect presents for discerning drinkers—Four Roses (94 proof), Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies, made by Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—94 Proof

America's finest whiskey . . . regardless of age or price

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THEY'RE STILL NICE GIRLS

Please please please please please please please keep Esky out of politics and *vice versa.*

The gentleman who wrote that story about them being nice girls last month should come down to this neck of the woods and find out a little about conditions in the mining towns if he feels that he must write about them.

COAL PRICES UP

It just so happened that one week after the November Esquire appeared with the story, the West Virginia coal fields hit a new all time high in shipments. Friday, October 16th, the Norfolk and Western Railway Company reported that 3812 car loads were weighed in and shipped on their lines, setting an all time record. If that isn't a prosperity note, I'm an oversexed mountain goat. (Poetry). The above-mentioned statement, you can readily see, would tend to deprive the story of what little realism it possessed.

If you want to print stories about poverty, why don't you write about the writers who try year after year, well, anyway, month after month, to get stories in your damned old magazine and whose main interests in life lie in their collections of rejection slips.

"Sorry, Not For Us," with Mister Gingrich's signature to show that there are no hard feelings is, no doubt, a very beautiful sentiment, but Jeezus! Painting the scaffold beautiful hues of the rainbow wouldn't make the execution a bit more pleasant to the condemned!

Love and kisses,
Bluefield, W. Va. Pete Barrow, Jr.

TOUGH TO BE SO ROUGH ON HOUGH

Forgive me if I say that "Pretty Boy" Hough's little self-portrait in the October *Backstage* department seemed to me rather upstage. I can heartily recommend it as a first-class emetic. The description he so kindly furnished was bad enough taken by itself, but when it is coupled with the photograph he sent, it constitutes an insult to the intelligence; I grant you that it was perfect in its kind. The American Friendship Society would no doubt scream with joy at sight of it. He would, beyond a doubt, at least land "A plump and pretty widow, considered attractive by her friends (!!). Blue eyes, good figure, easy to get along with. Am sixty but look thirty-five. Cuddly!" (Taken from the A. F. S. pink circular.)

Your *S. and F.* column may be "full of sound and fury and signifying nothing," but I was pained—deeply pained, gentlemen—to find that your Furies were not sound enough to even protest against such drivel. At first I thought Mr. Hough's little autobiography was a rib but if it was, it was a dirty joke conceived by a warped sense of humor. Well, that's over. Let's say no more. Out, out! brief scandal. Better to forgive and forget.

But, just between you and me, I'm a bald-headed man, five feet tall, and wear snow shoes. "Am considered good-looking by my friends." At the age of two, I had an article on the conjunction of earthworms published in the "Snaky Stories," Paducah. It is still considered source material by my friends who tolerantly consider the source. Later sold Madagascarian rights. My friends all tell me that my work is better than that of Omar Khayyam. Speaking of friends, my special pal is six-feet-five. We're a familiar sight about town, but "not sickishly so." I carry him over my arm like an overcoat.

Another thing, that perhaps I should send to *Collier's* little-known-facts column, is this matter of rings. Might as well have it out right now. In your November issue, the imbiber in the Grandad Whisky ad is sporting a gold band on the finger usually reserved for married women. Likewise Cameraman Hurrell. Post and I think that a man's ring finger is the fourth or little finger. Are we correct?

However, I shall watch your future progress with considerable interest. I shall continue buying Esquire if I have to borrow from my relations to do it and that, gentlemen, is Courage (spelled with a capital) because, take it from me, my relatives could not be described, even loosely, as "the kin you love to touch."

Sincerely,
Danville, Ill. Troy Garrison

TO ANDRÉ MAUROIS GOES CASH WITHOUT CREDIT

It was fortunate indeed that Blondel, André Maurois' character in *The Odd Dollar*, October issue, either knew little of the ways of the world—as do we guys who get around—or was unable to take advantage of that greatest of all business assets—Credit. For, had Blondel's credit been good at his hotel, as Miriam Jennings intimated later in the story, the distressed and distressful young lady who saw fit to do that nose-dive into the drink would never have been met by our hero and there would have been no story.

Personally, I would have done either of two things:

1. Let Miriam keep her phoney buck and charged the cab bill to my room at the hotel.
2. Should I have chosen to walk and should I have met the mysterious lady on the bridge at midnight, I would still have called a cab and at my hotel would have drawn ten dollars or any amount I deemed necessary to insure the comfort of the still mysterious lady until the matter could be handled to a successful conclusion the following day.

But then again, there would have been no story and André would not have been paid for his highly imaginative effort.

It's hard to swallow, though.
St. Louis, Mo. C.A.B.

NOTES ON THE NAVEL

A word as to the "California Complex" of Mr. Peattie's article in the November Esquire. For more than fifty years I have lived "west of Reno." Never have I heard the assertion that "Burbank made the grape-fruit." It just goes to show that I don't get around.

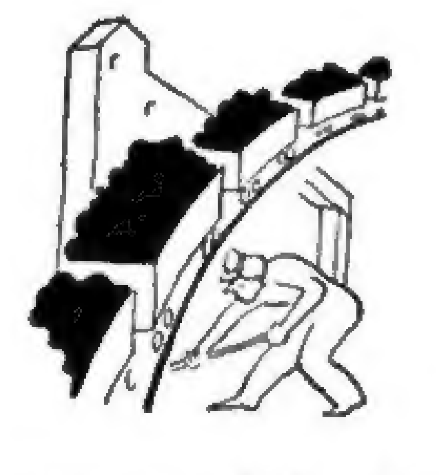
Now let me tell one. The "point of origin" of the "(Brazilian) navel orange" was not Brazil. The Portuguese took it to Brazil, where it became so much at home that quite as sound botanists as Mr. Peattie were frequently fooled. Before the navel orange came "west of Reno" it had been cultivated in Florida, but not commercially. In California it was made seedless, and became the beautiful breakfast fruit of magazine advertisements.

Should Mr. Peattie have time and opportunity, he may familiarize himself with the old navel orange of Europe. On page 403 of the "Hesperides" of Ferrarius, 1646, there is a Latin description of *Aurantium foetiferum.* Nobody need bother to read the Latin, because on page 405 there is an engraving showing four views of the well-known fruit. It bore seeds, and had very scant edible pulp, apparently never having been improved since leaving its "point of origin," the Orient, from which other entertaining citrus specimens had wandered, and keep company with the curious navel orange in the book of Ferrarius.

Very respectfully,
Santa Barbara, Calif. E. S. Fryer

AFFRONT TO ANTHRACITE

I have always awaited, with pleasurable anticipation each new issue of Esquire, with its articles of unusual interest, its interesting intriguing fiction and its piquant cartoons—until tonight!



To put it mildly, I was highly indignant when I read *They're Nice Girls* by Victor Lowenstein, in the November Esquire. This beautiful(?) bit of prose certainly does not seem appropriate to the high type of publication Esquire pretends to be.

Anthracite Coal has furnished millions with its clean, safe, dependable and comforting warmth, and will continue to do so as long as generous old Mother Earth provides. And that, you may rest assured, will be long after you, and maybe I shall go somewhere where eternal heat renders unnecessary the use of Anthracite Coal or any "substitutes".

Has it occured to you that strike troubles have interfered with the production and distribution of many items, other than Anthracite Coal, as well as our freight and passenger steamship lines? Would you wear a fig leaf because cotton or garment mills went out on strike? Would you eat hay because of a grocery store walk-out? WHY PICK ON GOOD OLD ANTHRACITE?

Very truly yours,
Hazleton, Pa. A. W. Fey

Editor's Note: *File under* Non Sequiturs, *choice.*

PERFECT SMOKE FOR A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

When my dog died of asphyxiation, I sued the gas company. When my two children died, their faces a pale green, contorted in agony, I suspected that the gas company had poked a few more holes in the pipe-line, instead of fixing the one that killed my dog. All this annoyed me, unstand, but when my wife died in my arms, the same pale green mottling her beautiful face, this time tinged with purple, I was definitely alarmed. It looked like I was next. My suspicions concerning the gas company faded, and now I turn a vengeful eye on Eskey. You, Eskey, are alone to blame for putting into my hands the weapons with which I, all unknowing, killed my wife, my two children, and my dog. (He was a swell dog, too.)

You see, I have at last found the real cause; night after night I have assembled my six pipes into horrid conclave, surrounded by row upon row of mysterious cans of hellish brew, trying to discover some *ne plus ultra* of tobacco blends, as per the vicious suggestion of your pernicious article, *Brands in the Burning.* It was because I *did* discover It that tragedy stalked my home; that grim tragedy the perfect smoke being, ½ Latakia, ½ Perique. I recommend it only to real men, though, and dyed-in-the-beard pipe-puffers, because it's so strong that a professional weight-lifter can't bend the smoke, however handy he may be with spikes. Then, too, if you smoke this blend, you have to get used to having your home called 'Little Pittsburgh-by-the-Sewer'; the quantities of smoke and the di-stink-tive aroma account for this. But the blend has its good points, too; even the sturdiest bill-collector staggers and flees when he gets a good whiff of the Blend a la Day, as I so modestly call it.

But Eskey, old boot, as long as I have my Blend Perfect and my mistress, all is well with the world, and humble thanks to you for having led me onto the Road of Pipe Peace.

Tobacco Chef de Luxe de la Maison Day
Portland, Ore. Jesse Harold Day

ADD SELF-PORTRAITS

I am not the average reader of Esquire. I am single, 38 years old, and have no mistress either. I was 38 on September 23rd. I look at my copy of Esquire about once a month, (no one else looks through it during the month), glance at your advertisements and then throw it away particularly if it contains such unwarranted, unworthy, and harmful articles as *Latins Are Lousy Lovers.* I hate bridge, go to night clubs and love to dance with a veteran of the art, but never with the dynamic though ungraceful American female tourist of doubtful age, particularly those who come down to the "Isle of Enchantment" in search of a gigolo and of her own peculiar concept of Spanish atmosphere. I seldom wear tailcoats except at weddings, but wear a mess jacket and a white linen coat about twice a week. I belong to three country clubs and one yacht club. I did not leave college in my junior year but rounded the four years with honors, went to three leading universities for professional and post-graduate education. I don't care to own a home. I seldom pay more than one dollar for the books I buy. My favorite spectacular sport is bull fighting with polo a close second, and my favorite active sport is tennis with swimming another close second. I'd rather go to the theater than the movies. My favorite authors are Plato (whom I read in the vernacular) Seneca, Tomas Aquino, Unamuno, Santos Chocano, Heine, and Osler. The authors for whose works I seem to care least are Sinclair Lewis and James Branch Cabell. My favorite living actress is Margarita Xirgu although I can tolerate Lynn Fontanne and Katherine Cornell. My favorite actor is George Arliss. As for the screen Gary Cooper and Greta Garbo are my favorites. When it comes to radio I hate them all. In any other country outside the United States, Woollcott and Burns & Allen would have been hanged long ago.

Is there any further information that a non-average reader of Esquire could gladly give?

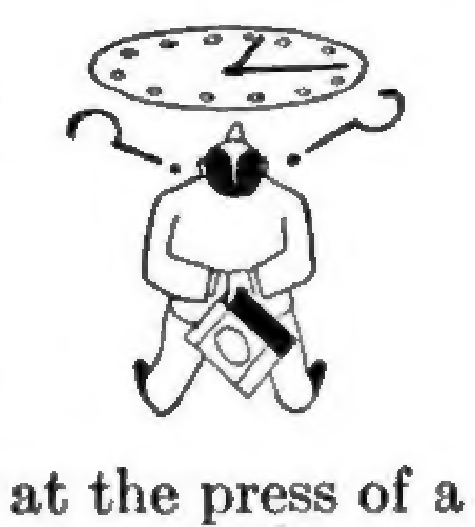
Your disgusted but envious reader,
Ponce, Puerto Rico R. R. M.

Editor's Note: *We can understand everything except how you could possibly be envious.*

THERE'S A REASON

For Esquire readers here is a *new* bed-time story:

Once upon a time there was a guy named Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. He was a very clever guy, too. He specialized in drawing streamlined everything—automobiles, filing cabinets, steering wheels, executives' desks—until finally he has reached the acme—a streamlined bed.



Among the ingenious devices that go with this bed Mr. de Sakhnoffsky has included a clock which at the press of a button will flash the correct time on the ceiling for those of us too burdened with the world's cares to roll over and look.

However, on inspecting the drawing closely, you will find that if the time were flashed on the ceiling according to the dial in the illustration, you would have to be a mental contortionist to decipher it. The figures on the ceiling would be backwards.

You needn't ask me, but in case you do, I think it would be far simpler just to roll over and *see* what time it is.

Sincerely,
Pittsburgh, Pa. L. M. Silverstein

Continued at top of page 180

Among those presents

Chances are he actually needs new garters. Give him Pioneer's, packaged in a handsome and useful box. $1

●

In any array of gifts for men, Pioneer Belts, Braces and Garters, too, are among the most welcome. ● Authentic styling, solid value regardless of price—these mark Pioneer merchandise on the nation's Christmas gift counters as well as in most good men's wear stores and departments throughout the year. ● Illustrated are but a few notable contributions to the festal season. See them all. "Among those presents" you may find suitable "answers" for a large part of your masculine gift list.

Twice welcome! — smart Pioneer Braces in substantial leatherette holder to carry ties, soft collars, handkerchiefs. $1.50

PIONEER
Customfit
BRACES
ADJUSTABLE BACK

Even non-horsemen appreciate this thoroughbred belt! Stirrup may be used for cigarettes or as a tie hanger. $2

"2 in 1" gift! — Pioneer Belt with jewelry buckle—and a modernistic, composition-and-metal container! $2 and up depending upon belt and buckle selected.

PIONEER

PIONEER

BRACES · GARTERS · BELTS · BUCKLES

Dependable Quality · Correct Style · Since 1877

PHILADELPHIA

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

SHAVING ACCESSORIES

We sincerely believe and GUARANTEE DUROL double edge razor blades to be superior or equivalent to any—REGARDLESS OF PRICE. This guarantee is the result of unsolicited opinions of hundreds. Made of finest British Chrome Steel fabricated under famed Sheffield technique. Their price is made possible by selling only direct from manufacturer to user. An ideal Xmas gift. 40 for $1. Address DUROL BLADES, 245 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DANCING SCHOOLS

BE POPULAR—DANCE!
Ten charts in any one dance $2. Select from the following: Foxtrot, Waltz, Swing Foxtrot, Rhumba, Tango, Beginner's Course. Six complete sets $10, with heavy looseleaf cover $11.50. Sample chart 10c. *Private and class lessons at the studios.*
DONALD SAWYER DANCE STUDIOS
637 Madison Ave., New York, PLaza 3-8639

CUSTOM SHIRTS

SHIRTS
made to order
featuring the finest
in English materials
LEXINGTON SHIRT COMPANY
Shirt Hospital
987 Lexington Ave. New York
Rhinelander 4-5415

CAMERAS

It's New! The Midget Marvel, a high grade chromium finished, compact, lightweight Miniature Camera in the popular priced field. Has an F 4.5 Anastigmat lens in Vario Shutter. Measures 4¾ x 2½ x 2 inches in size, takes all standard 35 MM film and makes pictures 1 x 1½ inches. Price $25.00. Ever Ready Case $6.50. Mail orders filled. Write Dept. M.E.
WILLOUGHBYS
110 West 32nd Street New York

BARS

RADIOBAR—the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1937 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 60 Warren St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

Evidence of returning halcyon days to the environs of Wall Street is not indicated only by market quotations. A famous trainer and physical director, who has been conditioning celebrities for many years, has moved into the financial district with what promises to be the world's largest private gymnasium. As the elimination of financial jitters from this district continues, brokers' waistlines will undoubtedly again require the ministrations of such an institution as this. Equipped with every modern type of conditioning and exercising apparatus, the ultimate has been achieved with the installation of a violet ray sun lamp system, in the form of ceiling units, that bathes the gymnasium and its occupants in perpetual artificial sunshine.

As an aid to those who like an attractive job in the way of the packaging of their Christmas gifts, there are two exceedingly appropriate and ingenious ideas that will add much to the effectiveness of your gifts. Snow man boxes can be had in three sizes. They're made of linen-covered wire, over which has been placed the omnipresent cellophane for the icy effect. You open them up with a zipper and place the gift inside. Two other designs, similarly constructed, are a snowball and a Christmas tree. These are also available in three sizes to accommodate various gifts.

The magic of modern chemistry has converted the juice of the tropical paw-paw fruit into a meat tenderizer. It seems that the natives knew about this all along, but modern chemistry has just now made it available to the home culinary departments. The manufacturers claim that their product makes a delectable tenderloin out of one of those steaks that often causes a matrimonial crack-up. As far as the paw-paw is concerned, we're glad it can be put to some use—we tried to eat one once.

Leather kits to accommodate the traveler's toiletries have become more complete, compact and usable. The producers have really given serious thought to the actual requirements, so that the various receptacles are correct in size to hold the articles for which they were designed. Keeping pace with the times, a toilet kit is available that leaves a section in which to place your electric razor, or you may purchase the kit with the razor in place, making a quite magnificent gift.

An ice cube shaver that's made to fit over a highball glass boasts of several new advantages. A slot-like hopper takes three cubes at a time, without chopping, and you can keep up a steady production of shaved ice by adding an additional cube on top as fast as the bottom one is broken up. This is a great help to fashionable table service that calls for shaved ice to surround fruit and vegetable juices, melons and other cold courses, not to mention the important place shaved ice holds in the concoction of several very pleasing libations, and in the serving of after dinner liqueurs.

Coincidentally, there's to be had a variety of serving equipment that is all organized for the use of shaved ice. Specifically, there are bowls for serving hors d'oeuvres, caviar, relish, grapefruit, melon, fruit juices and stewed fruits.

The spread of the miniature and candid camera hobby threatens to reach menacing proportions. In the hands of a moderately skilled amateur, these cameras produce remarkable results. Exposure meters are an essential piece of equipment that automatically indicate the correct diaphragm opening and shutter speed. A new model miniature camera includes this ingenious light reflection detector as an integral part.

ETCHINGS

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY TO OBTAIN ORIGINAL SIGNED ETCHINGS BY LEADING AMERICAN ARTISTS for first time at $5.00 each through revolutionary program. Would regularly retail $18 to $36 each. Benton, Curry Grant, Ryder, Costigan, Browne, Dehn, Young, Hoffman included. Five prize-winning etchings. Send ten cents in stamps for illustrated catalogue. Studio 161, Associated American Artists, 420 Madison Avenue, New York.

GAMES

A NEW GAME TO MAKE THE PARTY A RIOT!
The Party Game Sensation of 1937, NU MONTE CARLO, combines 9 games in 1—Nu Monte Carlo, Hoo Doo Game, Color Bingo, Color Blocks, Dominoes, Poker, Rummy, Casino, and Checkers. Popularly priced—at Better Stores everywhere or write direct.
ROTTGAMES
53 East Ninth Street New York City

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING

Imported Brown, Blue, and Grey Shetland and Tweed suits in either herringbone or diagonal weave for town and country wear are offered at $38.50. They are made in the traditional three button drape. Other ready-to-wear suitings start at $32.50.
ROLAND BLUE
9 West 46th Street Just off 5th Avenue

MINIATURE CAMERAS

Ideal gift for Sportsmen and Hobbyists! RABSONS offers the newest of miniature cameras for immediate delivery. Model II chrome CONTAX with F:1.5 lens is the most practical of candid cameras. Call at our store for a demonstration of any camera or amateur movie equipment. Personal attention given to mail orders. Your old camera accepted in trade.
RABSONS
1373 Sixth Ave. (nr. 56th St.) New York City

LUGGAGE

Taking a winter cruise? Then cruise smartly and comfortably with Oshkosh luggage. Trunks, hand luggage in rawhide, fibre, leather, and our famous "Chief" Oshkosh striped duck. Send for free booklet, "Luggage Prescriptions."
OSHKOSH TRUNKS, Inc.
10 East 34th Street, New York

Again Dobbs Sets the Style

For Christmas Giving

Dobbs provides the finest kind of a gift for a man, and the most attractive way of making the presentation—The Dobbs Regent Hat packed in a magnificent, new Dobbs Hat Case.

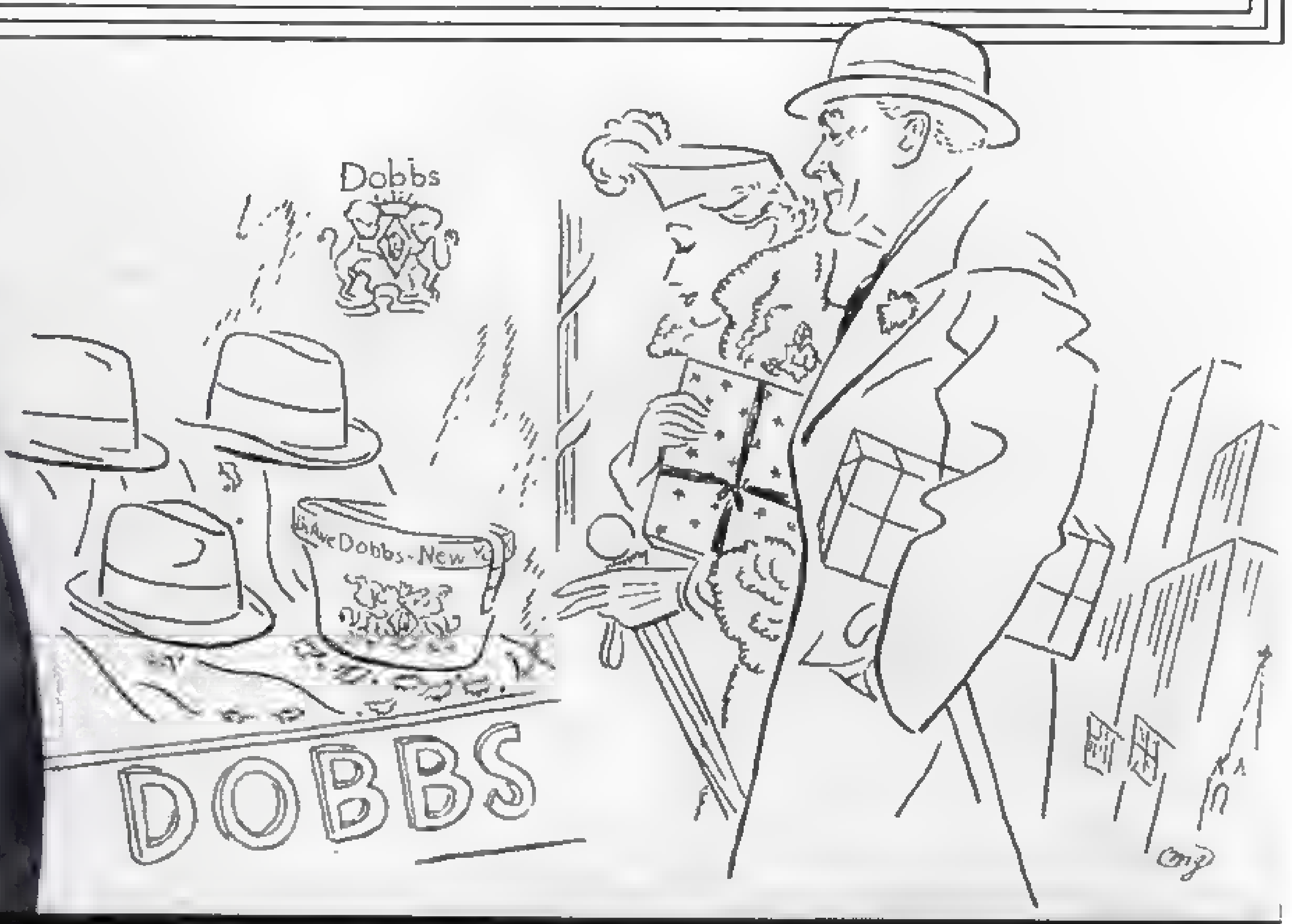
The season's favorite hat is the Dobbs Regent. Felted and shaped entirely by hand, it has an important added feature of handwork—the Cavanagh Edge*. The brim, uncut, is folded back and deftly felted into itself—assuring double strength and style permanency. A luxurious Dobbs, correct in every detail.

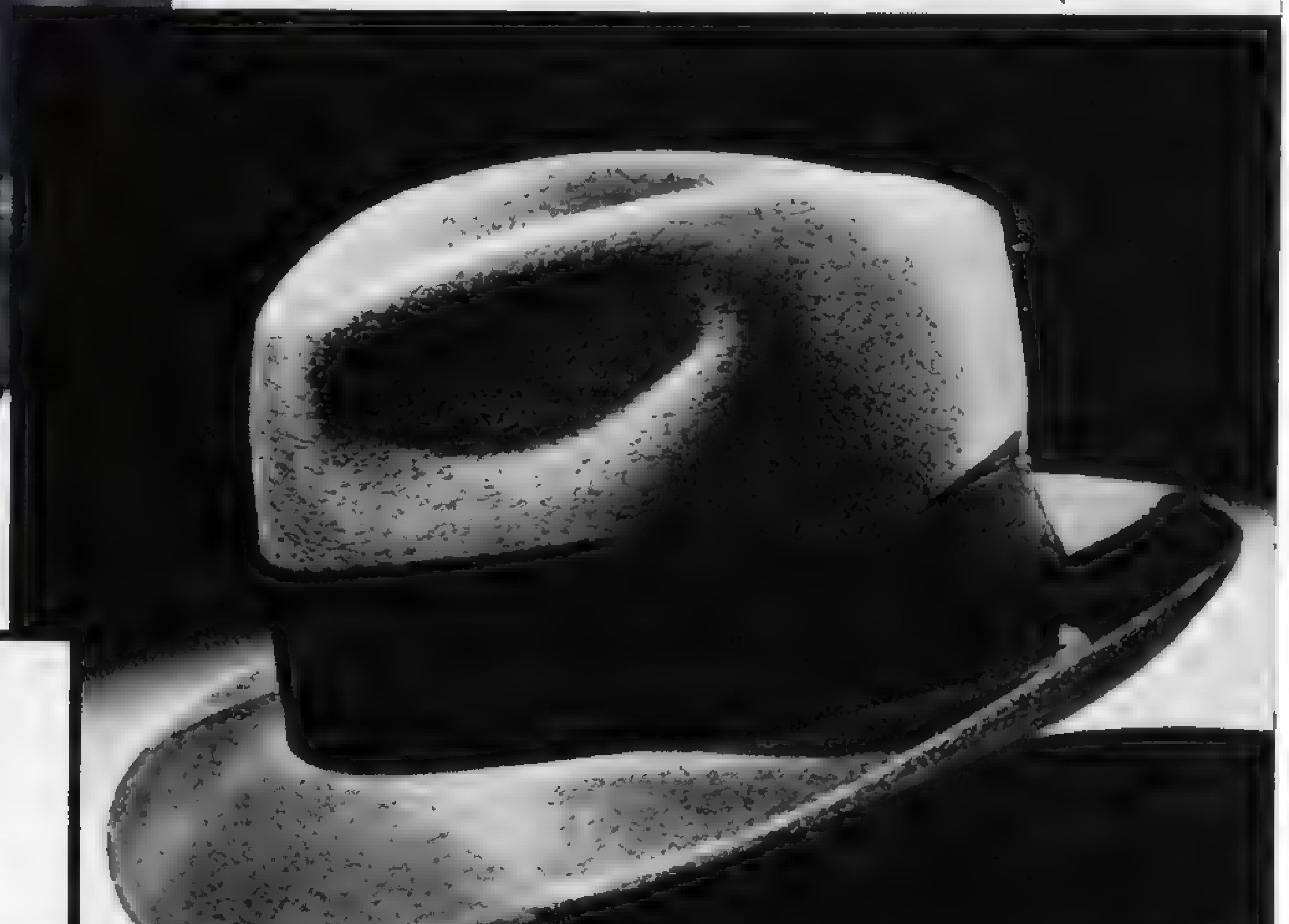
The Dobbs Hat Case sets new standards for beauty and utility. Of rich, leather finish—lined with an attractive material, it is worthy of the fine hat it contains. A traveling companion that complements the smartest luggage.

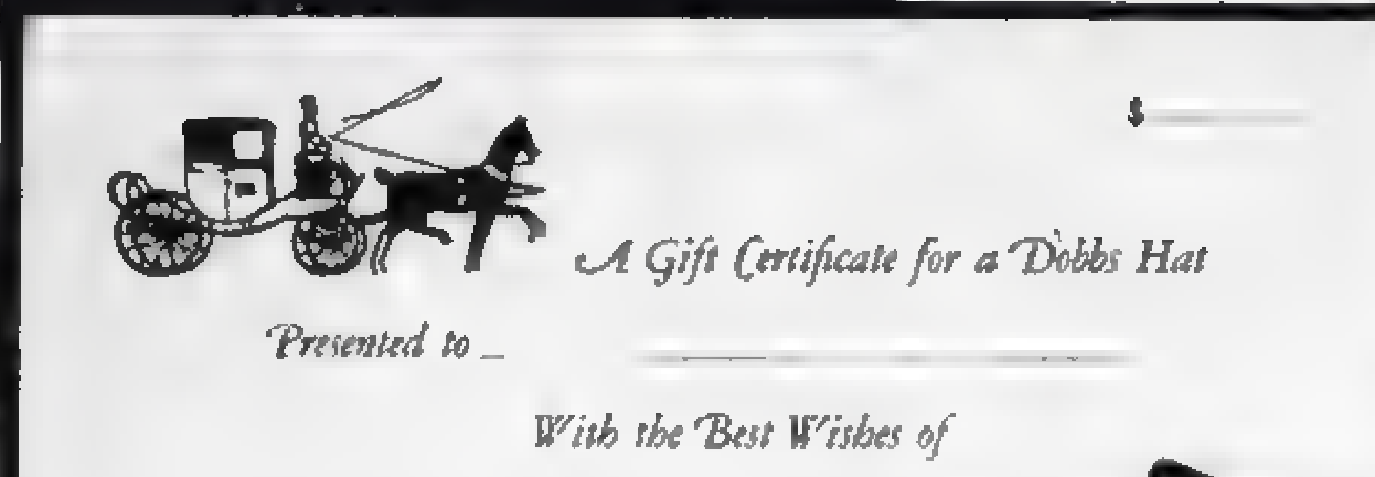
You can be sure that this superb combination of Dobbs quality is a gift he is certain to appreciate and long enjoy.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Fifth Ave - Dobbs - New York







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With the Best Wishes of ______

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PORTABLE AUTOMATIC Radio-Phonograph

Beautiful tone. Changes even 12-in. records automatically and will repeat. Long & short wave radio aeroplane dial—with 8 metal and glass tubes, dynamic speaker, built-in antenna, AC—DC, carries own records. Operates closed. Complete. Perfect. Hear it!

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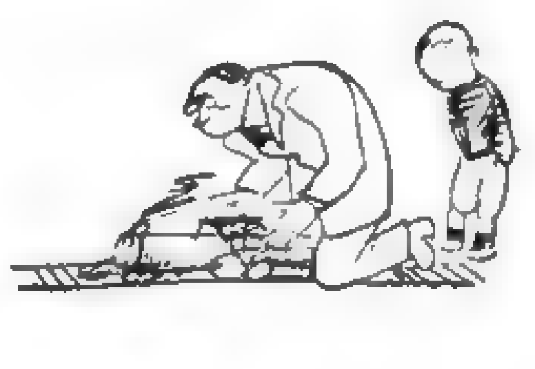
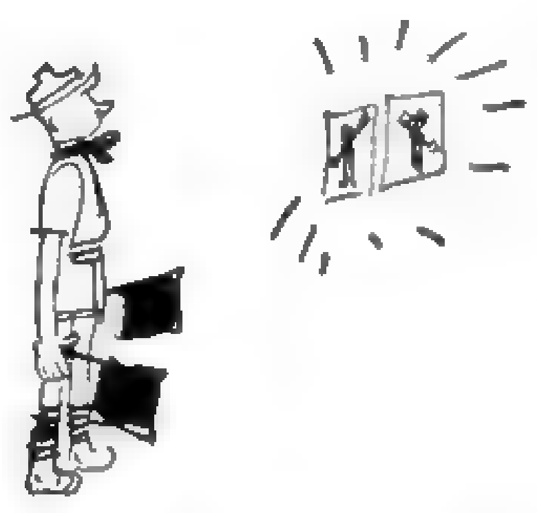
If you're tearing out your hair in the process of figuring out what to give some youngster whose doting parents have already given him "everything," here are some new ones they may have missed. There's a miniature toy train that runs on tracks three-quarters of an inch wide. It's electrically operated and you may run more than one train on the same track at the same time by controls in a small dispatcher's office. There's also a toy racing auto that has a friction drive and comes with extra tires and wheels and a tool kit, so that the urge to pull it apart may have instructive value. This car has a real differential gear to tinker with. Another electrically propelled race car runs on a speedway and is regulated for speed from a small transformer. Especially fascinating for the youngsters, if they can push papa aside long enough, is an actual steam operated locomotive, realistic in detail. For an older boy who's interested in model airplane building, you can get a gasoline motor that develops 1/30 h. p. They say this will run a proper proportioned plane for fifty miles on a medicine dropper full of gas. Boy scouts learning the rudiments of scouting will appreciate a good turn in the form of an electric apparatus that will aid them in learning wig-wagging. This consists of two units of frosted glass frames with a scout outlined on them and an alphabet at the rear that lights up the two flags in the proper flag code position to coincide with the letter on the keyboard.





For the artistically inclined juveniles, a gift of an etching outfit may be the answer. It's complete with a drawing board, copper plates, a roller and etching tools. You may want it for yourself, however, if you'd like to show someone some original etchings.

Here's another game for a long winter's evening. You choose an occupation, earn money, travel, spend money and ultimately cash in on judgment day. The object, of course, is to have more money than the other participants at the cashing in. It can either be a quiet game for two people, or a hilarious contest for sixteen.

We'd just finished reporting the possibilities of table badminton, played on a ping pong table, when we found an indoor badminton outfit that can be played in a room of ordinary ceiling height. This game calls for the usual indoor "bird." Longer handled ping pong paddles are used, and you play through a space between an upper and lower net. Two floor standards to hold the nets are part of the equipment.

From the Orient comes a mitten-like slipper sock that's destined to be accepted for locker room and beach wear as it's washable, practical and inexpensive. Its original use was for wear with those sandals that have a criss-cross strap that passes between the large and first toe, which is the reason for the mitten-like finger for the long toe. The Japs have a name for it—Tabis.

There's a new pencil contraption that you might find amusing to play with at odd moments. Remember the circular fobs that housed the spring coil chains to which teacher attached her pince-nez? Well, this is the same sort of thing, except that it's a pencil on a chain instead of the glasses. They come enamelled in black or white, or plated with gold or silver.

The very English and very traditional marmalade-and-toast for breakfast habit has been given consideration by modern designers. A combination toast rack and marmalade dish in chrome and cut line glass has been produced in a contemporary manner.

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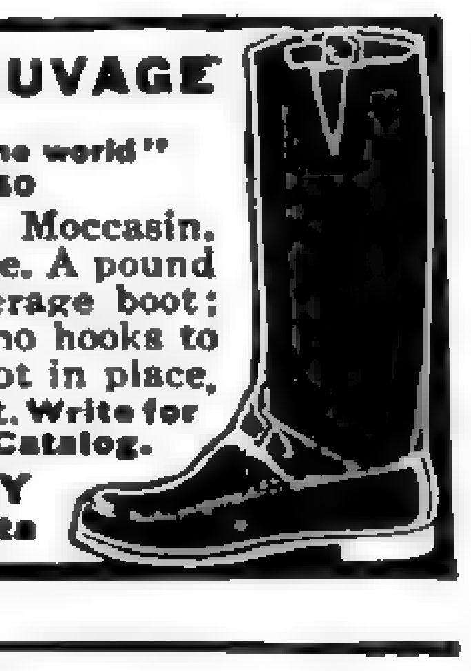

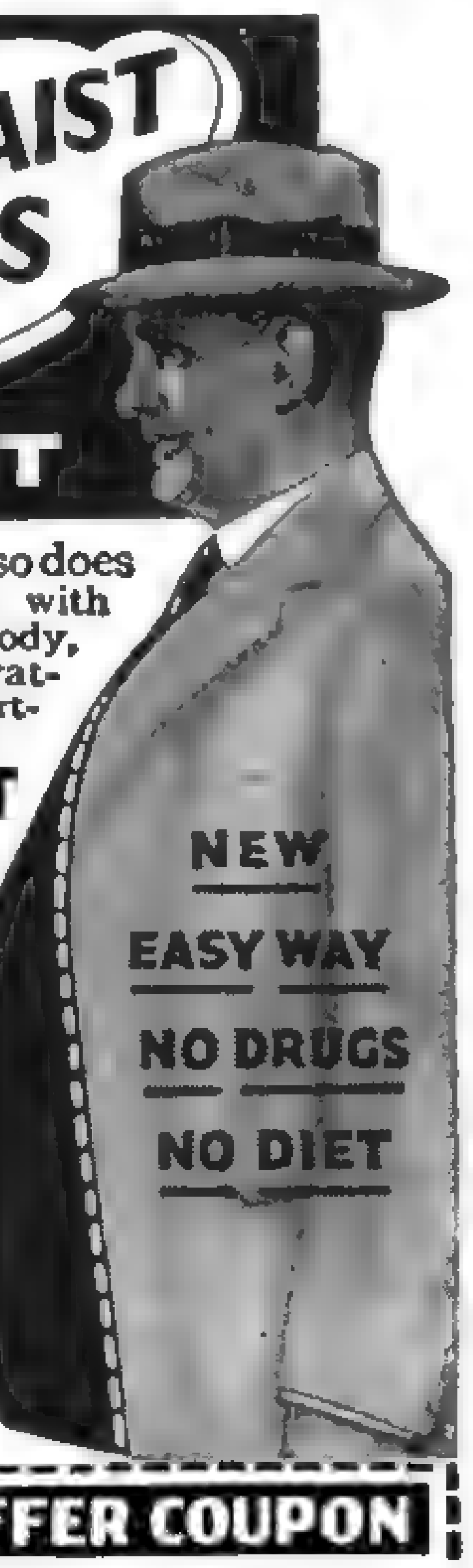

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WORKS AWAY FAT
Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "short breath," restores vigor. You look and feel years younger as soon as you wear Director Belt.

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Last minute Gift Guide

FOR ESQUIRE READERS

PINT 80 PROOF For
1 PINT OLD MR. BOSTON Blackberry Nectar Liqueur
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 80 PROOF For
Guest Decanter OLD MR. BOSTON Cherry Nectar Liqueur
PINT 80 PROOF For
1 PINT OLD MR. BOSTON Cherry Nectar Liqueur
Guest Decanter OLD MR. BOSTON Blackberry Nectar Liqueur
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 80 PROOF For
Guest Decanter OLD MR. BOSTON Peach Nectar Liqueur
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 80 PROOF For
PINT 80 PROOF For
1 PINT OLD MR. BOSTON Peach Nectar Liqueur
Guest Decanter OLD MR. BOSTON Apricot Nectar Liqueur
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 80 PROOF For
PINT 80 PROOF For
1 PINT MR. BO Apricot Ne Liqueur

How to use it

ALL you need is a pencil to solve your Christmas Gift problems in five minutes. On this page and the next two are thirty-one gifts to fit every Christmas gift obligation.

QUART
For
Dan
Joe
Bill
Fred

Each smart package suggests some lucky candidate. Write the names on the tags we've provided for each bottle.

The gallon jug with its wicker jacket is for the friend for whom you want to show more than a seasonal regard. The guest decanter is a tasteful tribute to a certain very particular person . . . The quarts make a really generous acknowledgment of past hospitalities. And for all those who deserve to be remembered — the pint flasks are the inspired answers.

Take your copy of "Esquire" to your liquor store and point out to your clerk the bottles you want. (If you live where there are state stores, use it in making out your orders.)

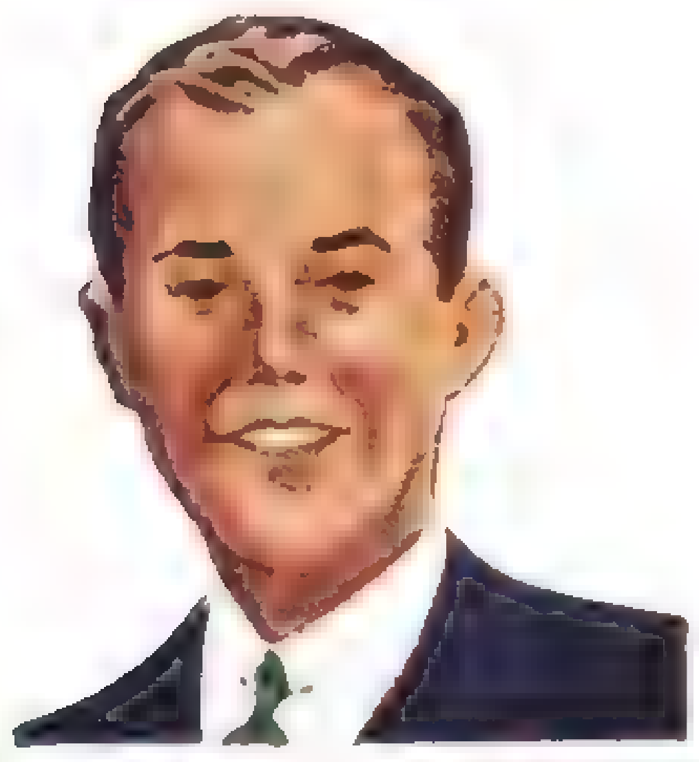
Ben Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Do your Christmas Shopping with a pencil

FROM YOUR EASY CHAIR
IN FIVE MINUTES

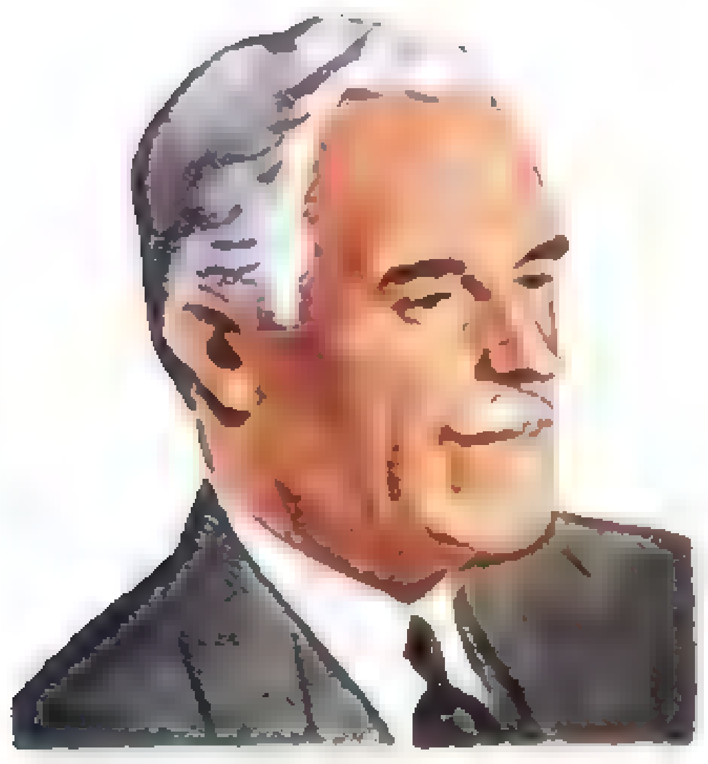
TURN
GE FOR
OTHER
SUGGESTIONS

If you don't mind our leaning over your shoulder . . . here are a few suggestions:



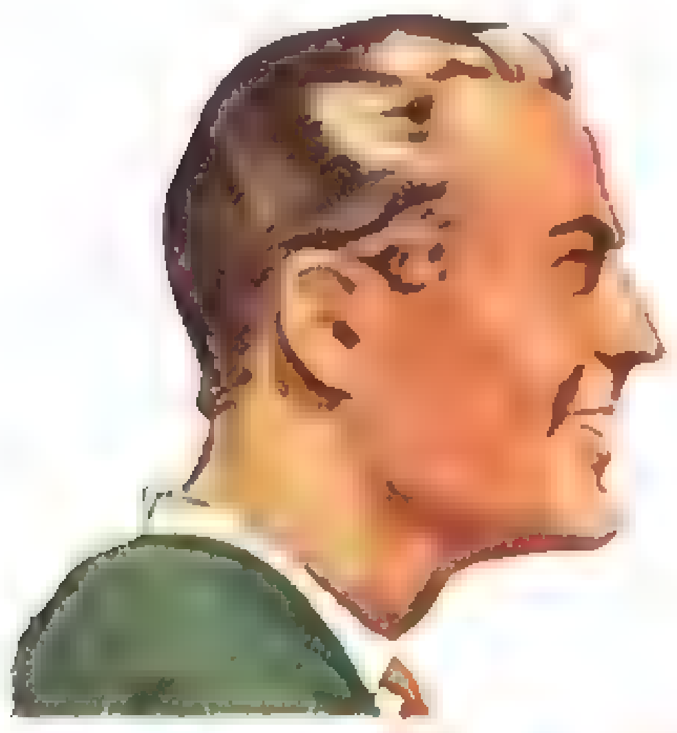
For Cousin Frank . . . he rates it

You have been entertained there pretty steadily. Not just as repayment but more because he's a regular fellow, he deserves to find one of those wicker gallons of Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin under his tree.



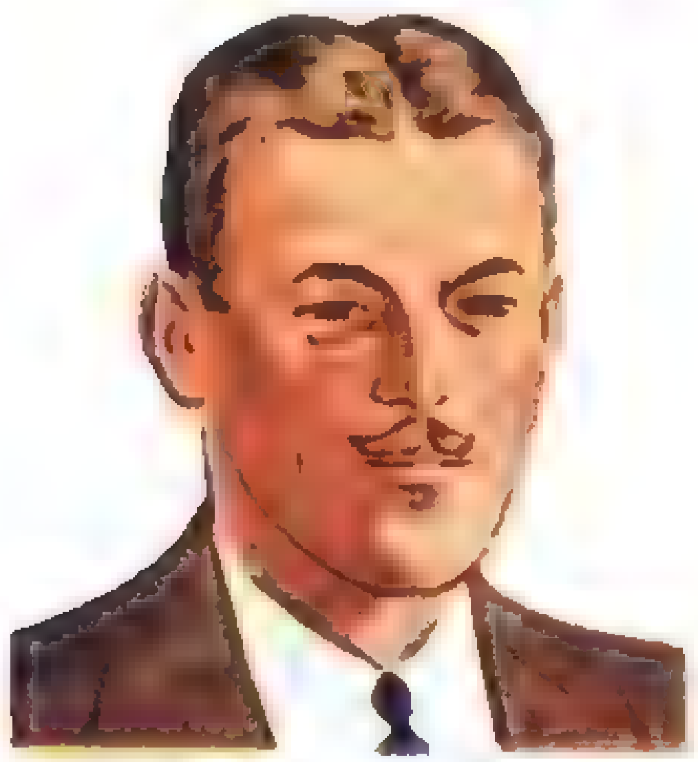
For a good customer

Not so much as a matter of good business as good fellowship, send him a three-way present — a quart each of Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin, Orange Flavored Gin, and Sloe Gin. Not every customer is such a good egg.



For your golf partner

You can call it a "gift" if you want to, but when a man sinks a forty-foot putt on the 18th when you're playing Dollar Nassau, "payment on account" would be more accurate. Old Mr. Boston Bourbon Liqueur would be very appropriate because it's just as smooth as his putting.

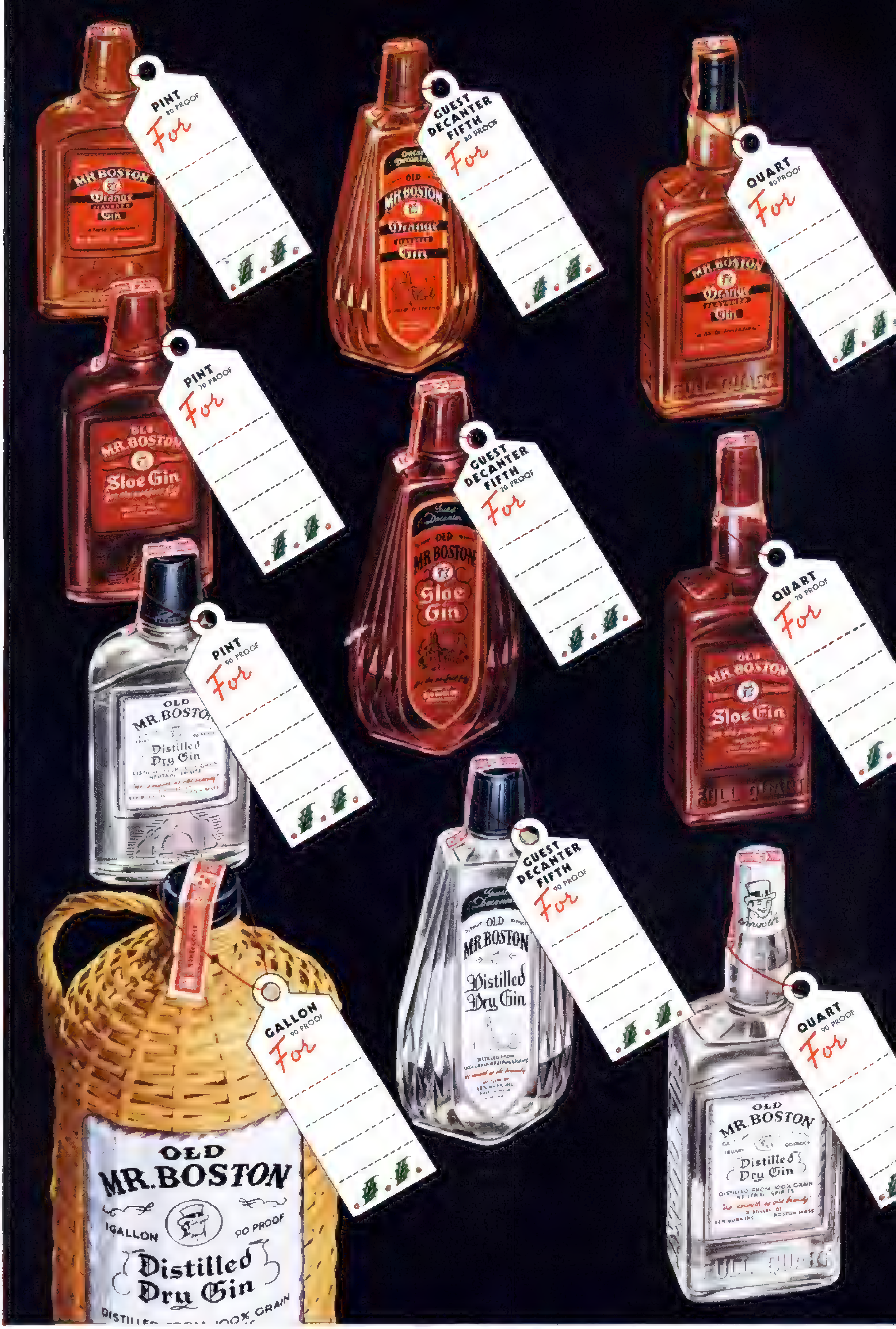


For a certain poker player . . . with sympathy

After all . . . it's his money. And it would still be if he hadn't had the good grace to hold four aces the same hand that you filled a straight flush. Certainly his name belongs on a guest decanter of, say, 100 proof Straight Rye.

For the cop and the postman

Christmas is a good time to remember people you usually forget. "Only their duty," of course, but they didn't need to be so pleasantly human and helpful about it. When they get home from a day out in the sleet and snow, a handsome quart of Old Mr. Boston Rock and Rye will remind them that you're a regular guy . . . not just a house number.


PINT 80 PROOF For
MR BOSTON Orange Flavored Gin
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 80 PROOF For
OLD MR BOSTON Orange Flavored Gin
QUART 80 PROOF For
MR BOSTON Orange Flavored Gin
FULL QUART
PINT 70 PROOF For
OLD MR BOSTON Sloe Gin
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 70 PROOF For
OLD MR BOSTON Sloe Gin
QUART 70 PROOF For
OLD MR BOSTON Sloe Gin
FULL QUART
PINT 90 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON Distilled Dry Gin
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 90 PROOF For
OLD MR BOSTON Distilled Dry Gin
GALLON 90 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON 1 GALLON 90 PROOF Distilled Dry Gin DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN
QUART 90 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON Distilled Dry Gin
FULL QUART

Old Mr. Boston's of Fine

★ OLD MR. BOSTON ORANGE FLAVORED GIN 80 PROOF

OLD MR. BOSTON SLOE GIN 70 PROOF

OLD MR. BOSTON DISTILLED DRY GIN 90 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND STRAIGHT WHISKEY
RYE OR BOURBON 100 PROOF

PINT 80 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON Rock & Rye
PINT 100 PROOF For
RYE WHISKEY
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 100 PROOF For
RYE WHISKEY
QUART 100 PROOF For
RYE WHISKEY
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 80 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON Rock & Rye
PINT 90 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON BOURBON LIQUEUR "Roads The Choice"
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 90 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON BOURBON LIQUEUR "Roads The Choice"
QUART 90 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON BOURBON LIQUEUR
QUART 80 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON Rock & Rye
BEN BURK, INC. BOSTON, MASS.
PINT 100 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON
BOURBON WHISKEY
GUEST DECANTER FIFTH 100 PROOF For
Guest Decanter
OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
QUART 100 PROOF For
OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
GALLON 100 PROOF For
1 GALLON 100 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Gift Guide

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You'll find on these pages the most complete array of typically American tastes in fine liquor . . . the most thoroughly American line in all America. Choose with confidence — "Old Mr. Boston" is the name and mark of just one quality . . . not a variety of grades.

BEN BURK, INC., Boston, Mass.

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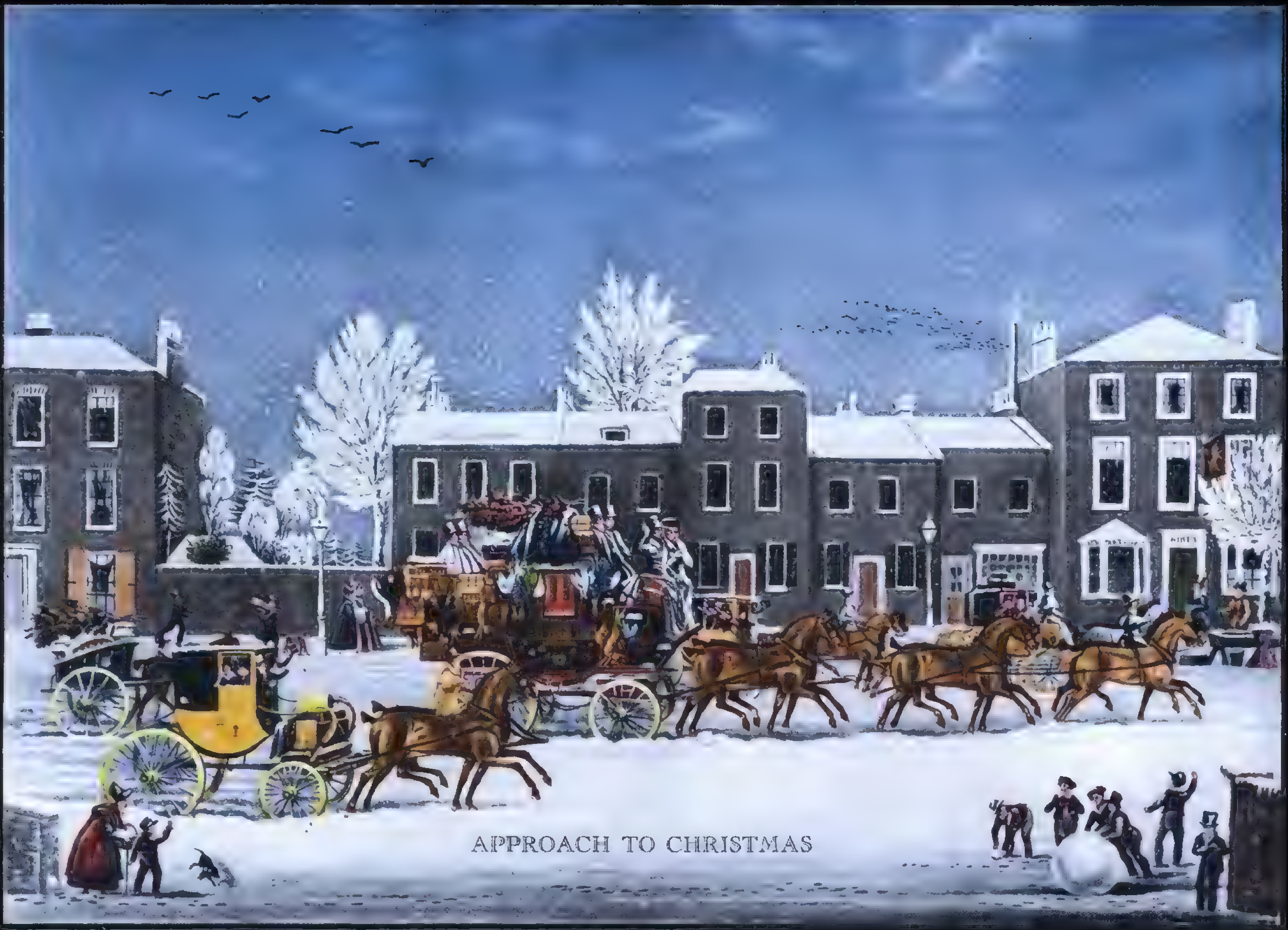

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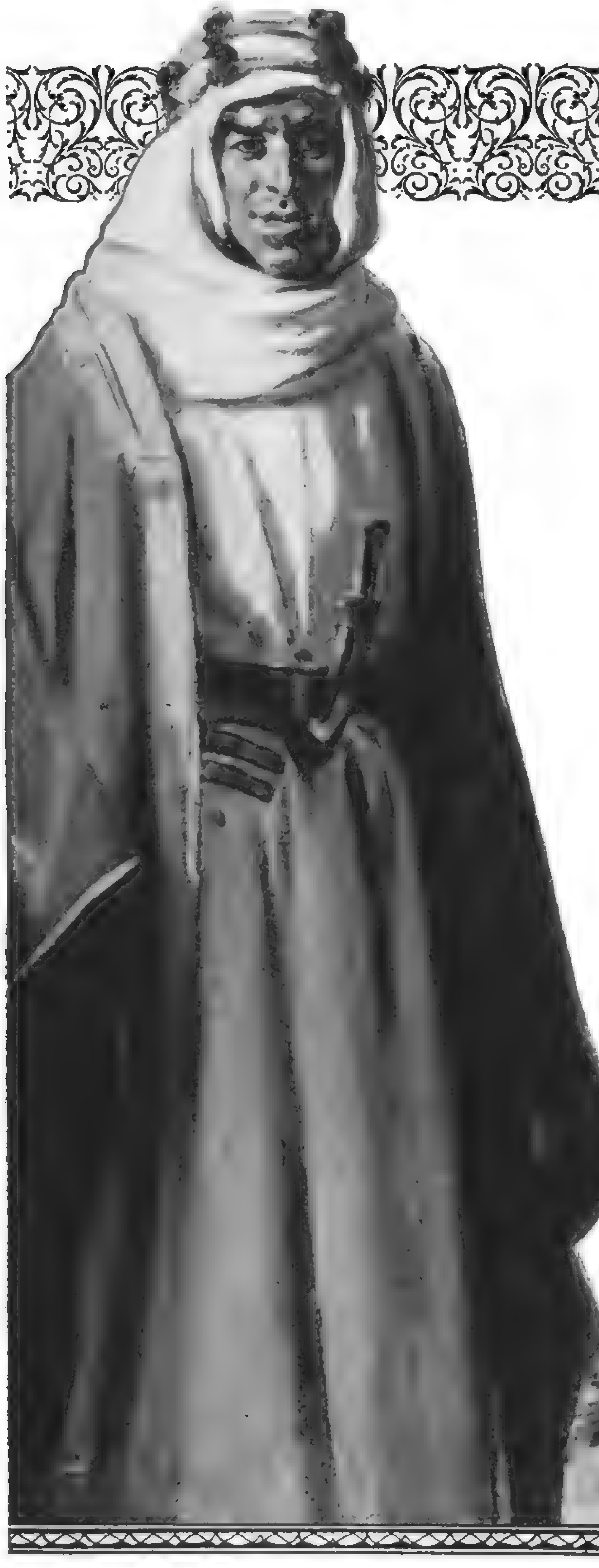
—a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies that were priced at $20,000 each. Unexpurgated and identical with the original text is this special edition of the famous

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE

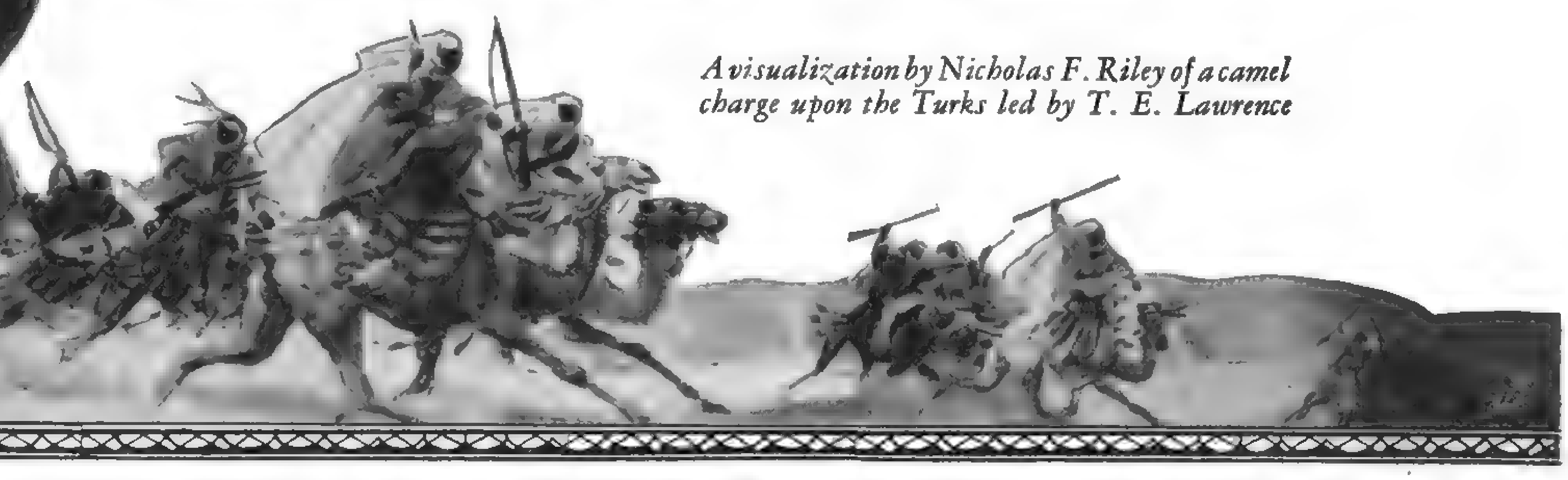


THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. The money realized from the sale of his book was donated by Lawrence to charities. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Compiled from a notebook which must often have contained hurried items set down in exhaustion and anguish, expanded into a book in the bitterness of disillusion, the SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM is neither all narrative, all reflection, all memoir, but a blending of every kind of writing except formal poetry in complete self-expression . . . Nor is it a clear and simple account of the Arab revolt which helped to win the war in the Near East. For the truth is that Lawrence was not writing a history in this book . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."



A visualization by Nicholas F. Riley of a camel charge upon the Turks led by T. E. Lawrence

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If, after reading the booklet, you decide to join the Club, the free copy of SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM being reserved for you will at once be shipped to you.

Here is a very interesting fact; over 125,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman;* every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

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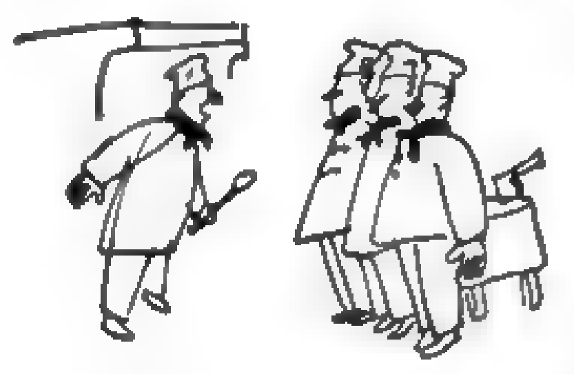
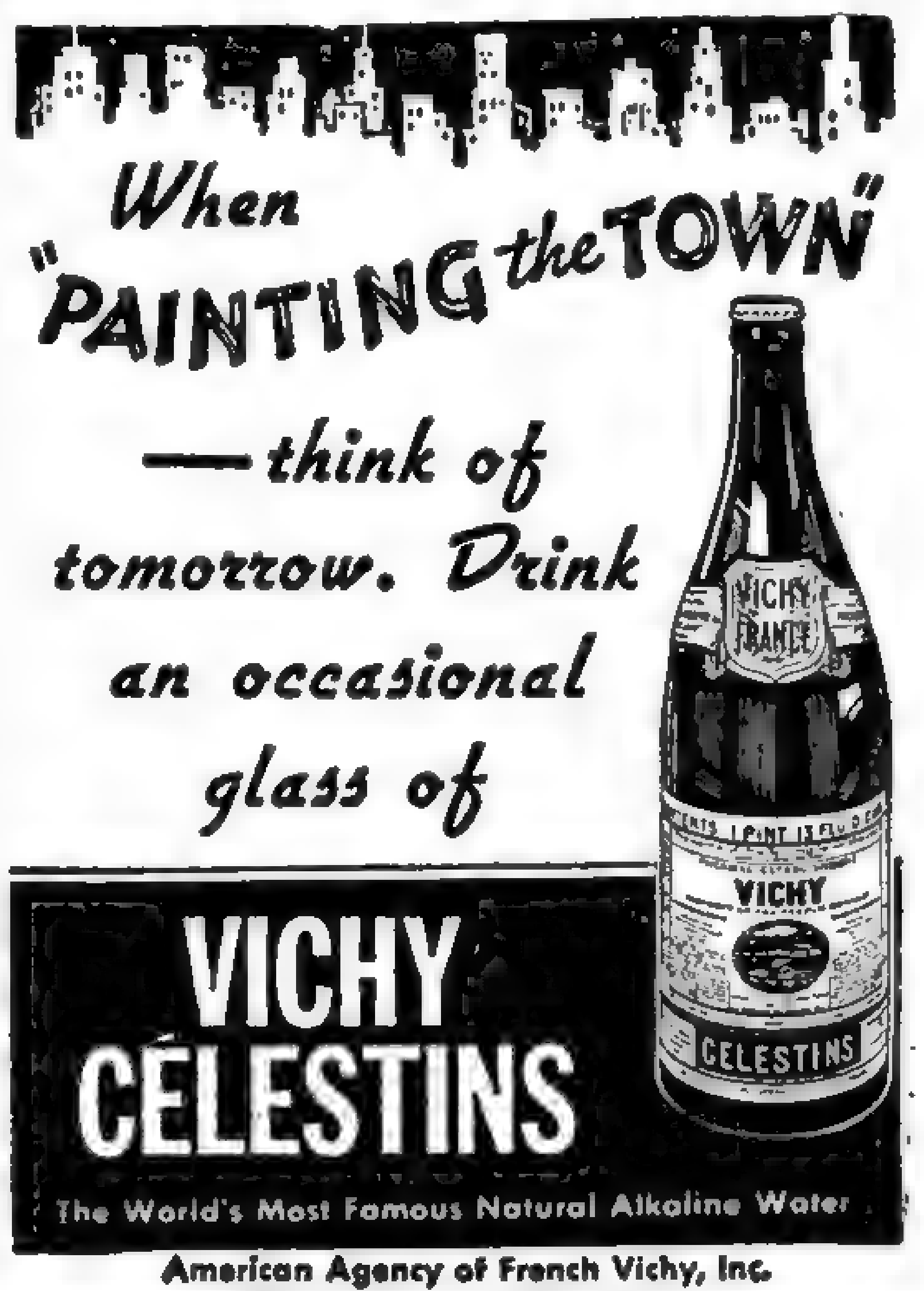
General Lodijensky has recaptured much of the intangible aura that hung around his first Russian Eagle Restaurant of the olden days. The room at the Sherry Netherlands has been redecorated, much to its advantage both as to beauty and mood. Instead of the dreary red velvet the walls are lined with white which take on a soft gold from the ceiling. The program too, has fallen into a pleasing pattern of informality, which is almost necessary for things Russe. Raphael and his silly concertina go about delighting you with their humility and genius. The competent orchestra under Alexander Bunchuk, is a relief after night clubs, playing a piece now and then, and permitting the diners to talk or think. We can take Russian food when it is of the best and went for the regular dinner, bortsch and all that. A stuffed breast of chicken was something special and went pleasantly down with a Meursault, 1929. The cocktail lounge (before you enter the Russian Room) has become one of the pleasanter places to spend the Sunday late afternoon. Formal dress indicated for evenings.

The best dance orchestra in town is, you might say, nameless. It is the organization playing for dinner and supper dancing in the Sert Room of the Waldorf. The perfect ensemble is merely billed as under the direction of Veloz and Yolanda, the leader, one George Hamilton. Aside from being perfectly balanced, with harps and flutes in lieu of brasses, they have special arrangements of everything they play. This was done primarily to make even more perfect the exhibition dancing of Veloz and Yolanda, who are about the best in the world. But when the brief show is over the guests get the advantage of the slick arrangements. The dance team have a few new routines, superb in their timing, and show technique. And for good measure they use to advantage a pin-spot from the ceil. These two afford more pleasure to us than a whole ballet by wobbly hopefuls, there being so much more sense to it. Included in the after-theatre show is Eve Symington, who holds the debutante record, having outlasted all her buddies in their imitation of life. We wish, personally, the mechanics of the room did not require that red ceiling. It ruins the luminous quality of the Sert murals and almost spoils the effect of a million dollar decorating job. The Waldorf is a busy place these days with the spacious kitchens under the direction of the one and only Rene Black.



It now turns out that Repeal was a dodge to permit Tony Court to execute his variations of the Louis' motifs in the bars around town. The latest to fall in line is the Marguery which already was popular enough. Anyway a door has been broken through on Forty-Seventh Street and a nook established on that side allowing for the Quent Reynolds expansion in the Jacobean drinking room. The two bars make a problem, neatly solved by mirrors so that the suave Senor Marchisio seems to be in both spots at the same time.

The St. Moritz "Round The World Bar" and new restaurant de la Paix lives up to expectations. It also supplied a deficiency, a bar where you can stand up to take it. We were an addict of the terrace during the summer and see our feet turning that way for the colder months. The decor is of the modern trend, a little on the garish side. If you are fortunate enough to meet the genial host, S. Gregory Taylor, lead him on to fishing. His sagas of his days at sea in his yacht fall pleasantly on the ear. In these mechanized days we find the personal touch of the host a great blessing; all the successful places seem to have it, anyway.



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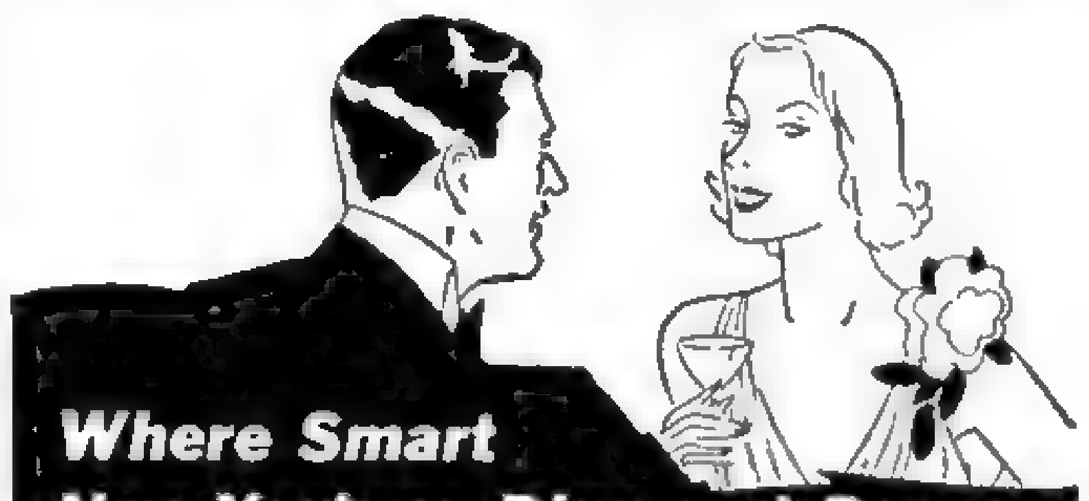

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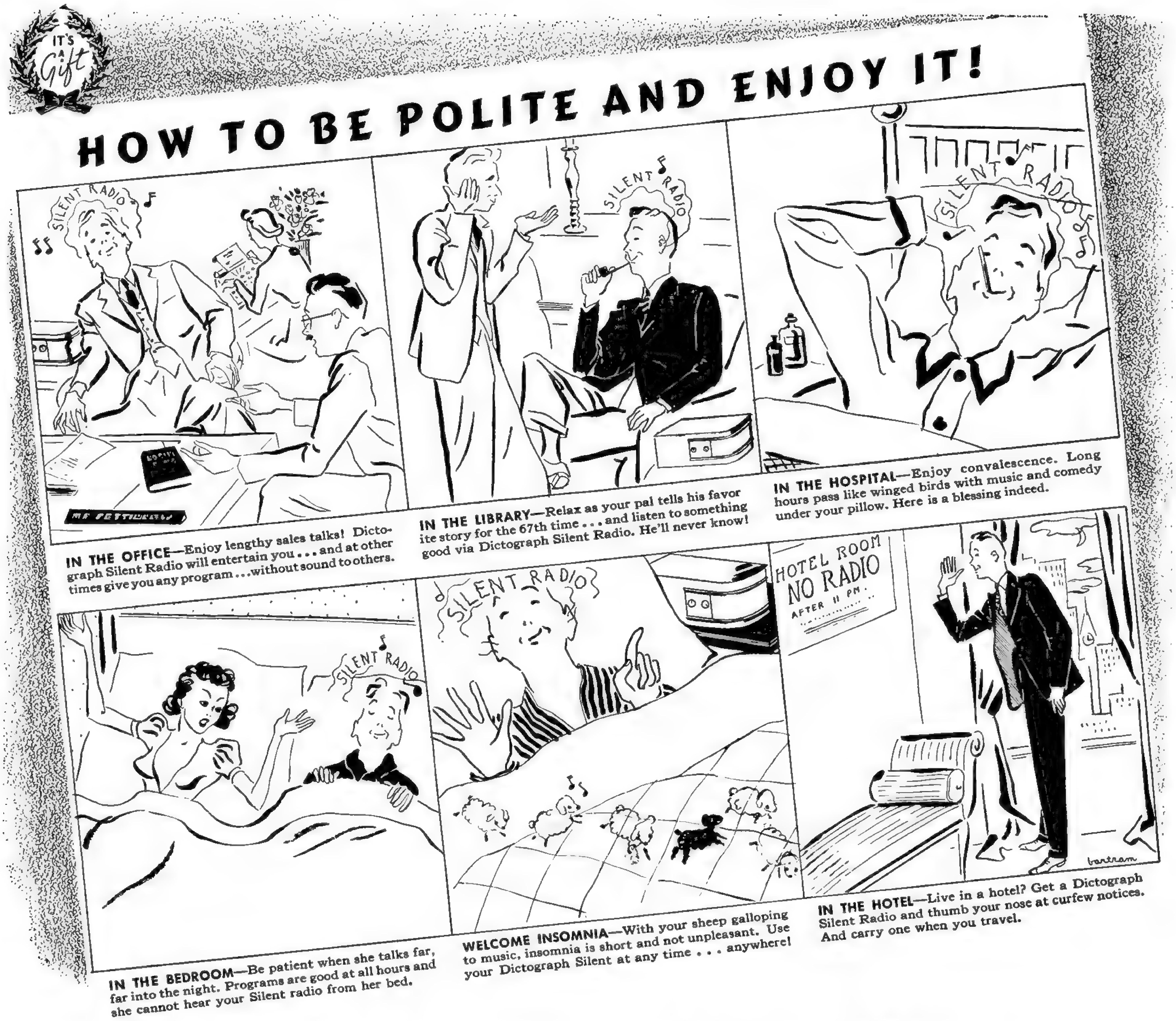

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IN THE HOSPITAL—Enjoy convalescence. Long hours pass like winged birds with music and comedy under your pillow. Here is a blessing indeed.

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IN THE HOTEL—Live in a hotel? Get a Dictograph Silent Radio and thumb your nose at curfew notices. And carry one when you travel.

Dictograph Silent Radio . . .

WITH THE ACOUSTICON MYSTIC EAR

THE one disadvantage to radio has been that when one wanted to listen the whole household had to listen, whether they wanted to or not. And, because radio couldn't speak, unless it spoke out loud, there were lots of places, and lots of times when you just couldn't have it at all.

Now comes the sensational Dictograph SILENT Radio and one can listen without annoyance to others, or all can listen, just as desired.

Personalized listening is accomplished by a device new to the radio art known as Acousticon Mystic Ear. By means of a thin flexible wire connection, the Acousticon Mystic Ear is concealed under a pillow on chair back, couch or bed. When your head is on the pillow, you hear, and no one else . . . ALL can hear when a brilliantly voiced loud speaker is switched on.

But, it's SILENT listening through the Acousticon Mystic Ear that will give you the biggest thrill you have had since radio began. The volume, the quality of the reproduction of speech or music, is unbelievable. People who cannot stand the radio otherwise find enormous pleasure in this new type of listening.

So see your dealer and have a demonstration. If you do not know where it is on sale, write us. We will arrange a demonstration in your home or office at your convenience.

Dictograph Silent Radio is a development of Acousticon Laboratory; and made by Dictograph Products Company, Inc., makers of the Acousticon, Dictograph Intracommunication Telephone Systems, Packard Lektro-Shaver and other precision products.

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If your neighbor plays his radio at all hours, send us his name and address and we will tip him off how he can have his radio and have his friends too.

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- ☐ Arrange demonstration at address below.
- ☐ Enclosed find $65.00 check for table model.
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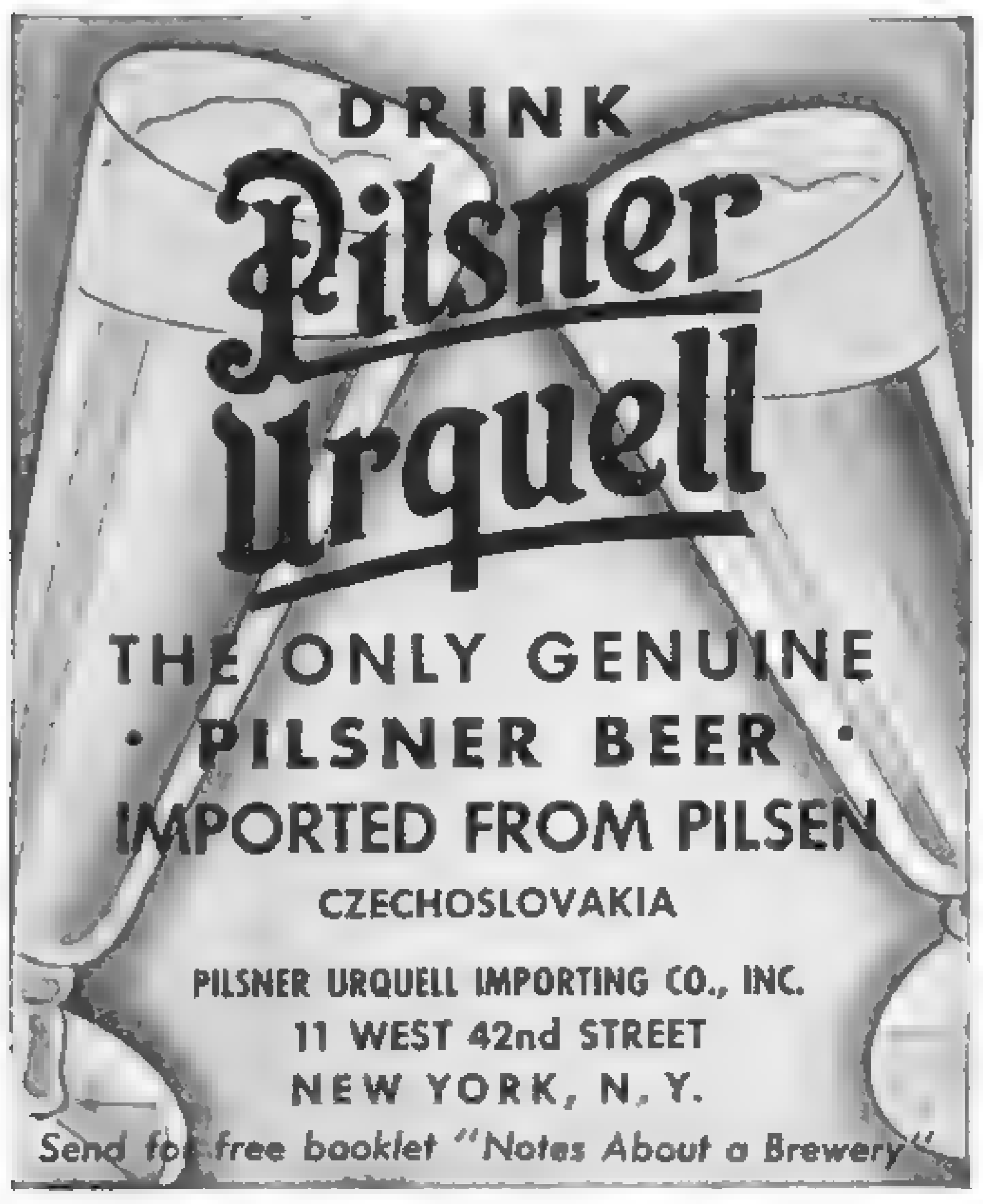

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Shades of the past Theodores, the Ritz has a floor show. Yes, we mean THE Ritz, once the bulwark of exclusive reticence, now flaunts a continental revue with shining girls, acrobats and crooners. Once you adapt yourself to the idea, you can sit down in the simple beauty of the Crystal Room and have as good a time as you could on Broadway. The most sophisticated producers now on our shores (those who are responsible for the French Casino) are also back of this enterprise. The show, if anything, is a little too long for the late diners, resistance being at a low ebb during those hours. But the dancing is fresh and quick, the costumes smart and brilliant and the bill catholic enough for all tastes. It's as smart a show as there is in town. Before and after there are the Basil Fomeen and Hugo Mariani orchestras furnishing unceasing dance music. Formal dress, of course.

News from Chicago states that Georges and Jalna, late of the Waldorf Astoria, New York, have pleased the crowds in the Mayfair Room of the Blackstone. Our hopeless passion, Corinna Mura is also there . . . The Drake's Gold Coast Room has been redecorated smartly and offers a full revue of singers and dancers . . . The Yacht Club, of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, is a tricky place with nothing nautical left out. Instead of an old salt, however, it boasts of Josephine Molera, the only woman wine steward in America.

Above the average of the many restaurants on the famous Fifty-Second Street, is Maria's, at 35 West. Old-timers recall Maria of the theatrical district. The food now is as good as of old—the liquor much better.

Mrs. Cameron Tiffany and Jan Juta have taken a rather ugly and ill-proportioned room at the St. Regis and brought something dazzling out of it. It is called Iridium Room, a bow being made to the new metal in the lighting and several of the details. A new ceil has been added giving a graceful envelope to the design. The painted mirrors and brocaded walls are the last word in modern baroque, the ornate seeming to be a weakness of the St. Regis folk. As to dance music there is the easy Emil Coleman who could draw his clientele if he played in a barn. With Coleman and the handsome room we carp a little at the model T dance entertainment which the place affords; a ballet of that sort hardly belongs to the iridium age. The food is excellent and of course the St. Regis wine list is the most elaborate in town.

A smart fortune teller could set up shop telling promoters what will and will not go in night clubs. Of course he'd throw a lot of decorators out of work, new clubs these days being built mainly for their holiday. We sat in one the other night from 9 to 11 and no one appeared except a decrepit waiter, one debutante songster and an orchestra of six, and a captain full of alibis. The place had all the physical set-ups necessary but there it lay. We sneaked out and went over to the Stork Club, two blocks away where you have to fight to get in. One trick, we suppose, is to get yourself born a Sherman Billingsley and the rest of the success is easy. The Stork will probably have to adopt Father Divine's system and open up some Stork Heaven Annexes.

The Essex House, Fifty-Ninth Street and Seventh Avenue have sewed themselves in for the winter abandoning their sidewalk tables for nooks by the stove. On a recent visit we were pleased to find that they have got a new cook; the food is now very good. The gay bar is as lively as ever.

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with their dance orchestra
Songs by
EVE SYMINGTON
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Twice nightly at Supper
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EDDIE LE BARON
and his tango orchestra
alternating at Supper
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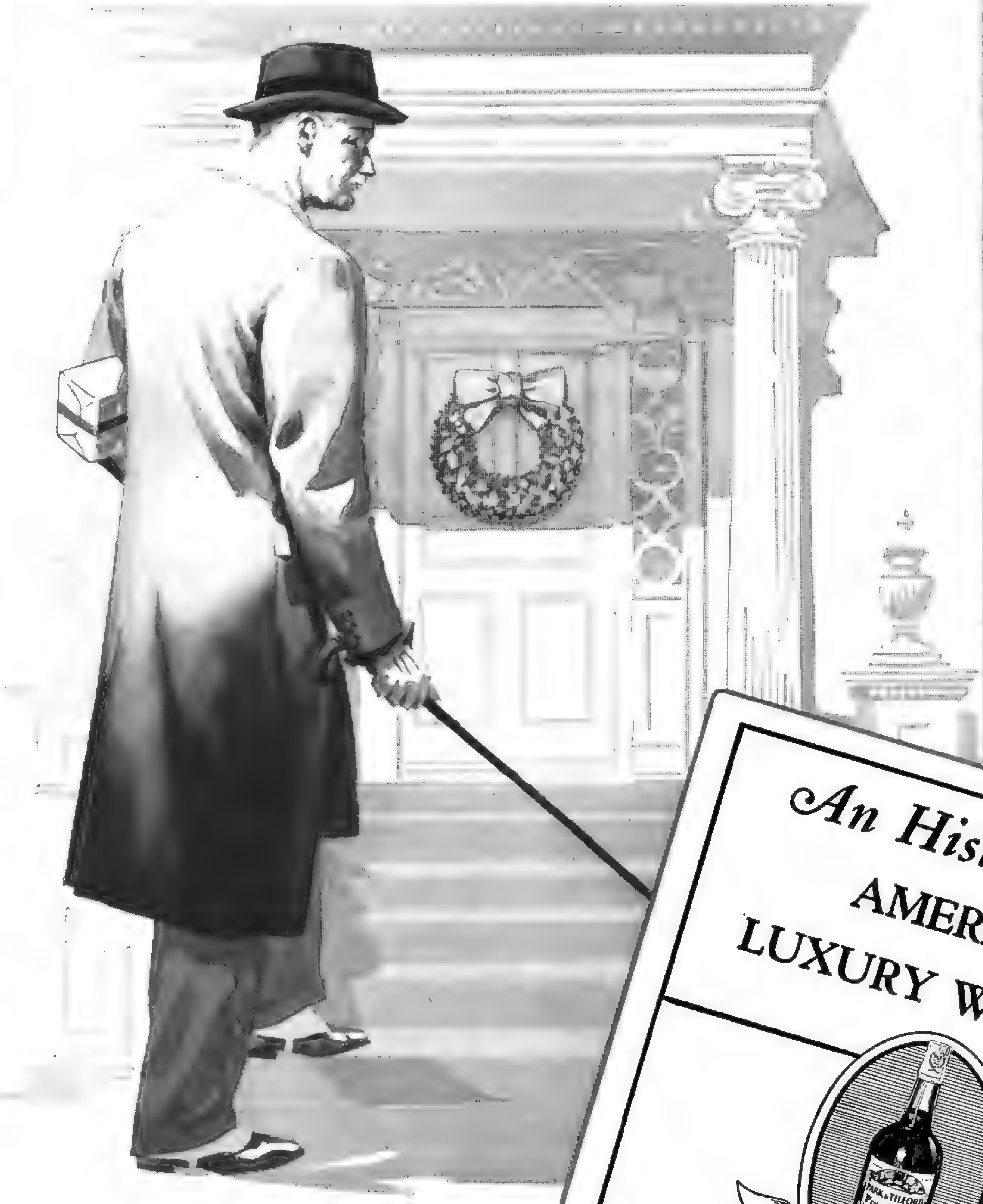

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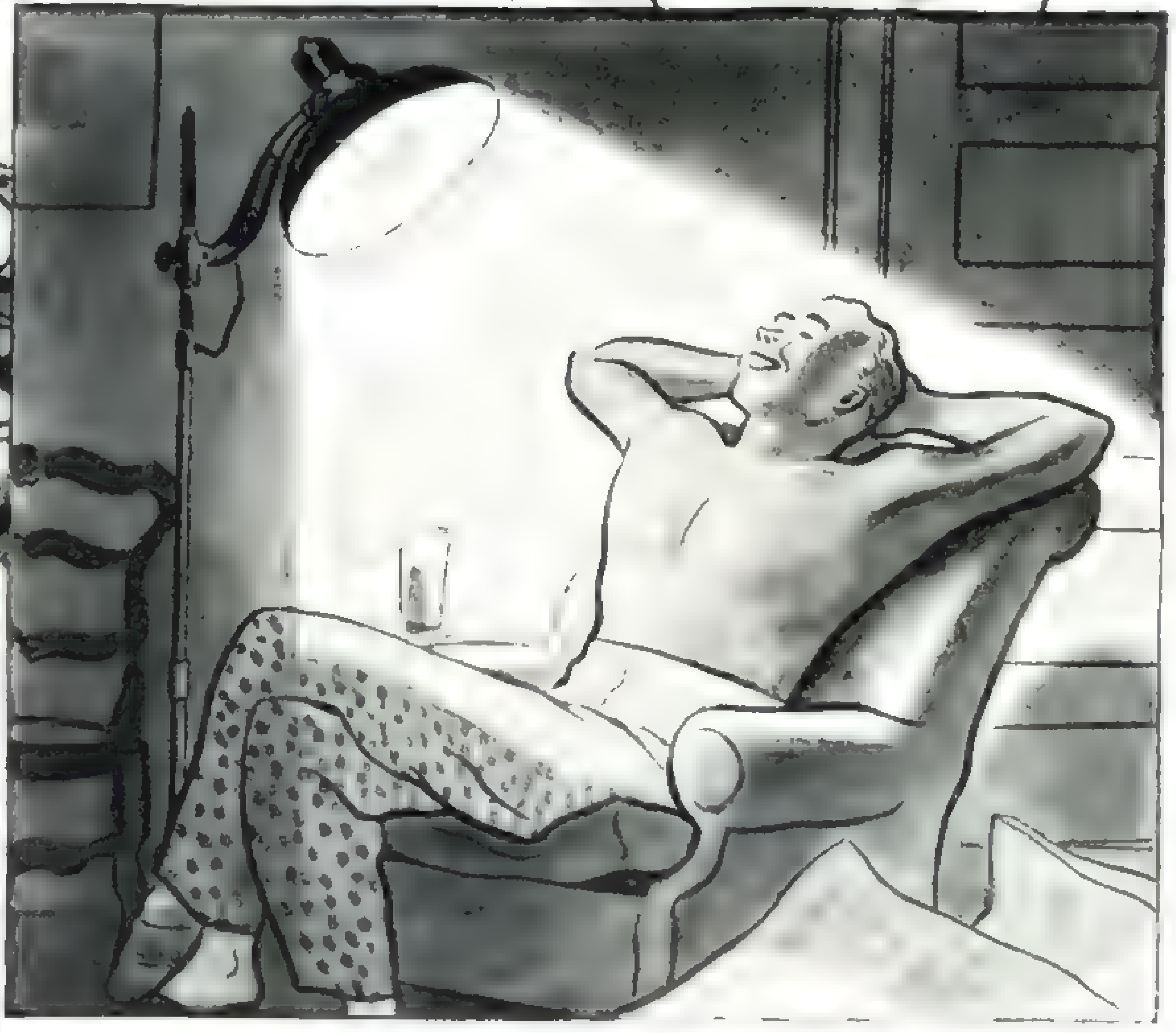
SOCIAL HINT FOR MALES:

Ladies prefer Outdoor Complexions



Soak up the sun a few minutes a day

Tests prove G-E Sunlamps make men healthier and *handsomer*!

ATTENTION MEN! If you're beset and annoyed by the bold advances of women—cultivate a pale, wan countenance! It's a safe and certain protection.

But if you're reckless—if you insist upon scorning consequences—here are two sure-fire, tested recipes for acquiring an outdoor complexion: (A) Hie yourself to Miami (native sons please read *California*) and loll upon the beach. (B) Buy a G-E Sunlamp, and move the sun into your bedroom.

Both recipes work—but the G-E Sunlamp is more convenient and economical.

Bask in health a few minutes every day

You'll *look* better—you'll *feel* better—if you bask in the healthful rays of a G-E Sunlamp a few minutes a day. No time or effort is required. Merely snap on the switch and soak up the sun—while you shave; read; or exercise.

Soon you'll see your pallid complexion take on the ruddy glow of health. You'll feel a new and virile buoyance in your step. As day by day your vitality and resistance perk up, your mirror will reflect a flattering change in your appearance.

Cost: A few pennies a day

G-E Sunlamps are very economical. You can own one for as little as a few pennies a day. Your nearest G-E dealer will be glad to demonstrate the newest 1937 models. Drop in and see them soon.

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As an efficient source of ultraviolet radiation the G-E Sunlamp has only one successful rival—the sun. The ultraviolet rays are the most beneficial of all the sun's rays. They produce Vitamin D which builds up the calcium supply in the blood—essential in the cure and prevention of deficiency diseases—and important as a tonic "builder-upper" for the entire system.

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*Florida model G-E Sunlamp. (For A.C. current only) No goggles required—unless your eyes need goggles in natural sunlight. Price **$39.95**—Others at $49.95 and $74.50 (Slightly higher west of the Rockies)*

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Formerly Director of New York Physicians' Club. National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years.

Today, at 44, is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete.

HOW can many of New York's busiest physicians stand up under their gruelling duties? Why are their nerves so steady, their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of fatiguing work?

The answer is simple. They follow the rules for health described by Artie McGovern in his new book. Many not only go to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York, but asked him to become Physical Director of the New York Physicians' Club!

These doctors are too wise to fall for work-outs that leave the "patient" gasping, dizzy, exhausted, the kind of exercise that does more harm than good. And not only doctors have benefited by McGovern's safe, sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, Walter Lippmann, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whiteman, Isaac Marcosson.

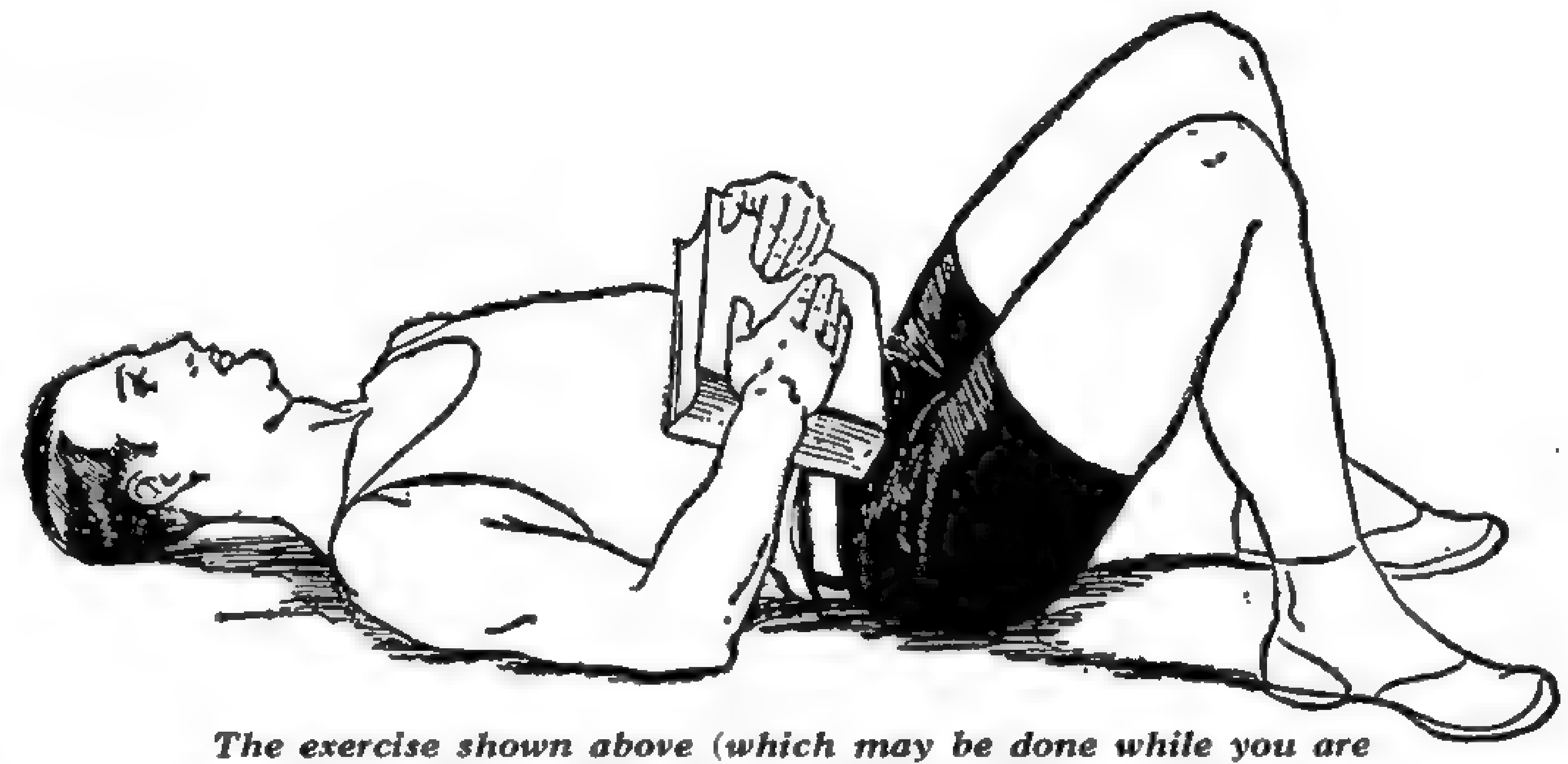
America's Greatest Trainer at Last Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!

In his new book Artie McGovern gives you "debunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better, relieve constipation, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person *you* are) is treated as such.

Here is a book of unvarnished truth about *your* body, *your* health, *your* living habits. It shows a *safe* way to control weight (the way *doctors* and *athletes* do); how to eliminate nervousness, sleeplessness; how to correct constipation without laxatives; how to tone up your entire system, and build reserve vitality to resist sickness. And all with simple, easy exercises you can do *at home*—without apparatus!

Are You Overweight—Run-Down —Constipated?

Do you feel run-down? Are your muscles flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you take laxatives? Do you sleep poorly? Do you wake up tired? If your answer to one or more of these is "Yes," then you owe it to yourself and family to try the McGovern method.



The exercise shown above (which may be done while you are lying in bed) is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the WORST you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit WITHOUT such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

Artie McGovern doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, juggle calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles; the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to $500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same Method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

SEND NO MONEY

TRY THE McGOVERN METHOD ON THIS 30-DAY DOUBLE GUARANTEE

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The Secret of Keeping Fit
The Secret of Keeping Fit

1. Send no money with the convenient coupon below. When postman hands you your copy of Artie McGovern's new book, THE SECRET OF KEEPING FIT, deposit with him, the Special Offer price of only $1.98, plus a few cents postage. If, after five days' reading, you are not convinced that the McGovern Method is just what you need and want—you may return it and your money will be refunded at once.

2. If, after applying for 30 days the principles clearly given in Mr. McGovern's book, you don't feel like a new person, vibrant with glowing health and new-found "pep"—if you aren't thoroughly convinced by actual RESULTS that it is working wonders for YOU—you may even then return the book for a full refund.

Clip and mail this coupon—without money NOW! SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 541, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

BABE RUTH

—What the McGovern Method Did for Him

	Before	*After*
Weight	256	216
Neck	17½	15½
Chest	43	40
Expanded	45½	47
Waist	49¾	38
Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calf	16¼	15

WOMEN

Some of the famous women who have taken the McGovern Course are Maureen Orcutt, Julia Hoyt, Babe Didrikson, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Hannah Williams.

GENE SARAZEN *Says:*

"McGovern's Course of Health Building is the most effective, valuable exercise system I have ever experienced. In previous years I have tried various methods to keep in good trim, but none compares with yours for getting results.

"Your health-building program has been of untold value to me. I heartily recommend it to golfers both professional and amateur, and I am also convinced that it will prove a blessing for any average man or woman."

SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept 541
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Send me a copy of Artie McGovern's new illustrated book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit," which tells in complete detail the methods Artie McGovern uses in keeping doctors and famous men and women in all walks of life up to par. When postman delivers it, I will pay $1.98, plus few cents postage charges.

It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. McGovern's Method into practice does not, within one month, produce the actual results I want, I am to have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my $1.98 is to be refunded at once.

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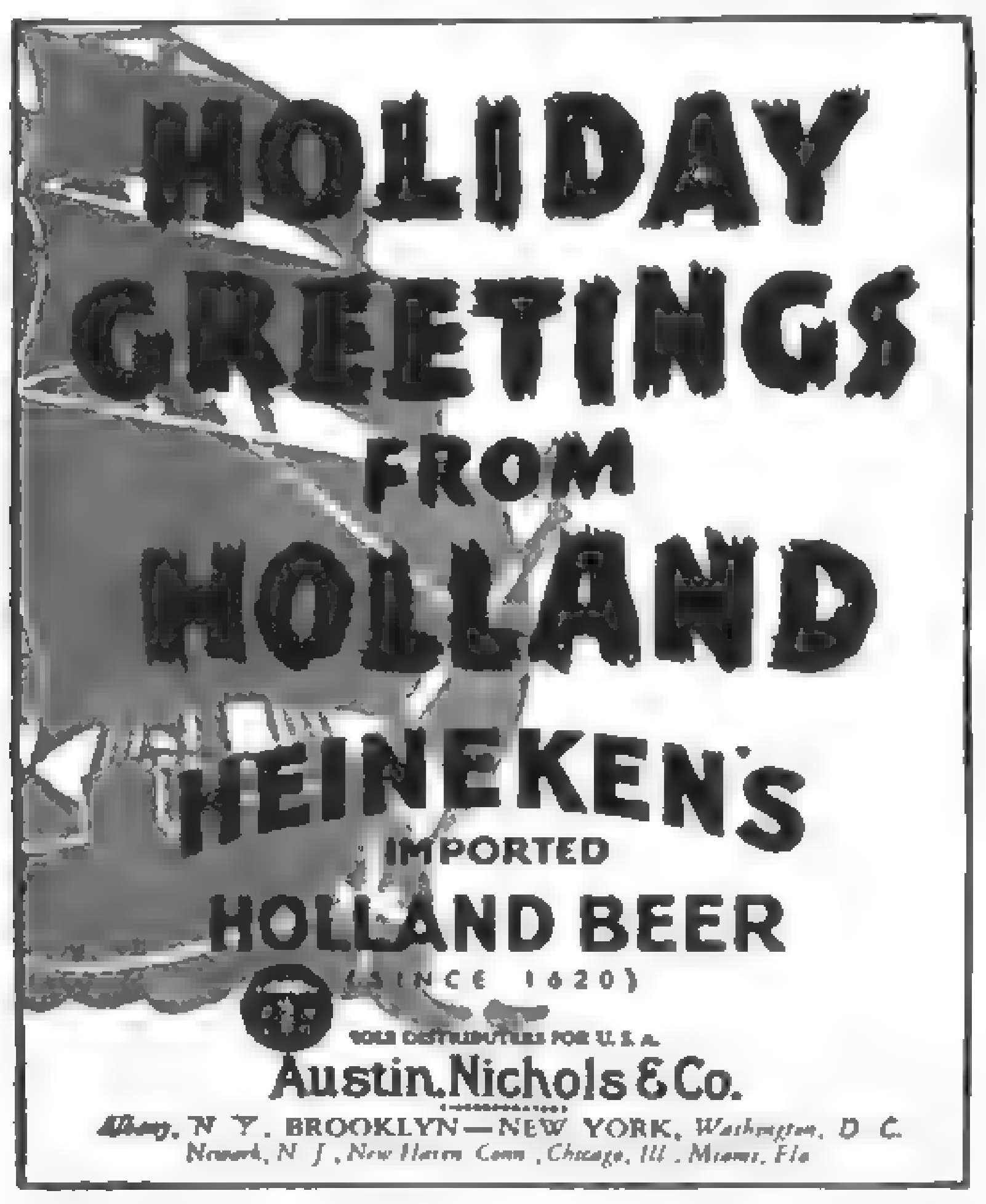
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If Longchamps open up enough restaurants, we suppose they will finally get a handsome one from the decorator's point of view. They spend so much on them, it seems a pity some one doesn't whisper to them about the artistic theory of beauty by elimination. The red curtains in the new joint at Broadway and Forty-First Street are exciting.

After two trys we got a good dry Martini. A bar rule is that you have to remove your hat; a bit of swank for the garment centre, we feel, as well as a rather visionary hope.

The Crillon keeps on through the years. The place at 277 Park carries on the old Baumgarten tradition of food, and there is none finer. We have been delighted, these many years, since the days of Voisin with its boy's dream of a pastry tray. The other night we waded through lobster cocktail, pheasant and a few trifles just to get to that tantalizing tray and real Viennese coffee. For nostalgia's sake we took a Tavel, '29 which I suppose is as good a rosé as you can get here. It's a pity Americans don't take more to rosé, a delicious tipple for dining that is not a state affair.

"Sixty-Eight" Fifth Avenue has been a hang-out for epicures of the village for some time now. Senor Tony Gugnoni formerly had a place on Tenth Street and before that was associated with the original Zucca. Now he proudly carries on the tradition of best Italian kitchens. His *tagliarini,* or green noodles, are served with a delicious sauce. Another house specialty is shrimps a la Tony; the fish being baked in their shell with a heavy garlic sauce. Rich if you can take it. Dinner $1.50.

Guy Lombardo seems to keep the Roosevelt Grill full to capacity. On a Saturday night the ropes were up and an informal crowd was having a great time. The food is pretty good which is high praise for a hotel.

For a decade and a half we have followed the Roma around. During prohibition the place was a god-send, having about the best cellar wine obtainable and the best broccoli. It has come to rest now at 177 Sullivan Street. Still pretty good food.

You haven't run the gamut until you have had a real Chinese meal (not to be confused with chop suey or such American inventions). When we were pilot for Mei Lang Fang we knew two excellent authentic places but they have since closed. We were led to another by a Chinese student; Joy Far Low, at 24 Pell St. The stunt is to place yourself in the proprietor's hands, ordering dinner at about the four-fifths rate, i.e., a four dollar dinner for five persons, and so on. Then sit back and wait. If you are brave, you will have something to tell your grandchildren. The dishes are brought in, after a delicious water cress soup, set in the middle of the table and you pitch in. You can try chop sticks or fork. It's the trial and error method and finally you discover what goes with your palate. But there is variety enough for any taste, roast duck, chicken, fish, delicious steamed vegetables and numerous unnameable dishes. This is tempered with *mui kwai lu,* a celestial drink, wine distilled from rose petals. The wine you buy on the corner. An acquired taste, but the shortest road to heaven.

You probably have seen paintings of Mlle. Petitpas, at 317 West Twenty-Ninth Street, with old man Yeats sitting in the corner. Believe it or not, we can remember the time when it was the art and literary center of the town. We also can remember when rude federal men broke in and you dashed your wine under the radiator. It is still going, and allowing for nostalgic shrinkage, we must say it is one of the better table d'hotes of the town. A good dollar meal with crepes thrown in for good measure.

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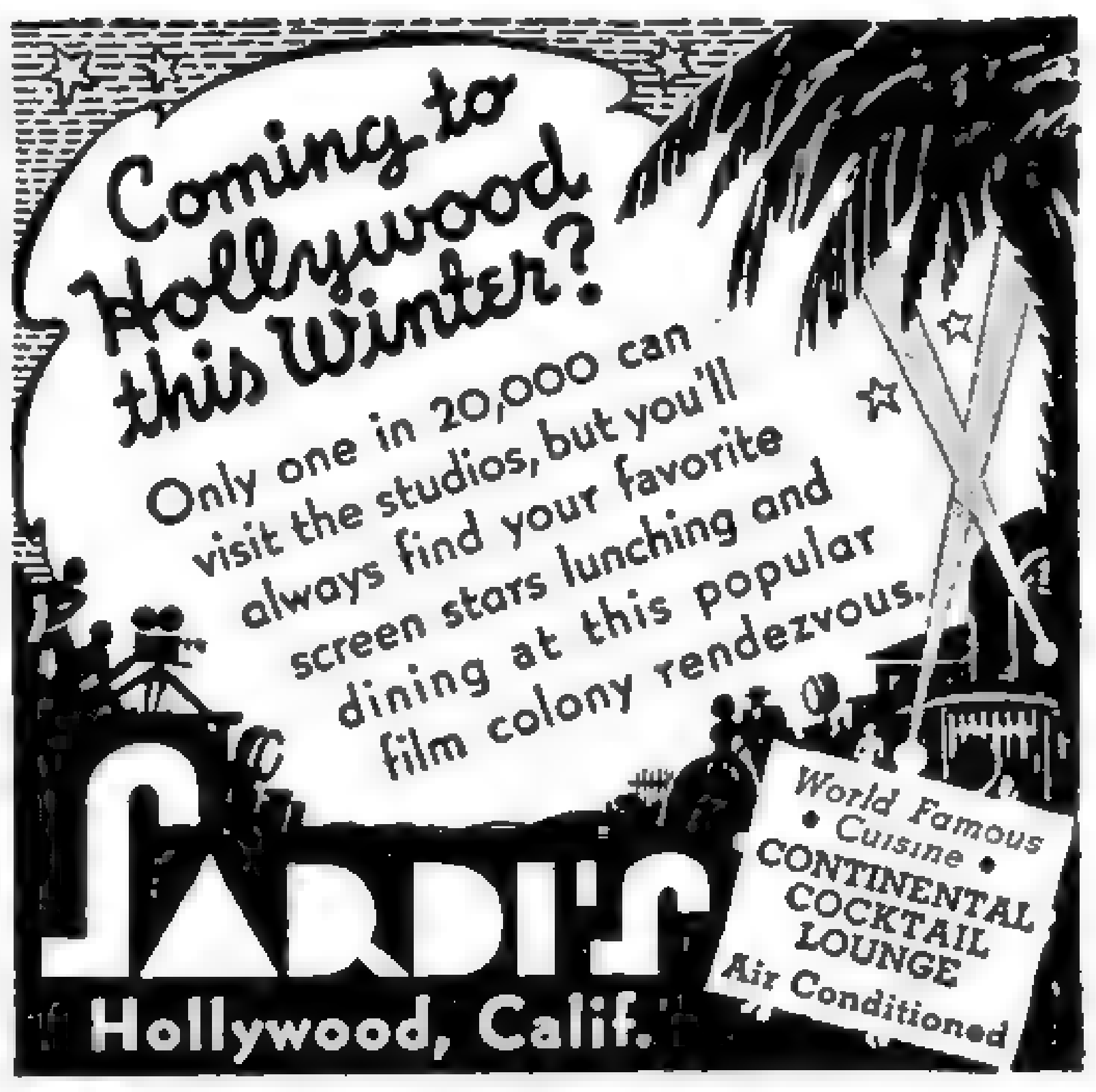
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Dancing daily • Cocktail Hour,
Dinner, Supper • at the famous
MERRY-GO-ROUND

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Grand Central Terminal
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Lower Level ← Grand Central Terminal
OCEAN FRESH DAILY
OYSTERS

ONE TASTE WILL WIN YOU···*LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL!*

LOCK
STOCK AND BARREL

First Call at the Bars—

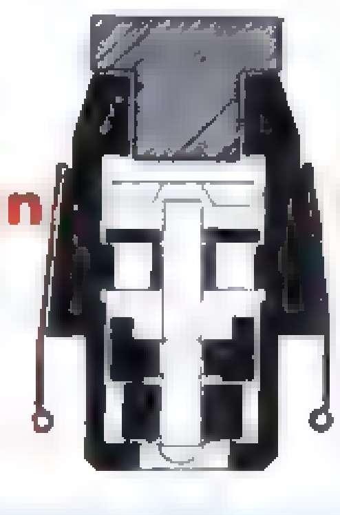
*for Schenley's 20-Million-Dollar Blend**

SCHENLEY
OLD
SCHENLEY
Quality
SUPREME
BLENDED WHISKEY

A SPECIAL GUARD

on every quart — Schenley's "Protect-All" bottle!

The "Protect-All" bottle protects you from substitution, and protects the bartender against any unfair suspicion. Ask for Old Schenley and you get what you ask for.



Cross-section of bottle-cap

- Its goodness *locked* in—by Schenley's exclusive "Protect-All" bottle!
- Rich with the taste of Schenley's aging Reserves ...a 20-million-dollar *stock* of *barrel*-aged whiskey!
- In taste-fullness it stands alone . . . and sits well!
- Mild... Note how fresh your mouth tastes after it!
- At the best of the bars it will lead the big parade!

*It is Schenley's great reserves of over 20 million dollars worth of aged and aging whiskies which enable The House of Schenley to produce this richly tasteful blend—and to maintain its quality constantly in unfailing supply.

OLD SCHENLEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

BRAND

is the name!

Old Schenley Quality Supreme: The straight whiskies in this product are **8** years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

If you like a milder whiskey—**Old Schenley Extra Quality:** The straight whiskies in this product are **3** years and 4 months or more old. 30% straight whiskies, 70% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 10% straight whiskey **8** years old. 10% straight whiskey **5** years old. 10% straight whiskey **3** years and 4 months old. *(Both 90 proof)*

Copr. 1936, Schenley Distributors, Inc., N. Y.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Kenneth Ripley says: "I was born in New England thirty-two years ago. I attended the University of Virginia. In 1926 I went to sea and spent three years shipping out of San Francisco as an able seaman on freight ships getting in three trips around the world. I came ashore once to serve a short term as a reporter on the San Francisco *Chronicle* but when the fighting started around Shanghai in 1927 I signed on a ship for China and never came back, washing up on the beach in southern Europe a year later. In 1929 I changed my dungarees for a dinner jacket on being engaged as a member of the Raymond-Whitcomb Company cruise staff. I made two round-the-world cruises as tour manager, shepherding parties up into Egypt, across India and here and there in Java, Siam, China and Japan. Between those cruises I worked on the summer North Cape Cruise to Scandinavia and Russia. In 1932 I came to Europe to live, spending the winters on the continent and going to Ireland summers where I eked out a precarious existence by bartending in a pub in the County Cork—" (and where he got the material for *Ireland Bowls the Byroads*, page 47)—"In the spring of 1934 I went out to the Orient again spending seven months in North China, Japan and finally the Hawaiian Islands, returning to Europe via America. I was in Ireland all this summer leaving in September to follow the Italo-Ethiopian dispute at Geneva where I am at present. My home in America is Brattleboro, Vermont."

•

Charles B. Palmer, author of the confession article, *The Trained Seals*, on page 35, volunteers:

"I started newspapering in 1925, two days out of high school, and was so engaged until this past spring when this-and-that led me into publicity. I've just finished such a job in connection with the Harvard Tercentenary. Now I am of two minds: publicity or editorial work. The younger element in the family is casting three votes for a candy store. Despite a pretty full schedule I have kept up outside writing, which—flash!—once included a ghost-written article in Esquire."

•

George G. Toudouze (*Three Skeleton Key*, page 51) is professor of dramatic literature at the Conservatoire Nationale. He was born in 1877, son of the novelist Gustave Toudouze and direct descendant of the painter Greuze. After receiving his degree at the Sorbonne he was appointed to the French School at Athens, where he won the Prix de Rome. Then he travelled for a while in the Orient and on his return to France he began writing—historic works, novels and plays.

•

Richard Vaughan, whose real name is Nigel Forbes Dennis, is the nephew of Phyllis Bottome, the novelist. He is 24, a British subject, married, and very much travelled. He lived eight years in Northern and Southern Rhodesia, was educated in England, Africa and Germany, and knocked around over most of Europe, Egypt and the Near East. His first novel, *Chalk and Cheese*, which was a study of European progressive schools, was published two years ago in London. He has contributed short stories and reviews for *Time and Tide*, in London, and reviews for the *New Republic* in this country. Recently he translated Dr. Alfred Adler's forthcoming book for Little Brown & Co.—*A Challenge to Mankind*. His *One in a Hundred* is on page 79.

Edward Harris Heth, author of *Something to Tell the Boys*, page 40, has written two novels, *Some We Loved*, published by Houghton Mifflin last winter, and *Told with a Drum*, which will come out in the spring. He's working on a third now, which for the moment he is calling *The Mourners in the Streets*. He was born in Milwaukee in 1909, of German ancestry. While he attended the University of Wisconsin he started writing, and with the help of Zona Gale, had his first story accepted by the *American Mercury*. He lived in New York City during 1935 but found himself unable to do any writing there because of too much gayety and returned to Milwaukee to settle down to work. One of his short stories, which appeared in *Harper's*, was chosen by Harry Hansen for inclusion in this year's *O. Henry Memorial Collection*.

Edward Harris Heth

•

M. V. Bigda, our Discovery of the Month, makes his bow with an article, *A Coal Digger Speaks*, on page 88. He can do anything but make a living, has driven every sort of vehicle but a submarine and can swear in seven languages or say "here's how" in ten, which he argues is pretty good for a coal miner's son. He says: "Fired the first day on the first job I ever had and all because I turned the clock a full two hours ahead! Worked as bus boy and then counterman in Bickford's in New York to earn a little money for flying. Quit flying when a buddy got lost in the ocean. Back to Nanticoke and got a job in a gambling place, a Pennsylvania "bookie's" office. Didn't do so hot either. In partnership with two pals on a second handed racing car which killed a driver. Langhorne first race, but the other drivers were so fast and passed so much and raised so much dust we had to go backwards to keep from choking. So what? One race, no car. Then back to flying again when a friend purchased a plane. Cracked in plane in Berwick, Pa. Low and cocky stunting did that. Write a thousand words a night, been doing that for six years."

•

Leonard J. McAdams, who wrote *Next Time He Walks*, page 39, furnished these terse sentences: "Through St. Joseph College, working nights reporting for Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Escaped from machinations of Jesuits with A. B. in '29. Sunday magazine work for *Ledger* Syndicate for two years. Back to *Inquirer* remaining to date. Taught newswriting, Guild School of Journalism at Temple U, in '35. Three children. Hunting hound. Single barrel shotgun."

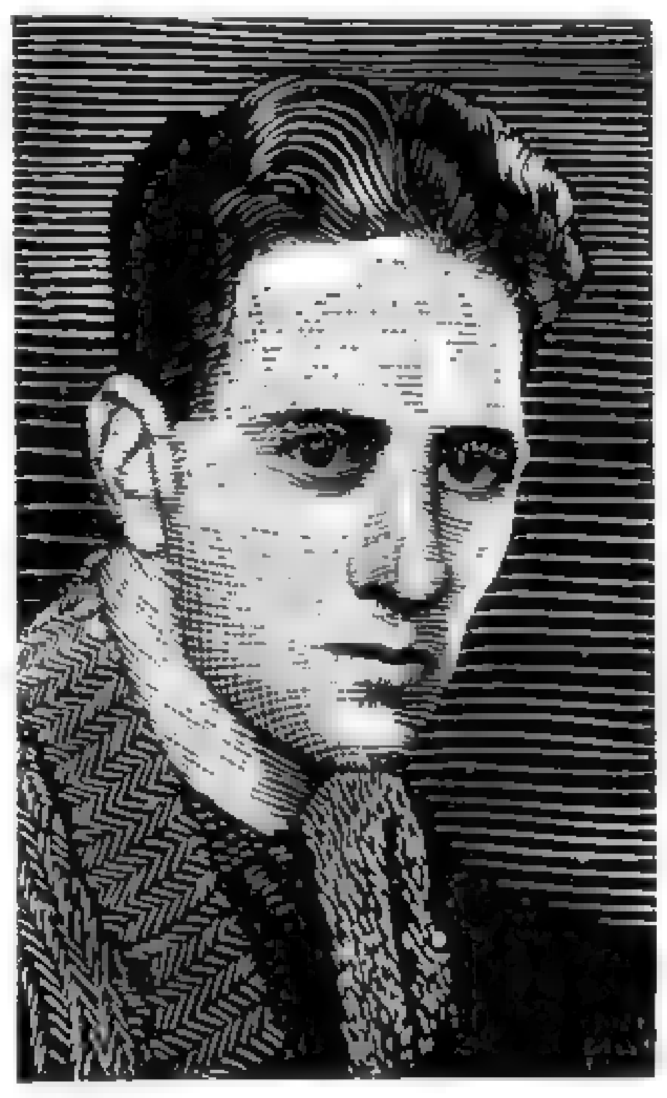
George Schnuphase sent his heartfelt thanks for our acceptance of *A Soldier Goes to Town* (page 60) declaring, "I was already gathering dry grass twigs, herbs, roots and cranberries to help me over the winter." This is his first article to appear in an American magazine and only his third written in English. When he went to Canada from Germany, after the war, his knowledge of the language was limited to such useful remarks as "Good morning, Mr. Brown," and "Salt, please." He says: "I was brought up in Germany, college, war, lots of it, more war, stock exchange, then Canada to grow onions. Of all things. But they froze. What else could they do here? So, with iced onions slipping from my numbed fingers, I sat down on a Friday and wrote *A Soldier Goes to Town*."

•

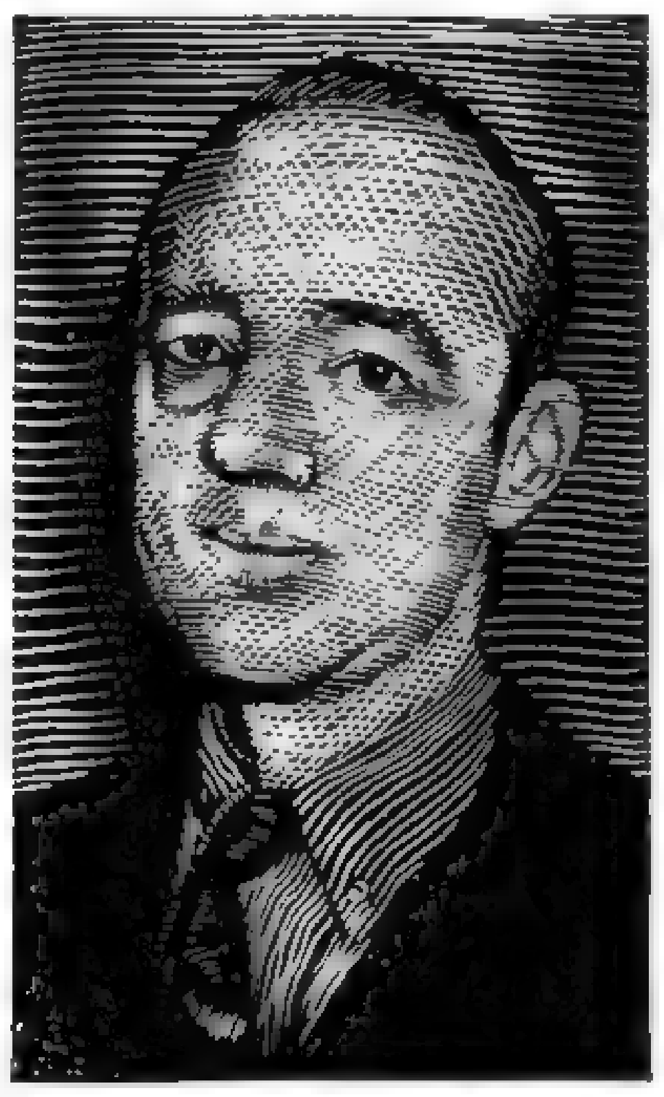
Bob Bruce admits that an owlish blink of disdain from Alexander Woollcott one May morning when Bruce suggested that he too would like to write for the smart magazines may have spurred him on to write *Cargoes of Wild Women*, (page 73). He was born within a stone's throw of Hamlin Garland's home in Wisconsin. He was a Phi Psi at Allegheny College and suggests that he will probably be remembered there as the boy who purloined the French II examination questions and sold them to sophomores at $5.00 a set. He is also shameless about the fact that he told the dean he didn't want a Phi Beta Kappa key because every street car conductor in Boston wore one.

•

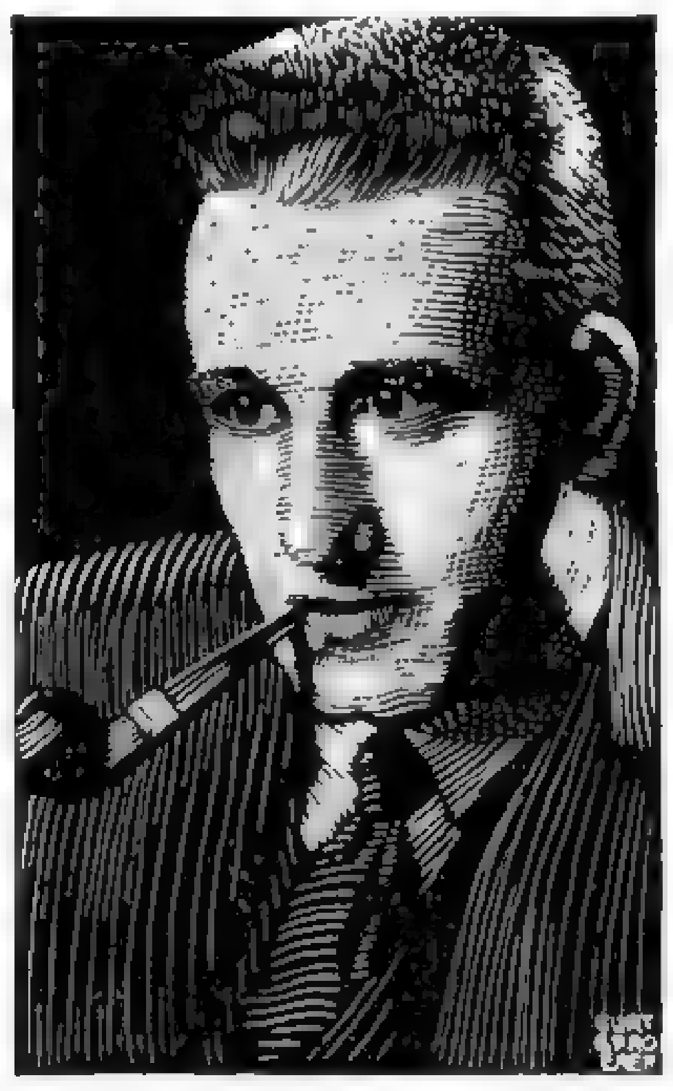
F. Britten Austin (*Parisian Idyll*, page 92) has had a long and bitter struggle as an author. He cannot remember when he did not want to write. As a youngster on the Stock Exchange he spent his lunch hour in the Guildhall Library, and read through practically all of the important 17th and 18th century writers in English, French and German. He studied French, German, Italian and Latin in night school—with the end of literature in view. During the World War he fought with the Indian Corps in France, winning a medal with two stars and the rank of captain. He used to write war-stories during that time from the German point of view, and they were so accurate that the Press Bureau refused to pass some of them for publication on the grounds that they could only have been written by German officers, that he was translating them and suppressing the real source.



Richard Vaughan



Leonard J. McAdams



F. Britten Austin

Oscar Morgan, who did the personality piece, *Reno's Unsung Columbus*, once published a newspaper in Reno. He was born in Cherokee, California and spent his boyhood in Bodie, California when Bodie was known as the toughest mining camp of all and "A Bad Man From Bodie" was a popular phrase. When he was thirteen years old, he set all the type by hand and wrote the news for a four-page weekly, distributed it to subscribers, and went to school. He boasts that he played football on what was probably the poorest freshman football team the University of California ever had. And he once did newspaper work in Honolulu. He now lives in Pacific Grove, "one of the loveliest and most puritanical of towns."

•

We go along in our dumb, blundering way knocking people's trade names right out from under them. Sometimes they get pretty nasty about it. Not so The American Thermos Bottle Company, however. They sent us the following mild objection, which we feel it is only fair to print:

"Gentlemen:

Will you please bring to the attention of the editorial staff in your office that on several occasions the word "Thermos," which is a proprietary term, a trade-mark registered by this Company in the United States Patent Office and this Company's sole property, is used in Esquire incorrectly, the last example of this being in your October, 1936, issue on page 130, second word in the next to the last line.

It so happens that the products in the drawing in this instance are of our manufacture and it is perfectly proper to label them as "Thermos" merchandise, but the word "Thermos" should be spelled with a capital letter "T" and quotation marks used around the word when it is used in text.

Very truly yours,
William Toot
Legal Department"

•

Jack Conroy (*Happy Birthday to You*, page 74) is another of our versatile contributors. He has been a farmer, an automobile worker, railroader, bindlestiff, editor and newspaperman. He has also found time to be co-editor of three anthologies of verse, and to write *The Disinherited*, published in 1933 and *A World to Win*, published in 1935. He will probably have another book out by the time you read this—about the Southerners who flocked to the industrial centers of the North during the boom war days.

•

Arnold Ryan, whose Montage appears on page 52, is one of the artists on Esquire's regular staff. Before he began working for us he had done practically everything—selling in dry goods stores, working in filling stations, painting signs, teaching stage designing and heaven knows what. He had his own sign painting business for awhile and once he was official bus painter on the night shift for the now defunct Motor Coach Service Company. He studied in the Art Institute in Chicago. He is unmarried and rather militant about it.

•

Our contributors are getting pretty prolific. Scribner's recently published a new book by Gilbert Seldes, called *Mainland*. Joseph Jastrow has edited a symposium of fifteen eminent scientists, entitled *The Story of Human Error*. And Chester B. Himes, one of our discoveries, is writing a novel.

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SINCE 1857
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90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"

Seagram's "V.O." *A Fine Imported Whiskey*

Holiday Cheer

as provided in the Home of

MR. OLIVER HARRIMAN

MR. HARRIMAN, *member of the New York Stock Exchange, is a man of wide business and social connections, and a distinguished clubman.* Men like Mr. Harriman, to whom the practice of perfect hospitality is second nature, find that "V. O." satisfies every social requirement. It should be *your* whiskey.

- *Delicious "V. O." Holiday Eggnog for 20 People*

Divide yolks and whites of 12 eggs. Beat separately. Add 1 pound fine sugar to whites. Add yolks. Stir in ¼ cup Jamaica rum. Add slowly 1 quart Seagram's "**V.O.**"; 1 quart heavy cream; 1 quart milk.

Seagram's "V.O."

RARE OLD CANADIAN WHISKEY
AGED IN CHARRED OAK CASKS
6 *years old* · 90 *proof*

Distilled, aged and bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government

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GENERAL LODIJENSKY
again your host at New York's most colorful restaurant

Alexander Bunchuk and his Russian Eagle Orchestra, Raphael and his Concertina, Serge Sergey and Cathering Grey, Nicolas Zorin, Lubov Doubiago.
DINNER • SUPPER
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SUNDAY
TEA DANCING • DINNER
THE
RUSSIAN
EAGLE
IN THE
SHERRY-NETHERLAND
Fifth Avenue at 59th, New York
Reservations: VO 5-2800

"A dream spot for polite wining, dining and dancing"
Richard Manson, N. Y. Post
The
"RITZ REVUE"
twice each evening, at dinner and supper, in the
Crystal Garden
an original, continental melange in a new setting of incomparable artistry
Staged by **Clifford C. Fischer**
Music by **Basil Fomeen** and his Orchestra and **Hugo Mariani's** Orchestra

SUNDAY NIGHT at the RITZ
A special performance of the RITZ REVUE will be presented with dancing until midnight
RESERVATIONS: "Charles" Plaza 3-4600
RITZ-CARLTON
Madison at 46th, New York
ALBERT KELLER, President

The management of the Hotel New Yorker had a happy thought in going against the recent election and turning back to the horse and buggy days. They boast of singing waiters (shades of the gay nineties) in the Manhattan Room. They also boast, and rightly, of an individual eggnog. Some silly law not permitting bars to make it in bulk, Jake Gessell, the director of food, has figured a way of serving individual portions to order. Abe Lyman and his Californians have taken the stand in this Hotel's Terrace Restaurant, with Connie Boswell doing the vocalizing.

Ozzie Nelson still holds the collegiates and their debutantes in the Silver Grill of the Hotel Lexington. This hotel has also developed a business luncheon trade, catering to the many who inhabit the cliffs thereabouts on Lexington Avenue.

The bar of the Madison has gone in for the business of giving away prizes, although this is one spot that has no need for extra inducements. Since repeal it has held one of the smarter groups of the town around cocktail time. As for dinner, Moreau, one of the more famous chefs of the town, has long had a substantial following.

Oh time! Oh customs! Bids for popularity are now based on previous performances behind the slotted doors of the speak-easy era. Jean Billia's press counsel reminds you of the good old days, adding that Jean (formerly of brownstone row on 52nd) now has a place at 36 East 60th St., called La Salle du Bois. It is another decorator's holiday; the room proportions are beautiful, the colors terrible—a Harlem mauve mixed with a chrome yellow. However, the food is good and unless you get under the table, you needn't look at the purple chairs.

A correspondent writes plaintively for the address of a Hungarian restaurant where they do not play Strauss waltzes on a zither, untuned piano and a lamenting violin. It has been a hard search. We can finally recommend Nagy's, 219 East 79th St., as an honest place for real Hungarian food. It is very cheap and unfortunately does not serve liquor. Personally we can omit the liquor now and then for the peace of no "Vienna Woods."

Montparnasse, finding Fifty Second Street too crowded boldly pioneered to 50 East Seventy Ninth Street. And it has won the reward of all pioneers, having that uncharted territory to itself. In a brand new taxpayer, it has set up a smartly decorated bar and restaurant. Two dance orchestras keep the younger set on its toes until 4 a.m. The place serves a dinner for $2.25 that is something special. It is a welcome oasis and the only one north of the Sixties.

We saw Charles Hanson Towne in the Mascotte smacking his lips over a pressed duck, so we had to try one. Bernard, who presides at one of the best eating places on the globe, at 19 East Sixtieth, personally did the honors. If you are accustomed to pressed duck in foreign places you must know that the American duck is not for pressing. The local product has to be bled at killing while the French duck is killed otherwise. That leaves us the Mallard, one of nature's kinder gifts. There are too many secrets of the house to tell you what goes into the sauce but if you ever taste anything finer, we'll eat it. The dinner started with a dry sherry, consomme Africaine; with the duck, *pommes souflees hominy frit, clery au jus* and *riz sauvage*. As to the wild rice, cooked with pignoli nuts, it is something to tell your grandchildren. Or better yet the dessert: fresh figs served with cream flavored with creme de cacao. The wine was Clos de Vougeot, original, 1921, a sacred memory in itself. The meal of the month.

That Splitting "MORNING AFTER" HEAD
ENDS IN ONE HOUR
This Simple Way

● Whenever you have overindulged in food or drink, do this quick, and that "morning after" head will be gone before you realize it. Simply mix 1/5 of a glass of Pluto Water with 4/5 of a glass of hot water. Drink—and excess poisons in the intestinal tract will be carried away in one hour, or less. When this happens, your head will clear, your stomach will settle, your energy will return. Pluto Water is a non-habit-forming saline mineral water—bottled at famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. Get either the 25c or 50c size, which contains three times as much, from your druggist. Have a bottle handy. An effective way to end a "morning after" head.
PLUTO WATER
When Nature Won't—Pluto Will

LE COQ ROUGE
The Mirror Room Reflects
The Pleasure of Our Guests
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French Casino
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS THEATRE-RESTAURANT
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Luncheon Dinner Cocktail Hour Supper
Music by JOSEPH C. SMITH
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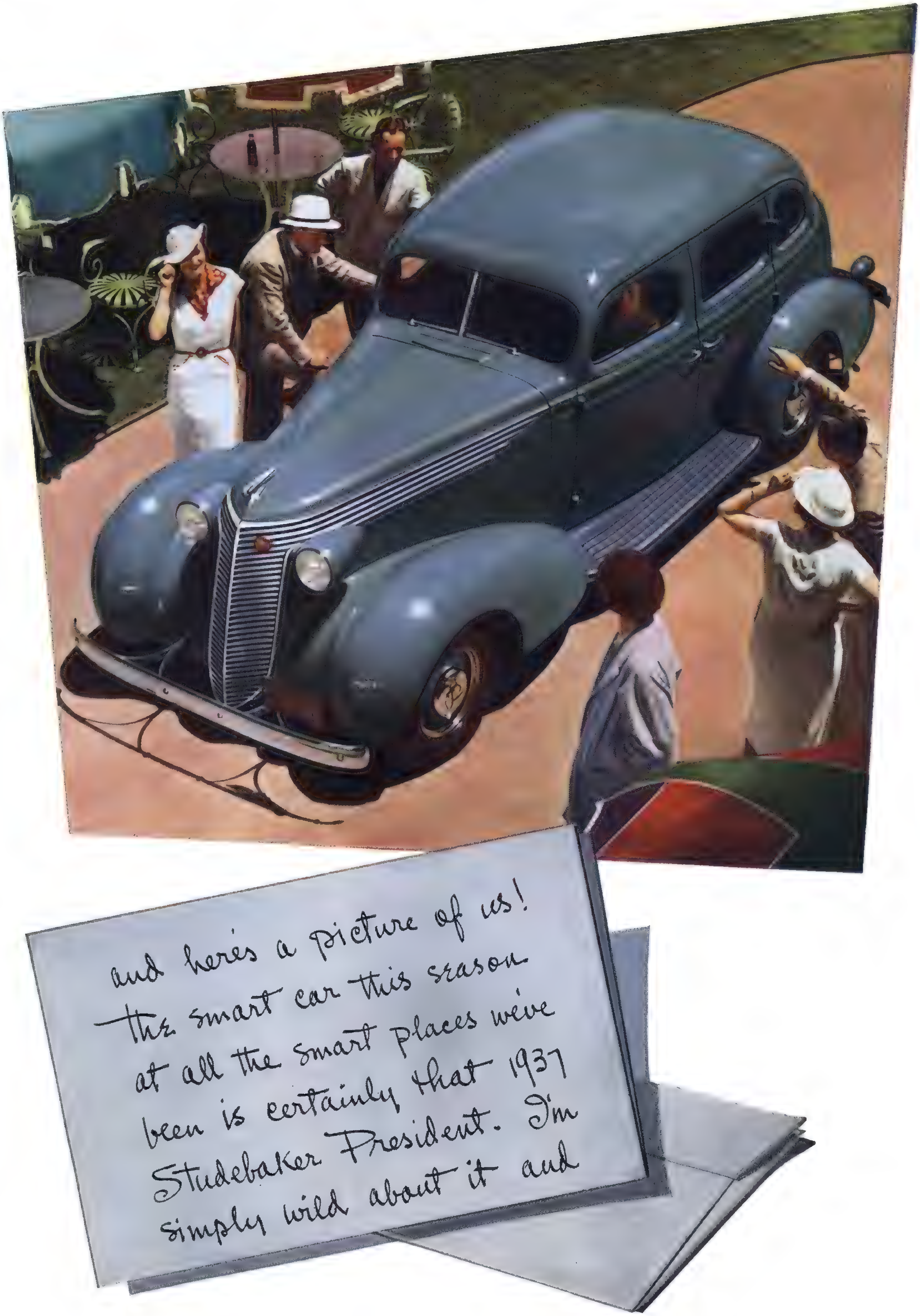


and here's a picture of us! The smart car this season at all the smart places we've been is certainly that 1937 Studebaker President. I'm simply wild about it and

MAYBE IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD

But MAN ALSO ENJOYS IT!

Ever since Eve assumed the duty of managing Adam, it has been alleged rather widely that this is a woman's world.

The assertion, no matter how debatable, has penetrated even newspaper and advertising circles.

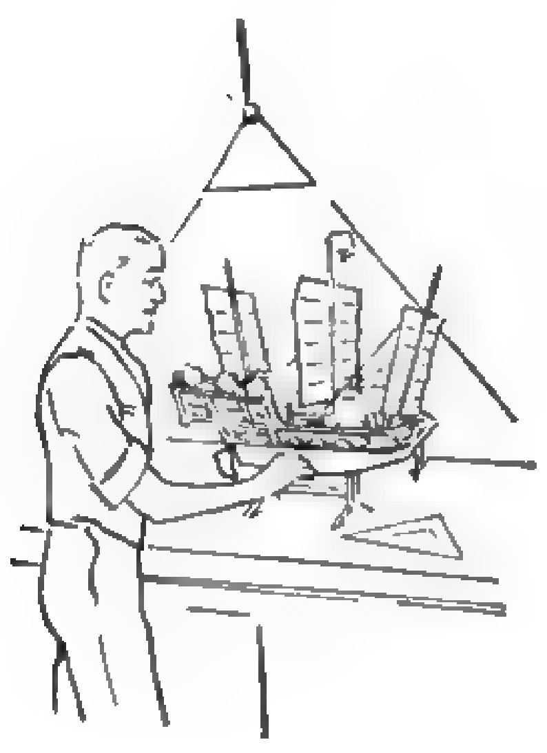
The mere mention of a "Home" newspaper suggests women readers. That takes in everything—it implies "family" and automatically embraces father and children.

The upshot of it all is that The Chicago Daily News considers not only its women but also its men and children readers. It must, for more than 410,000 families welcome The Daily News into their homes every evening. Husband, wife and the youngsters all read and enjoy The Daily News because of its editorial balance—because of its fairness.

From the time of its founding, two days before Christmas, 1875, The Daily News has been dedicated to the independent publication of the news. It continues to hold to such an ideal steadfastly. Last November 2—for example—at the climax of the political battle, Time magazine stated: " . . . for campaign balance and fairness most observers rate it [The Daily News] at Chicago's top."

Men and women, and even the growing, highly critical youngsters, appreciate this—as demonstrated by the fact that constantly more and more families are reading The Daily News.

As an advertising medium, The Daily News has both MORE and BETTER Home Coverage than any other daily newspaper in Chicago. That's why sales messages of advertisers in The Daily News bring results.



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You are stepping out this year to the rhythm of a nation on its way—to new scenes, new pleasures in travel. You know that change brings relaxation. You realize the value of a journey, or perhaps just an evening's diversion in a gay restaurant—how it unwinds the winter's tension.

But where are you stopping? The eight popular N.H.M. hotels, strategically located in seven key cities, are the answer. They offer you comfort and conveniences to delight the most experienced traveler, food that brings your appetite a new thrill. Their cheerful, friendly service will make you want to return again—and again.

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IN NEW YORK

HOTEL LEXINGTON...C. E. Rochester, Manager. 3 blocks from Grand Central Station. 801 rooms, with radio and bath. Home of the famous Silver Grill. Rates from $3.50 a day. Garage service.

IN CINCINNATI

NETHERLAND PLAZA...W. O. Seelbach, Manager. 800 rooms with tub and shower bath, radio, and running ice water. From $3 a day. Enjoy the Restaurant Continentale and Pavillon Caprice. Garage in hotel building...you drive right in.

IN DETROIT

BOOK-CADILLAC...Durries Crane, Manager. Rendezvous of Detroit's social and business leaders. 1,200 quiet, beautifully furnished rooms with bath. Rates from $3 a day. Visit the colorful new Esquire Room and Book Casino.

IN CHICAGO

CONGRESS HOTEL...John Burke, Manager. On Michigan Boulevard, over-looking Lake Michigan. Big, comfort-planned rooms, with new furniture and decorations, from $3 a day with bath. Sensational new Congress Casino and Glass Hat Cafe.

IN DAYTON

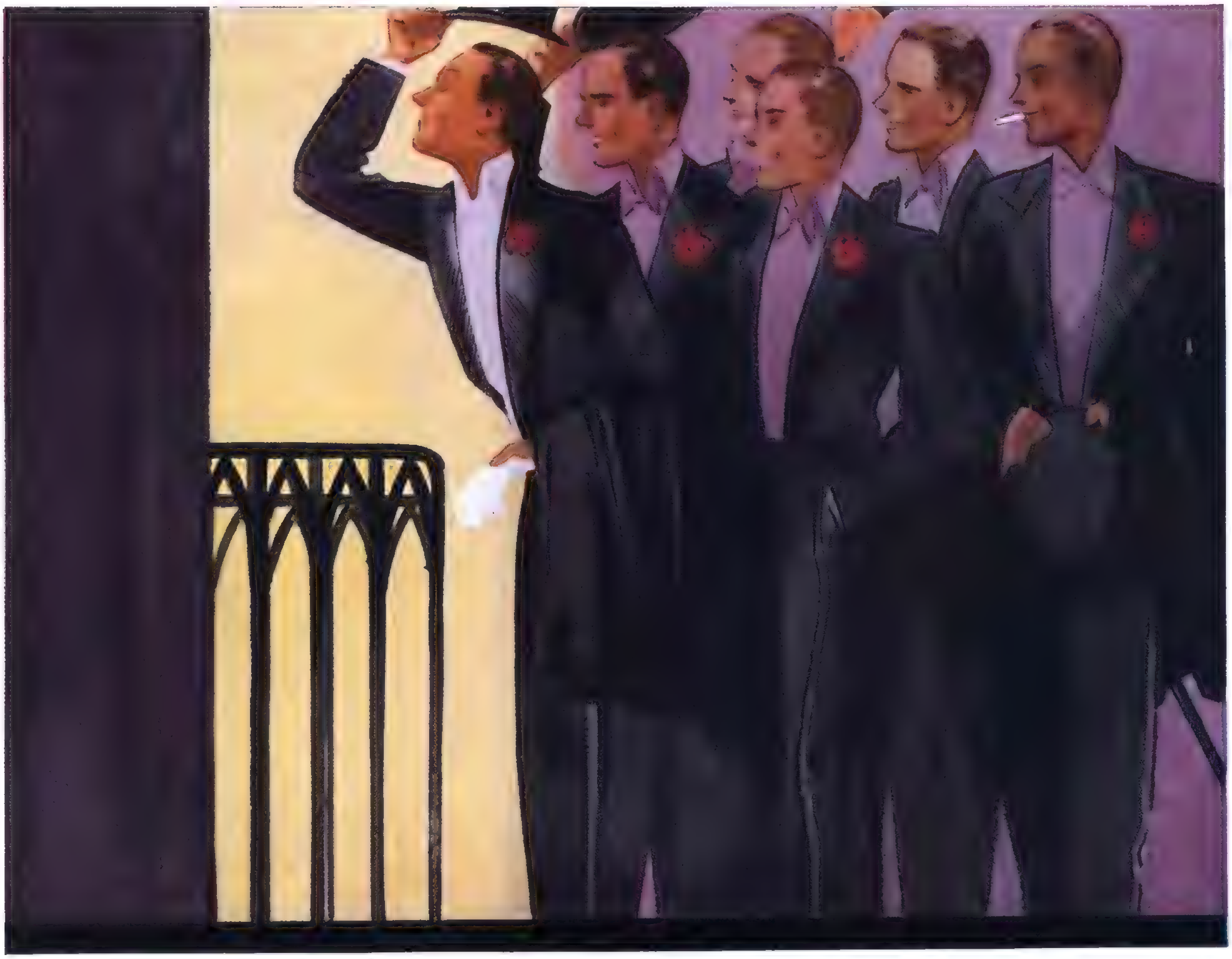
HOTEL VAN CLEVE...Richard E. Daley, Manager. Finest hotel in Dayton, with 300 modern, homelike rooms, with bath. From $2.50 a day. Visit the new Mayfair Room, Dayton's smartest restaurant.

IN DALLAS

HOTEL ADOLPHUS...Fuller Stevens, Manager. The largest hotel in Dallas, 825 rooms with bath. Rates from $2.50 a day. Here you will enjoy the glamorous new Century Room.

IN MINNEAPOLIS

HOTEL NICOLLET...Neil R. Messick, Manager. Minneapolis' most beautiful hotel, located near railway stations and business center. 600 large, modern rooms. From $2.50, with bath. New Minnesota Terrace and novel Jolly Miller Cafe.



"Goodbye, Mrs. Van Sickle—and remember us to Mr. Van Sickle"!

YOU just know Mr. Van Sickle doesn't own a Hart Schaffner & Marx tailcoat. If he did this situation could never have developed.

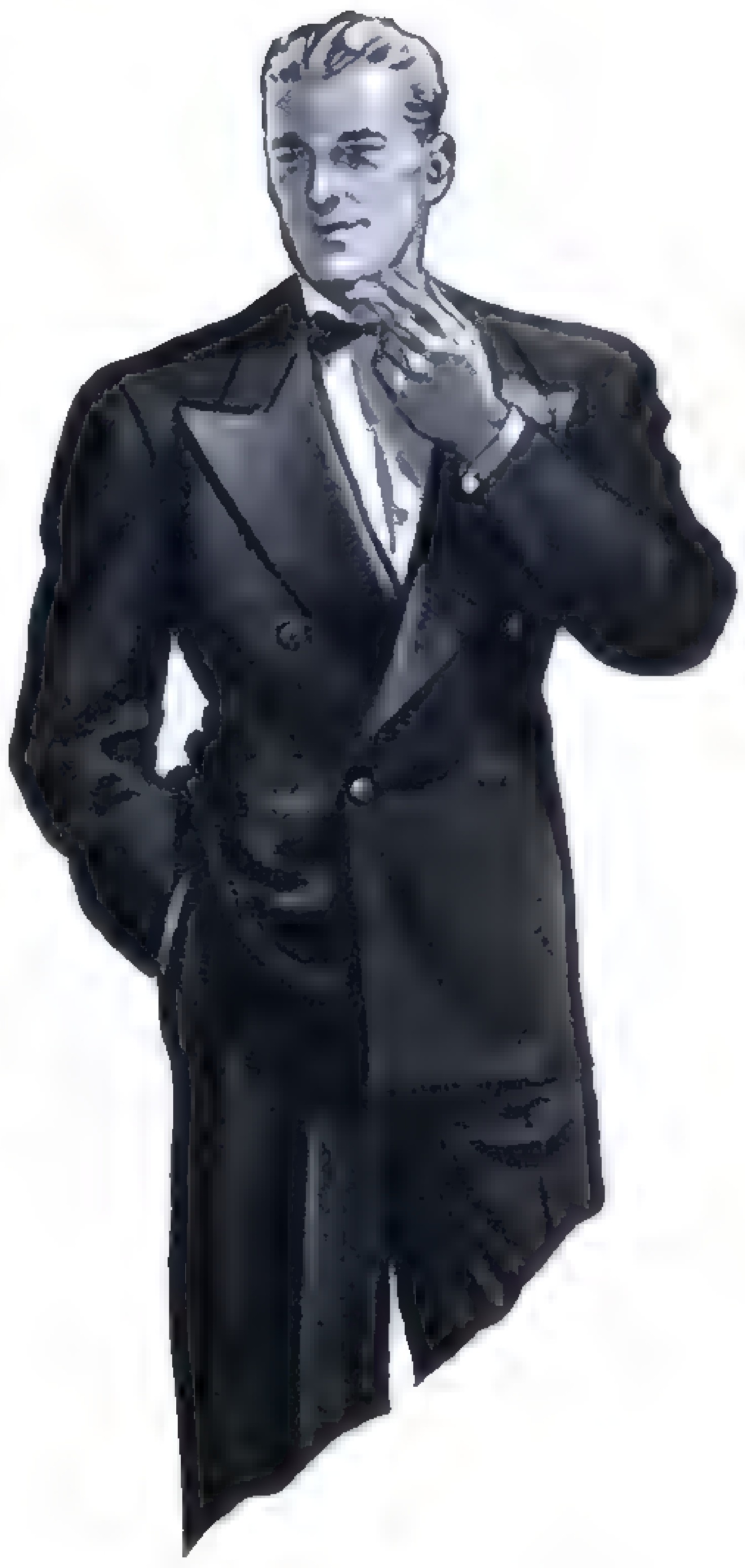
As a matter of fact, all that would be necessary for Mr. Van Sickle to completely dominate the picture would be for him to appear in a new Robert Surrey Tailcoat!

How about yourself—are you prepared against an invasion like this? Think of how decidedly awkward it might be to find yourself in such a position. The solution is simple, sensible and sure—step into the Hart Schaffner & Marx store in your town, order your Surrey Tails, and be ready for *any* situation which might arise; as well as for the greatest formal season in years.

Surrey Tails

—as shown above, and this new, double-breasted Dinner Jacket—Nite Club...

—have been designed by Robert Surrey, famous Hart Schaffner & Marx style authority. Unquestionably this new Surrey tailcoat is the smartest coat available, ready-for-service, today, and young men everywhere have acclaimed it as the most significant style development in years. The new Nite Club dinner jacket shows the influence of the double-breasted trend this season. Faultless in every detail, both the tailcoat and dinner jacket are available in a rich, midnight blue.



Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

The Trained Seals

The boys who are plucked from the ranks of straight reporting to do journalistic fancy work

by C. B. PALMER

• ARTICLE •

I CAN speak freely on the subject because I have been one and because before I was one I held them in the same expectorating disdain which any average city room man affords them. The "trained seals" on a newspaper are those guys who can "write." They are the guys who are sent out by the M. E. or the City Editor to put the steam on what is a good news story in its own right but which for some reason, that only the Boss knows and even he can't remember the next day, is deemed worthy of a little juicing up, shellacking, fret-saw work, or common, woven-underwater you-know.

A trained seal is not *per se* a reporter, although he probably was one before he achieved the eminence of an automatic by-line. He is a sort of unnatural appendage to newspapering—not exactly a wart, but a sixth, and useful, finger on the right hand of journalism. Perhaps his relation to the ordinary course of getting out a paper can best be shown with a hypothetical example.

Spring floods have been promising a story for two days. Fragmentary dispatches from various parts of the state have been turned over to the rewrite man each day, and he, without having seen an inch of water, writes a picture in black and white (no color as yet) of what seems to be happening. His material comes from the AP and from a score of local correspondents. There is no point in sending out a staff reporter as yet, because the story is too spread out.

But then on the third day, in the midst of choosing among pictures of smiling people rowing boats down a main street or of a policeman carrying a pretty girl across a six-inch puddle, the News Editor gets a flash from the AP:

BULLETIN. DAM AT SHOEVILLE
REPORTED COLLAPSED.

The Editor knows that Shoeville is a mill town in a rather narrow valley, closely populated and shabbily built. He doesn't begin screaming orders, as the movies would have you believe, but he does shove back his chair and hurries to find the Managing Editor and the City Editor. Among them they start the wheels of coverage moving. The chief rewrite man puts a call through to the correspondent. All the bulletins go to him and a copy boy gets the Shoeville envelope out of the morgue. If it is daytime one of the editors summons the photographers while another charters a plane for air shots. Other cameramen and from one to six reporters are started over the road.

Various rewrite men put calls through to hospitals, railroad stations, police stations, power companies, owners of the shoe factory, the Red Cross—any place that will provide a morsel of information.

Now this is all on the straight news side, the hot news. The actual coverage is well in hand, and all through the day and night the news and the pictures come in, detailing the quick and terrible disaster.

But there is still something to be told, or so editors have seemed to think for the last fifteen years. In the lead story there are the vital statistics: "A death toll of 645 was written on the records of the Shaupung River today as state and local officials . . ." And "Property loss was estimated far into the millions." But, says the editor, in his subconscious reaction, "Who is left behind; whose property was it that was lost; what does it mean to Shoeville?"

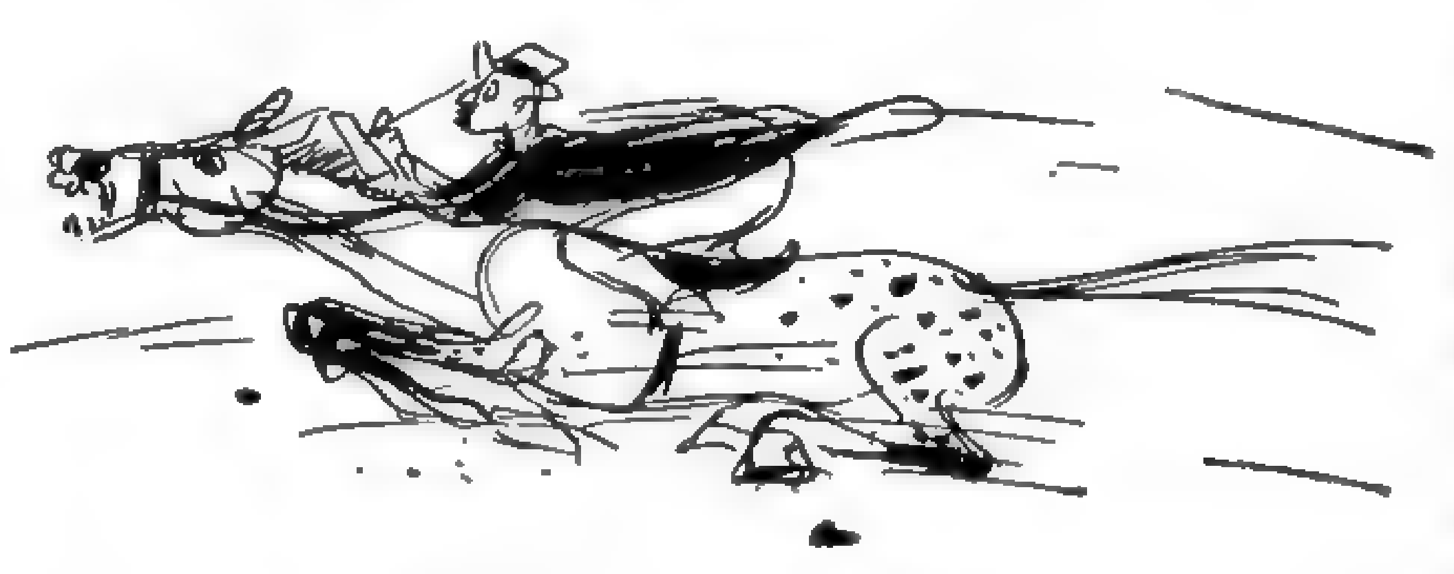
The person to answer that, for the editor and for the public, is the trained seal.

It isn't his business to write a sock-in-the-jaw story starting: "Death and destruction swept the etc., etc." His is the story you see under a two-column italic headline, signed, just under the banner headline and to the left of the lead story itself. It is apt to start out, on such an occasion, something like:

Shoeville, April 4 (Special)—A thin-faced man of fifty-odd years sat on the Court House steps in Memorial Square here today and abstractedly wrung out his wet stockings.

"No," he said, "I don't know where the kids are. They've just took the missis into the ambulance. I was just leaving the shop when I heard the . . ."

You can see that if that were the only story in the paper about the flood you would have a hard time finding out what had really happened and where and when. But the trained seal isn't there to collect, pack, and ship the news. The news has been delivered and digested. He is there to find intimate, personal and human meaning in it.



Many's the time—God wot!—that he can't. Many's the time a trained seal has been sent out to play the harmonica on a familiar theme, and has for one reason or another found no theme to work on.

"Straight news" men (meaning reporters, rewrite men, the copy desk, city editors, even the linotypers) will never give up, as a punishing example of what a trained seal can do when he's sent out on a big story, the lead that Floyd Gibbons once put on a dispatch.

Gibbons had been rushed across the United States by air, put on the fastest boat there was to the Orient, and the world waited, supposedly, to read his first dispatch from Shanghai. (This was about five years ago, when the real oompah was on about China and Japan. Americans were "besieged" in the foreign quarter; the "long-awaited outbreak of hostilities" loomed; "grave international complications" were imminent if not threatening). The efforts of Asiatic correspondents of many years' standing were apparently not enough to cover the situation, and we Hearst readers panted and fretted impatiently until we could get the real low-down from our Floyd Gibbons. The tension was the worse because in the dozen or so days it took Gibbons to get there the "news" indicated that the situation was getting more and more perilous.

But at last there came a day when the Hearst papers announced: "TOMORROW: FLOYD GIBBONS FIRST DISPATCH." The headlines that day were about bombings of consulates, burnings of hospitals, mass executions, and whatnot . . . all "according to report."

The next day, the day when Gibbons was to tell us what was really going on, we snatched up our papers and read as his first sentence and paragraph:

"I am in a rowboat."

That, I must insist, is the end-point in trained seal leads. By and large they tuck into the matter much more directly, even though the by-line is supposed to allow for any amount of apparent irrelevancy. As I have said, the trained seal probably has "straight news" experience behind him. And the chances are very good that as a "straight news" man he rendered far greater service to the public and his employer, that is as far as gathering and relaying fact is concerned, than he ever can in his newer, glorified capacity. Unfortunately, the trained seal is helpless in the matter. Few of them seek the status of a "writer," at least so far as the day's work is concerned. Most of them are surprised and a little sheepish on being plucked from the ranks.

Continued in center of page 204

A Land Beyond the River

They called him "Big-Sandy Bill
who never died and never will"
but he reaped the seeds of death

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

My Pop was the best water-dog that ever rode a raft of logs from the Levisa Fork down the Big-Sandy. He was the Captain of a crew of water-dogs. He got the job because he could holler the loudest, and shoot the straightest. Pop was a big man with iron jaws and mullein-leaf gray eyes. His hair was the color of a yellow-clay clod. His arms were big and where the sleeves were torn out of his shirt his big muscles rippled up like where wind bends down the grass in the yard and when the wind passes over it the grass comes up again. Pop was the strongest man on the Big-Sandy. People called him Big-Sandy Bill. Nobody along the Big-Sandy wouldn't call him a water-dog and get by with it either. He shot at them till they got out of sight. If they shot back at him from the woods he'd just stretch out on the raft of logs and answer them long as he had a shell. And Pop always kept plenty of them.

I can see Pop now going down the Big-Sandy on a raft of logs—a long train of rafts—I can see Pop standing there waving his hand from the front raft showing the boys the way to dodge the shoals and follow the current—great trains of logs—pine, poplars, oaks, beech, ash, maple, chestnut—great mountains of timber in them days on the Big-Sandy and God knows it was the roughest place in Kentucky. Everybody carried a gun. Pop made all his men on the river carry a gun. They couldn't get a job unless they had a gun and a pole with a spike in the end of it. They had to be men who could jump from log to log like squirrels—good swimmers too or they'd better stay off the Big-Sandy. It's filled with swirl-holes and shoals and mean currents that twist log trains into the banks and then you have to wait forever to get a flood to clean the log-jams up—a flood in March or April—sometime in the spring. No man that worked on the Big-Sandy that had any raising would ride a raft of logs and let a fellow call him a water-dog. Pop give his men orders to shoot the first man down in cold-blood that called them water-dogs.

God but them was awful days on the Big-Sandy. A lot of people didn't like Pop. One day when Pop and his crowd was passing through Evans—a little town on the Big-Sandy—some fellow called Pop a water-dog and he swum to the bank—went up in the town and run the fellow around the square pouring the hot lead at him. Pop would a killed him but the Law come down and told Pop to get back on the Big-Sandy where he belonged.

I remember how we used to hear about Uncle John Hampton and them old men that lived on the river till their hair got white. I remember how we used to hear how they'd shoot a man every now and then and they wouldn't try them for the killings. These fellers would come out and mess with the river men. They didn't like the "water-dogs." Pop was a water-dog and Pop wasn't afraid of the Devil. He'd come home and take his guns off his belt and have Mom to fix him a bite to eat and then he'd go right back to the river. Pop loved the Big-Sandy as every man that lives on that river loves it. Pop was known from the Levisa Fork to the Gate City down on the Ohio River where the Big-Sandy gives up her logs to a bigger river. Everybody called Pop, "Big-Sandy Bill who'd never died and never will."

Every spring Pop would stay away from Mom. It would be in the rainy season when the logs would have to be floated down the Big-Sandy. Pop would never get to come home and stay with us. We'd watch the river day and night for Pop. He had a fox horn he'd blow when he's coming down the Big-Sandy and Mom would have a basket of fine grub waiting for Pop about the time he'd come down the Big-Sandy. We'd run down to the river and Hilton would take it out to Pop in a john-boat. And Mom would write Pop a letter and have it in the basket. That's all she'd get to say to Pop was what she could say in that letter. Pop would take the basket and grab the letter before he would the cake and fried chicken. His big hand would grab the little letter. He would read it and tears would come to his eyes. Then he would turn and start cussing at the men and tell them to watch the train of rafts—for a mile up the river or more. Pop would read the letter. Then he and his men would eat the chicken and cake. They would walk the raft of logs up to Pop—one at a time while the others watched the rafts. They were afraid to leave the rafts. It was easy to ground a raft of logs on the Big-Sandy—river so crooked flowing around the mountains like a black-snake in a briar-patch.

I remember when my sisters, Clara, Grace and I—we used to stand out on the bank of the Big-Sandy and watch the big rafts go down. We'd watch to see if the raft belonged to Pop—if it was Pop or any of Pop's men. We could see the blue water from the house for we lived right upon the bank on the Kentucky side—we lived under a patch of Big Oaks and my brother Hilton kept his fishing poles hooked under the oak roots right in the yard. He kept his nets further down on the river. He fished from a split-bottom chair in the front yard. We'd lived in this house all of our lives and Pop said his Pop had lived here all his life and raised him and his sisters and brothers here and his Pop's Pop on before his own Pop had come from old Virginia and raised his family here. Our house sagged a little in the middle—but it wasn't the house so much we loved as it was the Big-Sandy! We fished in its waters. Pop rafted logs on its back. We went riding on it in our john-boats. To us the Big-Sandy was a brother and he was a bad brother at times especially in the spring after the mountain rains. I used to read in my old primary geography about the Don River in a far-off land called Russia and I always thought the Big-Sandy in my country was something like the Don River in Russia. The Don River had its Cossacks that rode horses and fought—the Big-Sandy had its mountaineers that rafted the logs and fought one another. Big men and tall men with sun-tanned, hard, iron faces and heads of shaggy hair that never was covered with a hat. And I saw mountains in a far-off land in Italy that come down to the blue waters—high rugged hills covered with trees—that looked something like the mountains that come down to the Big-Sandy on the West Virginia side—on the Kentucky side there were fields of corn back on the mountain slopes and in the narrow valley. It was a pretty country. We loved the mountains and the Big-Sandy.

Jim Hailey ran the next biggest raft train on the Big-Sandy—the next biggest to Pop's. He worked as many men as Pop. He had nine men. Pop and Pop's men didn't like Big-Sandy Jim and his water-dogs. They would pass Pop and his men when they was coming down Big-Sandy with a raft of logs and Pop and his water-dogs would be going back. They wouldn't call Pop anything but they didn't speak. Big-Sandy Jim would just grin at Pop. All Big-Sandy Jim's men would just grin at Pop and Pop's men and keep their hands on their pistols. Big-Sandy Jim's horses always beat Pop's horses at the Evans races every spring too. Pop bet last spring and lost all he'd made on the river. Pop's not afraid to bet even on a horse he's not sure of. He would say: "I'll take his damn bet. It's a good one even if I lose from that low down river rat. The Big-Sandy River is disgraced to have a thing riding its back like Big Jim Hailey—If ever I get the chance—something he's got agin me—" Then Pop would cool down and smoke his pipe and twist his hands on his knees.

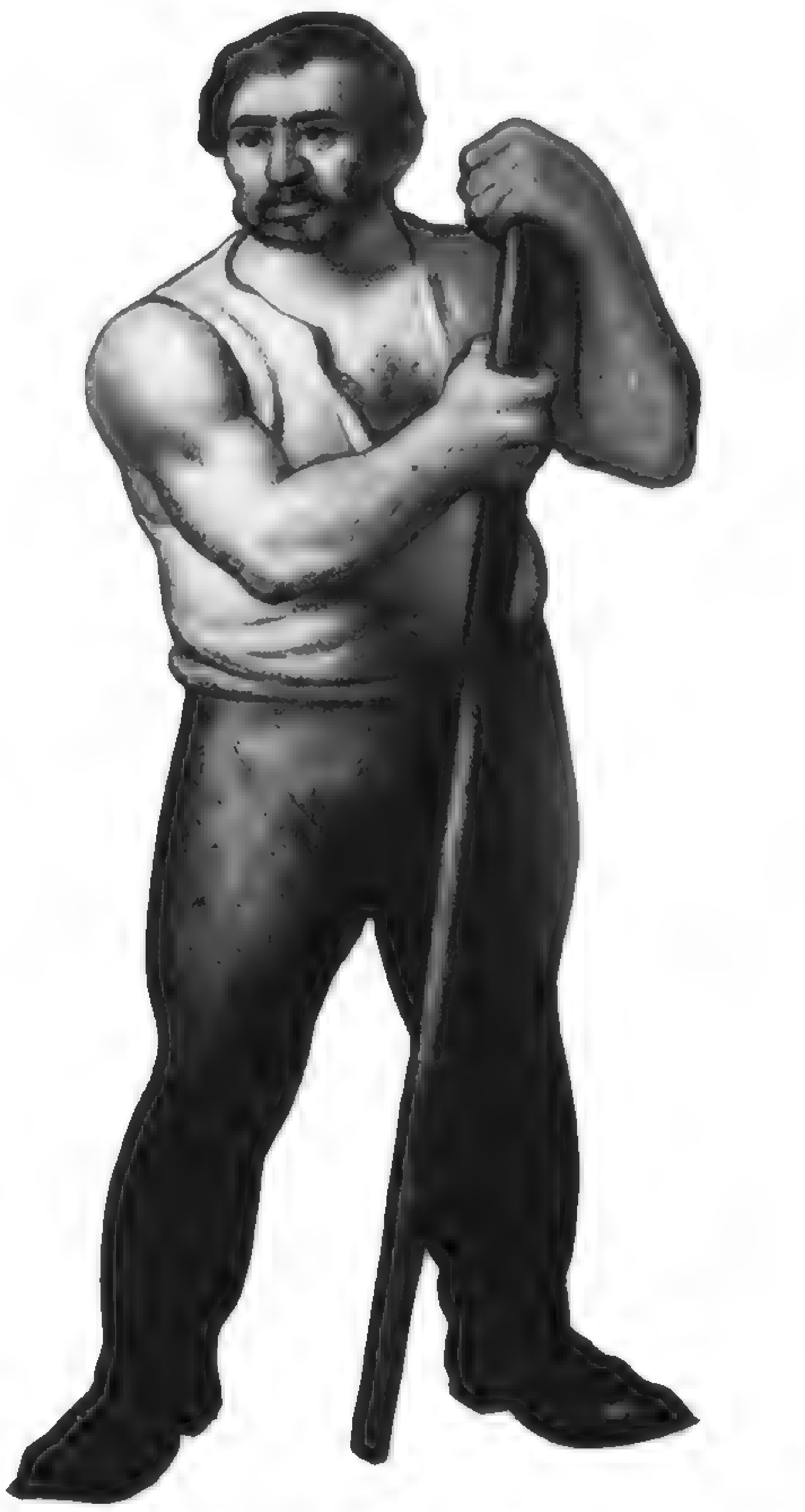
One night in April I saw a light hanging out in our yard. Mom slept in the room next to the river downstairs. She slept there alone. Hilton and I slept in the north-room across the hall from the girls upstairs and they slept in the south-room just across the upperdogtrot. I got out of the bed and run down and told Mom there was a light on our back-porch. I run down the stairs and I broke into Mom's room. She was up in bed. She was wide awake. I said: "Mom there is a light on the porch. What's it doing there?"

Mom said: "Go on back upstairs and tend to your own business. I had to draw a bucket of water from the well. I lit the lantern and I forgot to blow it out." Mom got out of the bed and walked out on the porch. Mom hooked the bale from off the nail, lifted the half-smoked globe and blew out the quivering blaze. She walked back in the house—and it was light enough until I could see her. She went back to bed—pulled up the cover—I could not understand. There was light enough in a quarter moon for Mom to go to the well and get a bucket of water. The girls and Brother Hilton never did wake up. I told them about it the next morning and Hilton said: "W'y you've been dreaming Don. Never was a light on that porch. I was awake a long time last night. I looked out at the West Virginia mountains—I saw them in moonlight. I looked at the river and thought of all the times I'd swum it and of all the pike I've caught from it and the jack salmon. I just laid there last night and listened to that old river flowing—the moan of the water and the wind in its willow banks. I thought of Pop—wondered where he was on this old river with a raft train of big logs—that's what I want to do some day—I want to follow the river like Pop only I want to run a boat on the Big-Sandy and let the whistle do my hollering—Don I was awake far into the night last night—dreaming—dreaming—but with my eyes open—that's a fact Don I never saw a light."

And then I thought: "I could not be dreaming. I went downstairs. I remember stepping on the steps. I remember the broken step with the knot hole in it. I remember it sagged with my weight. I remember hearing the wind out there in the oak tops. I remember how the light scared me. And I remember going in Mom's room. I remember the words she said to me. That she had used the lantern going to the well and forgot to blow it out. And how she told me to get back to bed. I remember Mom getting up in her night gown. I remember how pretty Mom looked to me when I went back up the stairs. When she went out and got the lantern—she looked so tall and straight—her hair—pretty and golden as cornsilks in an August wind—was loose down her back—her eyes big and blue flashed in the lantern light—I remember—I surely was not dreaming."

And the next night—I thought I saw the light again and I was too sleepy to go downstairs and see. I just don't remember. I thought I was going, maybe, I went to sleep dreaming I was going down to see about the light. And, maybe, I just dreamed about the lantern the night before. No one can remember a dream not knowing it was a dream. But I remember the night and the stars—night around the house and the stars over the Big-Sandy. I thought about Pop and wondered where he was on the river. Pop traveled nearly two hundred miles on the Big-Sandy with the log rafts.

Grace and I were out in the swing on the oak tree in the front yard that day when we saw Pop and his men pulling up Big-Sandy in a john-boat. They had gone down the river to Gate City with a raft train of logs. I would swing Grace awhile and she would swing me from a split-pole swing that was fastened with a horseshoe to a limb in the oak tree. We could swing out over the river and look down on the Big-Sandy. Our house faces the Big-Sandy River. All the houses face the river instead of the road. All the houses on the West Virginia side of the Big-Sandy face the river instead of the road. We face one another. And when I swung out over the river and saw Pop coming up the river I told Grace to catch the swing and hold it. She held the swing and I run into the house and told Mom: "Mom Pop is coming. Pop and his men are coming up the river."



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Mom run out in the yard. Pop was the first to get out of the big john-boat and tie it to a willow. He said: "Get out you fellars and we'll shade awhile and eat before we mosey on up the river." Pop led the way up the bank. His beard was out long on his cheeks and chin. His hair fell down on his shoulder—hair the color of a dry yellow-clay clod in August. I wouldn't tell Mom but I thought Big-Sandy Jim Hailey looked better than Pop. He did go shaved. He had a clean face. He wasn't a big man like Pop and he wasn't near as hairy as Pop and didn't look as mean as Pop. Pop's men all looked mean. All had hairy faces like Pop—just a hole in the hair on their face for their mouths that worked when they talked and their eyes flashed blue, black and gray under heavy ledges of hair—They had big pistols belted around them and they walked up our bank to the house like they owned the Big-Sandy.

Pop grabbed Mom and kissed her. Mom said: "Ah, them old beards Bill. They don't become you one bit. You look awful in them." And Pop said: "Honey they ain't no razors out there on the Big-Sandy when a fellar has to live for three and four days on a log train. Has to sleep on a raft—catch a wink when he can and when the Big Boy's mad can't catch a wink of sleep. That's what's happened now. Had rain on the head o' Big-Sandy and the river is just a foaming like a mad bull." And Mom said: "I didn't get the basket to you as you went down. Didn't hear the horn and I'm so sorry Bill—I had chicken a plenty for you and the men." And Pop said: "And we missed the chicken too. I thought I saw a light on the porch. That was Thursday night. And I wondered what it was doing there. I thought maybe it might be Hilton that had come from his nets and then I knowed he's got eyes good as a crow's eyes—and I just wondered about that light." And Mom said: "I don't know anything about a light on that night." And then I thought: "Well, maybe, I was not dreaming. Maybe, I did see the light. I dreamed it or I saw it one of the two." And Pop said: "We saw a light here didn't we boys." And the men—all nine of them squatted around over the green grassy yard said: "Yep—we saw a light." Mom never said another word and Pop said: "Honey fix us a bite to eat and we'll be getting on up the river. Another big train of logs waiting to be rolled in—got to get them to the Ohio by Sunday."

I can see Mom, Clara, and Grace yet. They went into the kitchen—put a fire in the stove. They put on every pot. It took grub for ten river men where they'd been eating cold grub on the river. The table looked like it would feed twenty-five men. I remember the steam from the chicken and dumplings. I remember the white chicken dumplings going in at their hairy mouths. I remember how they'd never ask

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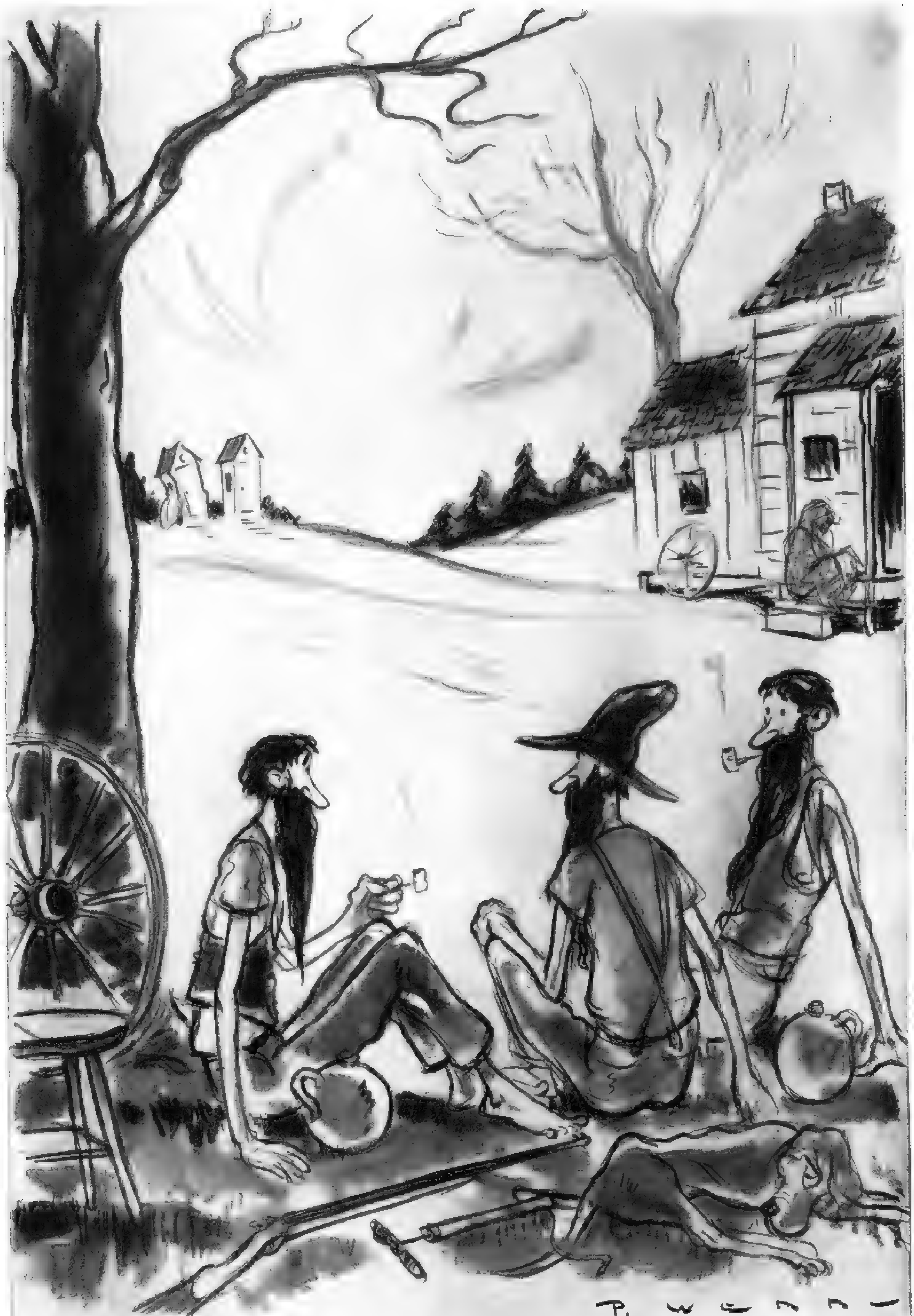


"Maw sez th' new one's a Xmas present t' Gran'pappy—I reckon we won't see much of him now 'til spring"

Next Time He Walks

If service stations aren't held down they're likely to go berserk and no one knows what may happen

by LEONARD J. McADAMS

▪ SATIRE ▪

CALDWELL muttered an imprecation as his car pulled away from the curb. He had fifteen minutes to get down town to keep that appointment with Bildieu. If he swung the Bildieu contract he was out of the red for the year. And his gas gauge read "empty."

"Nuts," said Caldwell to himself, "That means five minutes. Maybe this new Good Samaritan station on the boulevard can gas me up quick."

As he turned from the boulevard into the gas station drive two little boys in blue silk tights and flowing yellow capes leaped on his running boards, one on each side. In one hand they held a tall stave from which flowed fluttering pinions, proclaiming: "Good Samaritan Gas." In the other hand they grasped long silver trumpets which they now raised to their lips and blasted forth the more impressive parts of the Triumphal March from *Aida*.

Thus with this unexpected pomp and fanfare Caldwell was ushered up to the line of gas tanks. Immediately the door of the gas station opened and a man elegantly clad in morning clothes and a top hat marched with military step to the car. Opening the car door he bowed low, in Continental fashion, and said:

"Greetings, wayfarer, in the name of Good Samaritan Gas I bid you welcome."

"Oke," said Caldwell, irritably, "But where's the attendant? I want five of gas in a hurry."

"Ah," said the duck in duke's clothing, "this is your first visit to one of our stations. Look."

He pressed a button beside a gas tank and a huge recessed billboard directly in line with Caldwell's car suddenly glowed like a movie screen. Then the words appeared:

"Good Samaritan Gas is as Clean as A Hound's Tooth. Gone is the necessity for gas station attendants dressing like farm hands in a piggery. Gone the faded overalls, the grease-stained cap, the oil-soaked shoes. In their place Good Samaritan Gas presents the moderne attendant: Morning suit till noon, genuine English sack suit till dinner and then full dress until closing."

The Duke stood at attention until Caldwell had finished reading.

"Fine," said Caldwell, "But now my gas. Five in a hurry please."

The Duke did not answer. Instead he reached in and suddenly clamped a trick hold on Caldwell which held him helpless. Then the page boys stripped off his coat, vest, pants and shoes. All three then hurried into the gas station.

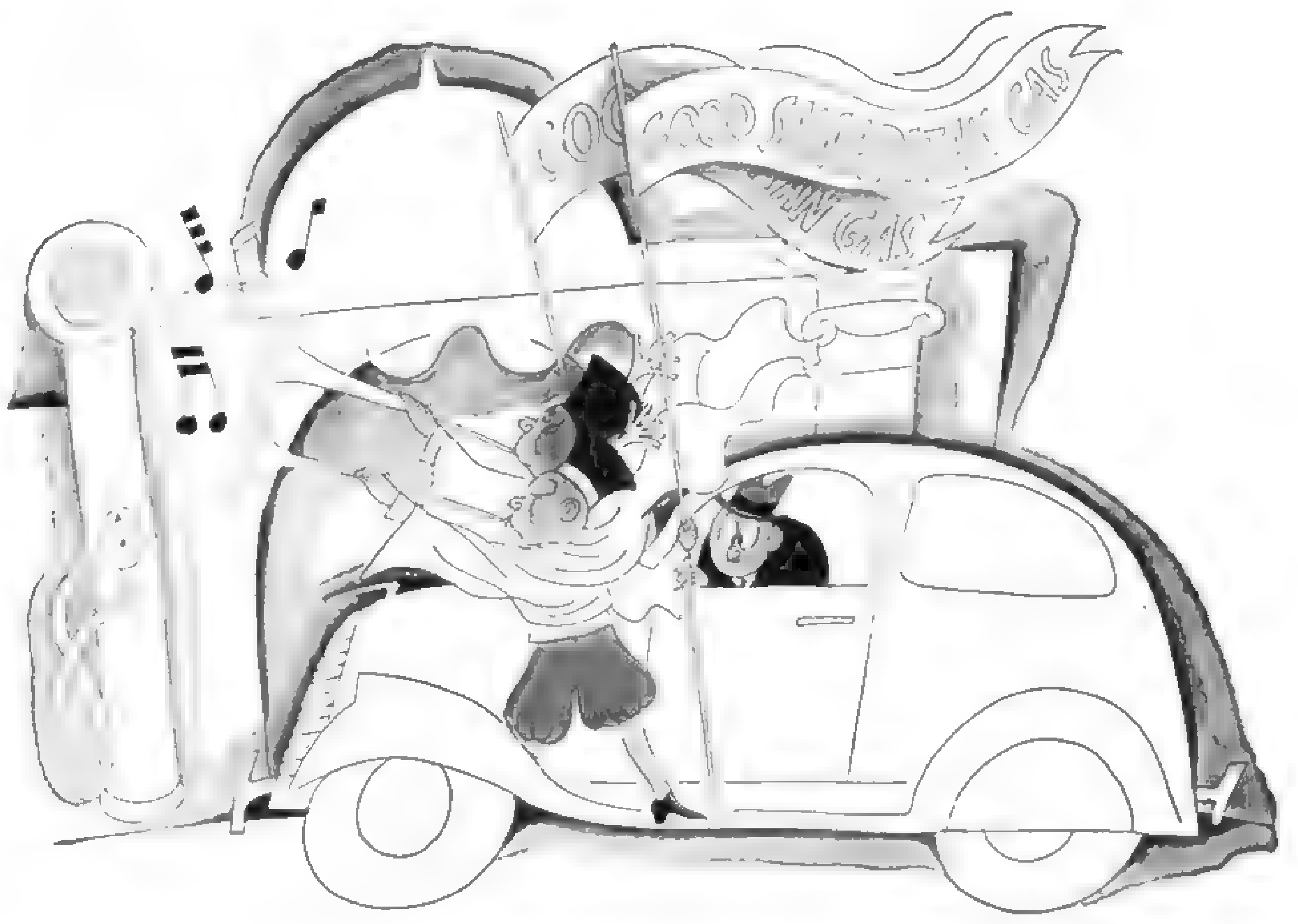
Amazement and anger held Caldwell speechless. The movie sign blinked and another legend appeared:

"Filling your gas tank is the smallest of Good Samaritan services. (Right, thought Caldwell.) The rumpled and dusty traveler on life's hard highways will find in each Good Samaritan service station an oasis where a sympathetic attendant will remove all traces of travel from his clothes and send him on his way refreshed in body and consequently in spirit."

The Duke reappeared—without Caldwell's clothes—and briskly lifting the hood of his car proceeded to drain the water out of his radiator.

"Hey, what the hell—" roared Caldwell and as if in answer another sign flashed on the movie screen:

"Cleanliness is Next to Godliness. Motorists don't drink rusty or dirty water. Neither should their cars. Good Samaritan Gas stations therefore flush your radiator free—whether you buy a gallon of gas or a tankful—and refill it with pure H_20 tested daily in our germ-free laboratories against typhus or tuberculin infections."



Caldwell began to wonder if he were not dreaming. He tried to think back. Had he been drinking? No, absolutely his last rye was a good forty-eight hours behind him. Was this real? That fellow putting the hose into his radiator certainly looked real. That kid on the bicycle stopping at the air pump certainly looked real. Now the Duke had laid down the hose and was walking over to the cyclist. The movie board flashed:

"The Bicyclist of Today is the Motorist of Tomorrow. For that reason every Good Samaritan Gas station attendant is trained to serve immediately the needs of these tiny tots whose feet are taking their first eager steps on life's highway.

"Blessing on thee little man,
Cycling lad with cheeks of tan,
With thy merry whistled tunes
Let us blow up your balloons."

Before the Duke had finished blowing up the cycle's balloons a man panted into the gas station, a very agitated man indeed. Caldwell thought he looked like the boys at the office when their wives were expecting the big event. The Duke listened to the excited man's tale, then rushed into the station to reappear in an instant in a flowing white gown and with a little black bag in his hand. He paused a second to press a button on the movie sign, then rushed down the street in the wake of the agitated man.

Still doubting the reality of these strange occurrences Caldwell read the sign:

"The Good Samaritan Gas station attendant like his namesake, the Good Samaritan of Biblical lore, is ever ready to help his neighbor in distress. He is trained in the art of alleviating suffering so that he may assist his fellow man from the cradle to the grave. In connection with this may we call attention to the fact that while not exactly a practicing M. D., each Good Samaritan attendant is thoroughly trained in midwifery. Moreover, the Company pays him a liberal bonus for each—shall we call them future Good Samaritan Gas patrons—safely delivered."

"Now," thought Caldwell, "I am dreaming, or crazy or something." He glanced at the clock on his dash. It read five of nine. He wondered vaguely if he could sue the Gasoline Company for the profits on the Bildieu contract now, he knew, irretrievably lost. For Bildieu, he had learned from past experiences, was a crank for punctuality.

Vague plans of action flitted through his mind. Such as risking a dash for the station door in his underwear. There must be a telephone inside. He even went so far as to open the door of the car and cautiously thrust out a socked and gartered limb. But he withdrew it hastily and slammed the door in some confusion as a bevy of high school girls strolled by on their way to classes. Then he considered the possibility of driving the car home without water in the radiator. This he abandoned too, after toying with the idea for some minutes. After all, it was the only car he had.

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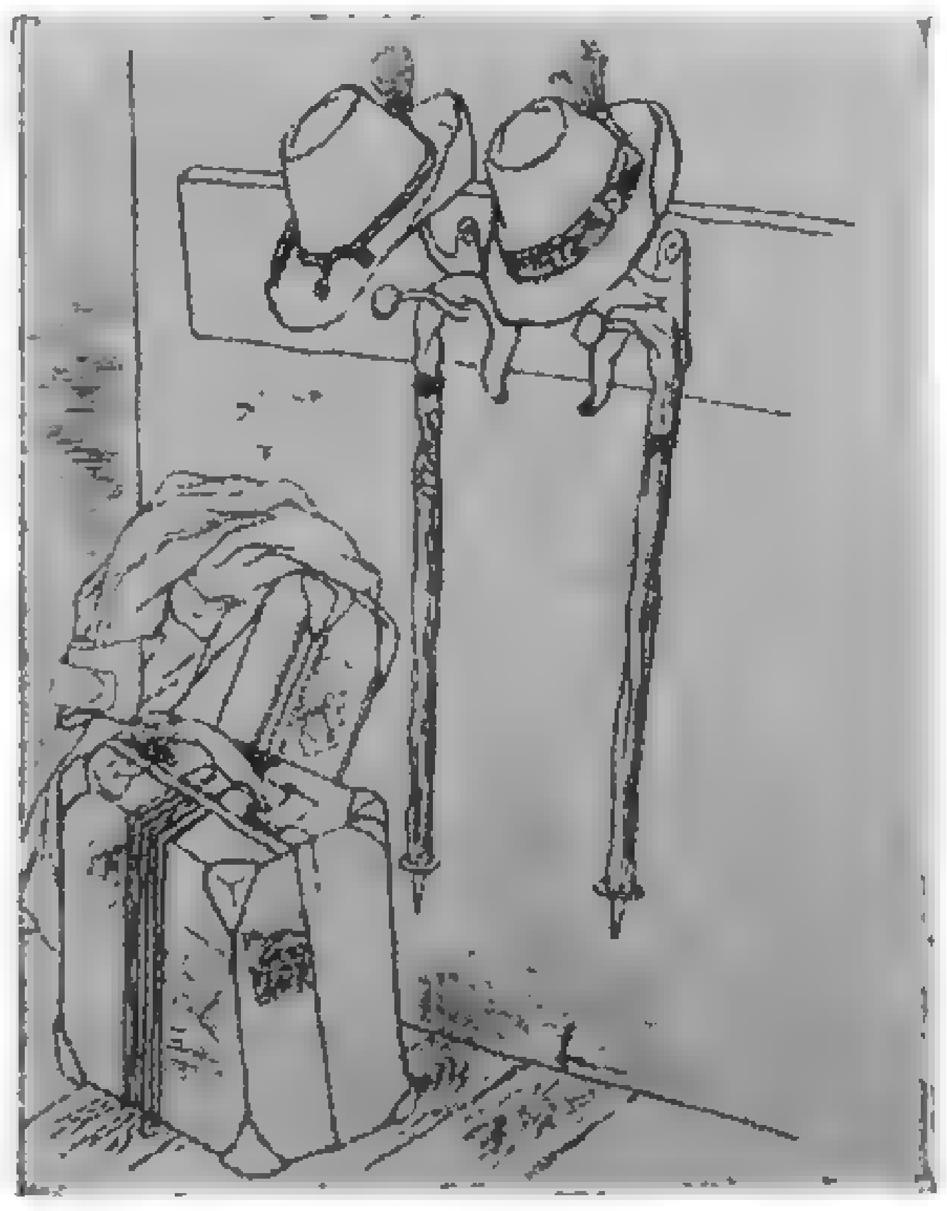
Something to Tell the Boys

They were father and son, but they looked like brothers, especially after a certain night at a café

by EDW. HARRIS HETH

FICTION

They were not unlike, each with the habit of cocking his head to one side as he laughed, a kind of snorting laughter that immediately related them—the sound not harsh, but a pleasant, genial, chortle like young boys laughing. The hulky boatman paddling the long, gondola-shaped boat for them, looked up in a kind of startled surprise and decided at once they were brothers, not father and son. Each had the same lean, tall build, the narrow but sharp shoulders, each wore a Tyrolean hat with his well-cut American suit, each an Alpenstock resting on the seat beside him. Making a bear-like attempt to join in their laughter, the boatman rubbed his big hand on his hairy knee, bare below his leather breeches, and rumpled his broad, brown face, pointing upward toward the mountainside. "*Siehe den Wasserfall—der höchste hier herum!*" He was sure they were brothers. For a moment, while he pointed upward to the slinky, shining cascade of water dropping nakedly down the rocks, the boat slid unpropelled over the lake, with no sound as it cut through the water.



"What did he say?" the father asked.

The son was only too happy to translate for him, a quick, alert flush tingeing his cheeks. He was tall and lean like his father, though not so filled out. "He said you should look at the waterfall. It's the highest one around."

"I'll bet he never saw Niagara!"

"I'll bet he didn't."

They cast each other a quick glance, the kind of look that immediately bound them together though neither was aware of it, so easily they came close to each other, only strangers noticing how astonishingly at ease and unfettered they were together.

They laughed almost sheepishly, a little ashamed of their enjoyment, both aware of the intermittent sun glinting harshly on the deep lake-water, the mountains on every side of the lake, mercilessly high and jutting; the pounding clouds raveling in and out the mountains, silently grazing the solid, bare rock. Along the bank they could see gentians, wild cyclamen, and then the same mountains, upside down and sinking sickeningly deep into the pit of water, nestling there on a couch of bluish-black clouds. Threads of mist hung between the rocks. There was nothing placid, everything violent. And endlessly rattling, the waterfall flung itself headlong into the lake, foaming and glacier-like and icy green, blinding in the sun.

The boatman, grinning suddenly but saying nothing, wiped his scabbed hand over his mouth and reached in the hind pocket of his breeches to bring out a pistol, barrel-handed and ancient. He poured powder in it from a small bag in his lap (while the two of them watched, silent together, intently) yet still said nothing, only once glancing up at them with a curious, secret smile. Then at last he jerked up his stocky head, raising the pistol upward; with a curt, jerky laugh, he fired the gun. His jowled face broke into ecstatic laughter, his eyes pinched shut with the explosion.

All around the *See*, burrowing swiftly in and out between the mountains, like a thousand God-voices booming and answering each other, a call to quick conclave, the report echoed among the rocks. The single explosion bounded from peak to naked peak and through the stalky black firs and rolled deep under the water, taking an endless time to die.

The boatman grinned childishly at their amazement.

"*Das kostet eine halbe Mark,*" he said, restoring the pistol to his worn, hind pocket.

"What's he saying?" the father asked.

"He said that cost us half a Mark!" The son, translating, turned to his father with an amused, lean-lipped smile, next burst into a snort of laughter, even a quick cough as the father dug into his trouser pockets but laughing too, his head cocked to one side, bringing out a handful of German coins and a one-franc piece left over from their stay in Paris and a bent, useless, fifteen-pfennig postage stamp. Still silently laughing, shaking his head, he paid the boatman for the uninvited pistol-shot.

Both of them watched satisfiedly as the clouds rolled and knocked against the mountainsides, winding softly around the peaks, briefly lifting again to reveal the hard nakedness, the desolate black firs. The lake was icy and frighteningly deep, yet motionless, blue and transparent green; the rising clouds put a black sheen on it, making it deeper. Then at last they turned round, heading for shore again, all three of them suddenly still and tired, father and son as subdued as the boatman, as though they had done the rowing. The long, gondola-shaped boat nestled soundlessly against the dock like a cow in its stall.

The boatman said they must come again the next day. "*Sie müssen Morgen zurück kommen—noch eine andere Reise machen. Zur Eis-Kapelle gehen, nicht wahr?*" he asked, watching them leave, each with the same long dangling stride, the father the mirror to his son. They both lifted tanned hands to wave to the boatman. The father, with an amiable laugh, started away first, too tired to ask again what the boatman had said.

"*Ja—wir kommen noch einmal!*" the son shouted back with a grin, telling the boatman they'd be back for another ride. "*Auf Wiedersehn!*"

"*Auf Wiedersehn,*" the father called, in his diffident, sparse German.

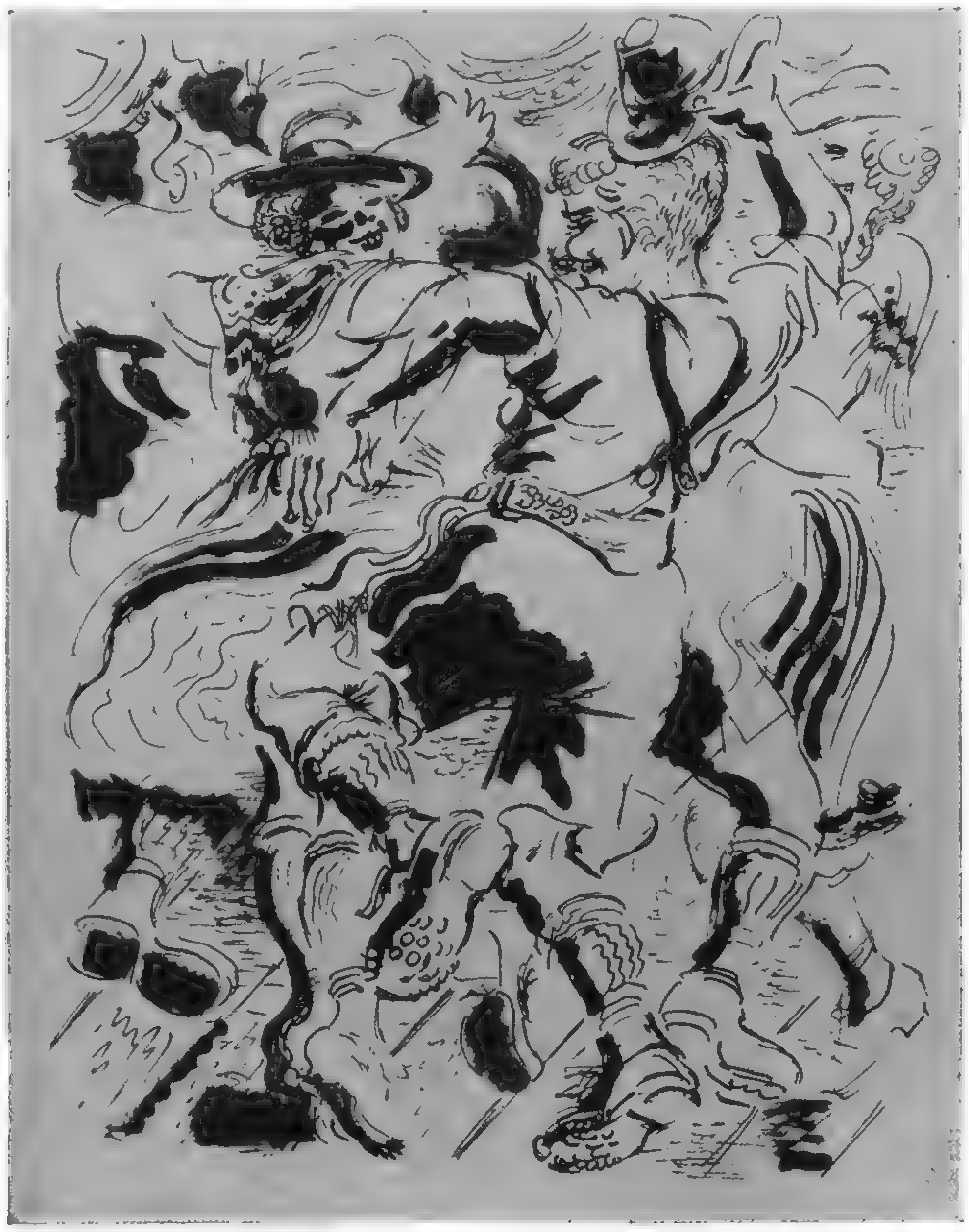
They left the boatman shoving his immense oars under the seats of the boat for the night and started up the hill, back to the *pension*. On the way, they stopped at the Kursalle to buy picture-postals of the lake to send back home. The father sent postals to his wife who had not come along on the trip and to his business friends, while the son wrote meticulously and with a less scrawling hand than his father's to classmates at college. Also he sent a postal to

his mother, first reading what his father had written her so he would not write the same thing.

Dear Peg, the father wrote, *this is the best spot we've struck yet. Returning to Paris tomorrow—business should take three—four days. Then sailing home. Miss you like the dickens. Charlie's having a great old time. Love, Paul.*

Dear Mother, the son wrote, *we've just had a swell boatride on the Königssee. I'm sure Wotan lives in these mountains on the reverse side of this card. Dad and I will be seeing you before long—we miss you like the dickens. Much love, from Charles. P.S.—How's America?*

When they had posted the cards each had a feeling of something exactly right just completed, a perfect day it was, as they started up the narrow, cobbled road with pleased, unsecret but tired faces, toward the *pension* for dinner.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

* * *

After dinner they once more put on their Tyrolean hats with the feathers like shaving brushes and started down the narrow road for the café. The dinner of veal and noodles and lettuce with bacon and vinegar and the sugary, spicy rabbit's-ears for dessert, along with the *Praelaten* wine they had drunk, of a transparent pink color but a sour, biting taste, revived them and even made them heady. They felt awake again, swinging with their Alpenstocks down the road until they came to the Café Grassl, where they went each evening, sitting on the small terrace to watch the day end behind the mountains, the night coming slowly. Sitting there on the terrace they spoke to each other with careless ease, only a little light behind the mountains resisting the darkness, and drank large seidels of beer, each keeping up with the other, half-heartedly listening to the regular clack-clack of the *Schuhplatteln* from the Wine-house down the road. On the still mountain air, the clacking of the wooden shoes, almost never ceasing, rode like remote gayety pleasant to hear. They glanced at each other and silently drained their seidels and the father called the blinking waiter for more. Only the topmost mountain peak still kept its form in the darkness.

These two were sitting in comfortable indolence, vaguely thinking of their trip to Paris and homewards tomorrow and waiting for the waiter to return with their filled glasses, when the son first, then the father, looked up with surprised but polite eyes at the two girls who had come up to their table.

"*G'n-Abend*," the girls said together.

"*G'n-Abend*," the son said.

"*Guten-Abend*," the father said in his scant German.

They had seen the two girls before. Each night for the past week as they sat in this same place at the café, watching the glum night on the mountains and distant lake, they had noticed them at a nearby table; on the evening before they had nodded, casually smiling goodnight as they passed the two girls, both father and son mildly drunk from the many beers and smoking, on their way back to the *pension*. They were not very young with ruddy, plain faces and cheap dresses that almost looked stylish.

"Won't you sit down?" the father said, rising to his feet.

Then the son also rose. "*Setzen Sie sich, bitte—Ich möchte meinen Vater vorstellen, Herr Coakley. Ich bin Charles.*" His lean cheeks flushed as he introduced his father and himself to the girls, glancing as though for a prop to his embarrassment toward his father. But he saw at once the quick, hidden glimmer in his father's eyes, the swift understanding between them, making everything easier and, suddenly, sporting.

"*Ich bin Gertrud. Dies ist die Elsa*," the girl who seemed elder said, introducing themselves with a curtly embracing laugh.

The son's lean cheeks with scarcely any beard on them kept burning, though pleasurably, as the girls took their places between them at the table. When they were scarcely seated, still grating their chairs on the cement terrace to arrange themselves comfortably, the waiter arrived, himself grown more jovial as he set down the two seidels of beer in little resilient rings of foam dripping from the glasses, eagerly nodding and blinking as the father ordered two extra beers for the girls. Too, he offered them cigarettes, his taut, browned hands seeming staunch in the son's eyes as he held out a match to them, the flick of the match lighting up his hard cheeks with their faint blue of beard. He abruptly laughed, throwing back his head with a glimmer of amused friendliness, so the son likewise laughed, making the party immediately gayer, the four of the lifelong friends, newly reunited, drinking beers and smoking and talking in German, the son translating for his father, about their afternoon's ride on the *Königssee*. They were all exaggeratedly polite to each other.

By the time they had finished their beers and begun on wine, the sharp, pinkish *Praelaten* of the district, they were talking rapidly. One of the girls, Gertrud, who had spoken first, kept tilting backward on her ornate, iron-legged chair as she laughed, casting her mirthful eyes first from the father to the son, back to the father, drinking her wine in small sips, the glass held with delicacy between her plump fingers, one little finger extended like a perch for a bird, a tiny roll of fat bulging on either side of the opal ring she wore. "*Vater und Sohn!—Wirklich!—Ihr aehnehlt euch wie Brüder*," she kept repeating, marveling that they really were father and son when they seemed so like brothers, always a sly glint hovering in her eyes as though she did not really believe them. The father laughed with good-natured cordiality at her mirth, as he might laugh with a business partner. She kept repeating her cheerful surprise.

Elsa was less mirthful, with an animal stupor on her broad face. It seemed, at first, an awkwardness that came from shyness. Her eyes did not flit like Gertrud's, her laugh not so heavy, her wine scarcely touched and her hands most of the time resting in her lap, in the pouch between her slightly spread legs, the fingers folded over a small, worn purse made of beads, a whole fringe of them missing along one edge.

The son could not keep his eyes from her mouth. Thin and red, it kept moving with an animal slyness; and the upper lip, in the middle, had a minute, pendulous protrusion that made him think of fangs, his eyes unable to tear themselves from the constantly moving growth.

He fleetly wondered whether his father knew what these girls were but abruptly, glancing up, grew giddy with excitement, thinking how he would tell his friends back in college about this night but feeling, too, suddenly closer to his father than ever before, so that as he caught his quick, almost childish, laughter, his own laughter rose freely, his cheeks flushing again, even thinking how he and his father would talk together without reservation when they returned to the *pension* that evening. He relished his father's enjoyment and time and time again caught his amused, secret glance—this brief play-like encounter they were sharing together.

"Brothers!—certainly! I cannot be mistaken—how can they be father and son? That is silly!" Gertrud kept laughing, tilting on her chair, her bawdy good nature delighting the son as much as the father, both enjoying her surprise and disbelief and cajolery, the son especially laughing with her as she repeatedly insisted they must be brothers. She took up her wine glass, first taking a thin sip with pursed red lips but

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Bucket Brigade, Current Style

Survival of the fine, free days when rival companies fought for the Hell of it

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

• ARTICLE •

When George Washington was thirty-two years old he spent $400 of his own money to purchase the best fire engine then obtainable—a crude hand-pump mounted on four wheels and fitted with a long brass nozzle. Then with a few words on the wisdom of fire-preparedness, he presented this picturesque but fairly useless contraption to the volunteer fire company of Alexandria, Virginia—of which he was an organizer and active member.

In Washington's day—and long afterward—the fire-cock's red crowing went unchallenged; steam-pumps and rubber hose were yet to be invented, and those Currier and Ives "bucket brigades" couldn't even get near a really hot fire. The most ingenious device of the age was a barrel of water exploded by a charge of gunpowder, the theory being that the water would be flung in all directions with force enough to douse the blaze. No, the early fire laddies weren't notably efficient, but they did have fun! Rival companies racing to a fire would stop to upset each other's ladder wagons and take a passing whack at each other's skull-pans; the prime object wasn't to extinguish the fire but to prevent some other company from extinguishing it, and many a dwelling burned to its foundation while warring volunteers fought for the honor of putting it out. Firemen arriving at a blaze sometimes discovered that the property belonged to a subscriber of another company, and then stood around smoking their pipes in sweet spectator enjoyment.

But the time has passed when one can collapse into a haymow laughing at the antics of Volunteer Fire Departments. Today, the difference between them and their professional brethren is precisely the difference between a well trained militia and a standing army. The volunteer dedicates himself to the same tasks and takes the same risks as the professional firefighter. The great difference between them is that the volunteer receives no cash compensation, and it is this unique combination of altruism and courage that makes him worth painting murals about.

In the United States today there are 12,000 volunteer fire associations with a quarter of a million members. These organizations dot the countryside like apples on an orchard floor. Indiana offers an example of their heavy distribution: in that state alone 358 communities are dependent solely upon the volunteers for the protection of life and property. Texas has upwards of 400 companies; Delaware has only *one* paid fire department. But all volunteers aren't confined to the "sticks"; within half an hour's ride of New York City I counted 90 volunteer fire companies owning equipment valued in excess of two million dollars.

Most of the V. F. D.'s have sprung up—or at least taken their present form of organization—since the advent of modern fire hazards involving gasoline, electricity and new manufacturing processes. These hazards are particularly menacing to the small town; of the four billion dollars and 100,000 lives lost by fire between 1926-35, 70 per cent were sustained by towns having a population under 20,000! The necessity of protecting Main Street from still greater losses has been the driving impetus behind the formation of volunteer companies. As one village chieftain put it: "Fire protection is imperative, but the cost of a paid department is prohibitive. Volunteers are the only answer."

Any group of active, public-spirited American citizens over twenty-one years of age, eager to satisfy their "joiner" instinct and spice it with alarums and excursions, can form a volunteer fire company. From among their own number (the average company has twenty-five members) they elect a chief and straightway begin the business of raising money for apparatus. Now the methods of financing a volunteer company are as numerous as the formulas for aging Bourbon whiskey. Sometimes members of the fire company pitch together, buy a fire truck, and retain title to it themselves; one of the finest pieces of fire equipment in the United States is the $14,000 pumper owned by the Oyster Bay (L. I.) fire department, composed of wealthy volunteers. Often, as in Elk Grove, California, the community submits to a special tax for the purpose of buying a fire engine. Again, money is raised by means of card parties, fairs and dances: Bernville, Pennsylvania, bought a truck and erected a modern fire station by this method. But the usual practice nowadays is for a town or county board to issue bonds for the purchase of a fire engine, which then becomes the petted darling of the Volunteers, yet actually belongs to the local authorities.

Glance now at the organization of a typical small company, say the one at Watertown, Minnesota. This village, population 534, lies in the center of a prosperous farming country which had, until a few years ago, no adequate fire protection. Fire losses and insurance rates were mounting; in desperation the Progressive Farmer's Club determined to meet the situation by purchasing a piece of motorized apparatus. They started their own subscription list, and after two weeks of soliciting, $6,418 was collected. The farmers then bought a 70 h.p. fire truck, and *gave* it to the Volunteer Fire Company of Watertown to replace the antiquated hand-apparatus which had long outlived its service. The gift was made under these conditions: the Volunteers pledged themselves to respond to all alarms from the outlying farm districts, and to keep the apparatus in good repair. In return, they use the truck in fighting village fires. Farmers who subscribed for the truck get fire protection free; others pay a fee of $45 an hour for its use. In one year the fire truck rolled to 25 fires and prevented fire losses estimated at $50,000.

A smart volunteer company doesn't happen by accident. Its members must be intensively drilled in the special business of handling fires, and today they are drilled like West Pointers at fire colleges all over the United States. Twelve years ago the first fire college held its session in Illinois; last year more than 30,000 volunteer firemen attended fire schools in 42 states.* What do volunteers learn at these schools? Well, they learn what fire is and how it behaves; at what rate it travels through various materials and the surest methods of checking or outwitting it. Miniature houses are set on fire, so that the action of smoke and gases may be studied; the students learn how to ventilate a burning building, one of the most important lessons of the fireman's trade. Volunteers climb tall towers, carrying hose lines and axes; they descend from these towers bearing their colleagues on their backs. They learn the technique of wearing gas masks and how to resuscitate a victim overcome by smoke or shock. And finally, they are instructed in the business of salvage, that is, doing the least possible damage with their axes, water or chemicals while extinguishing a fire.

The supreme test of a volunteer department is, of course, "Can it put out a real

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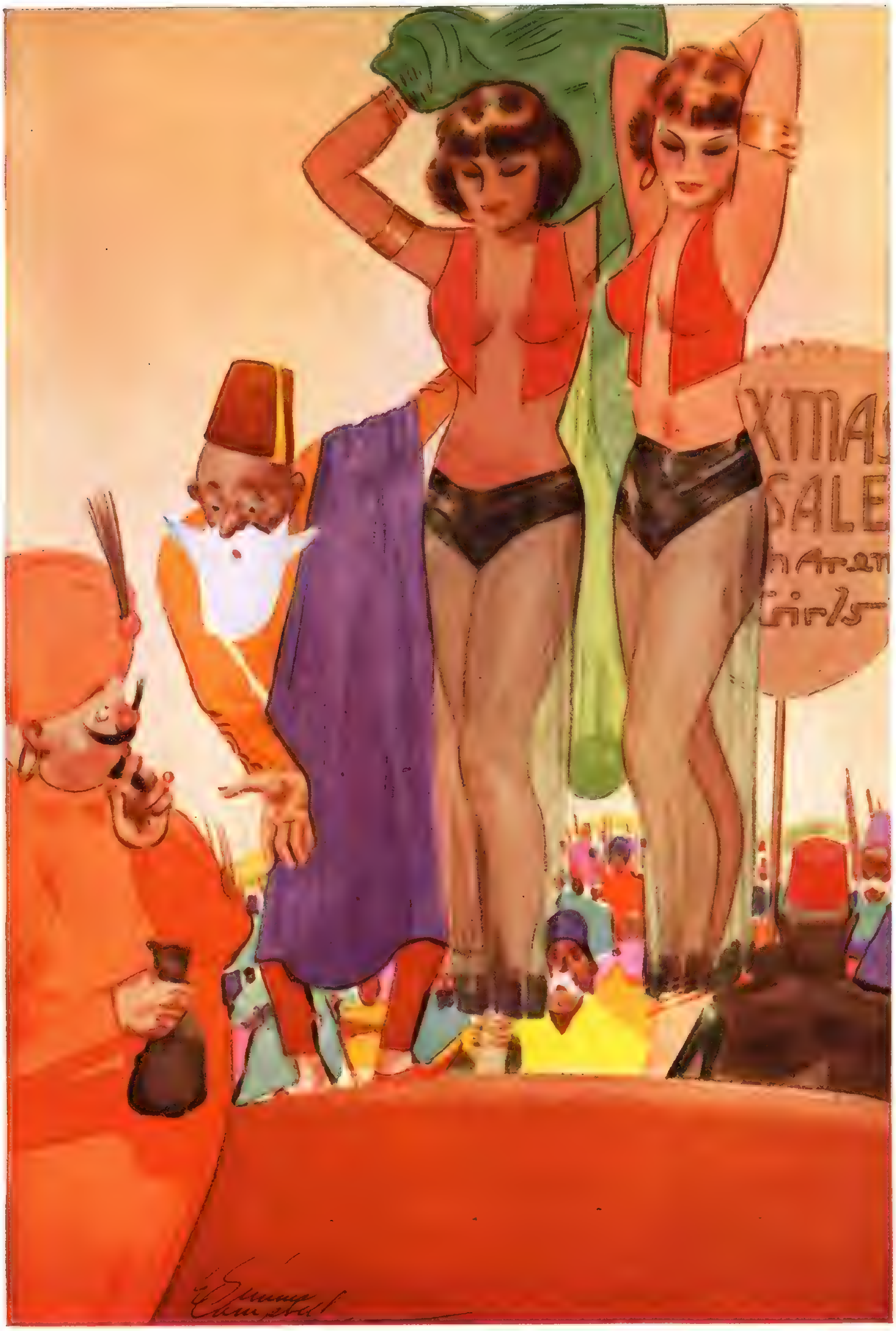
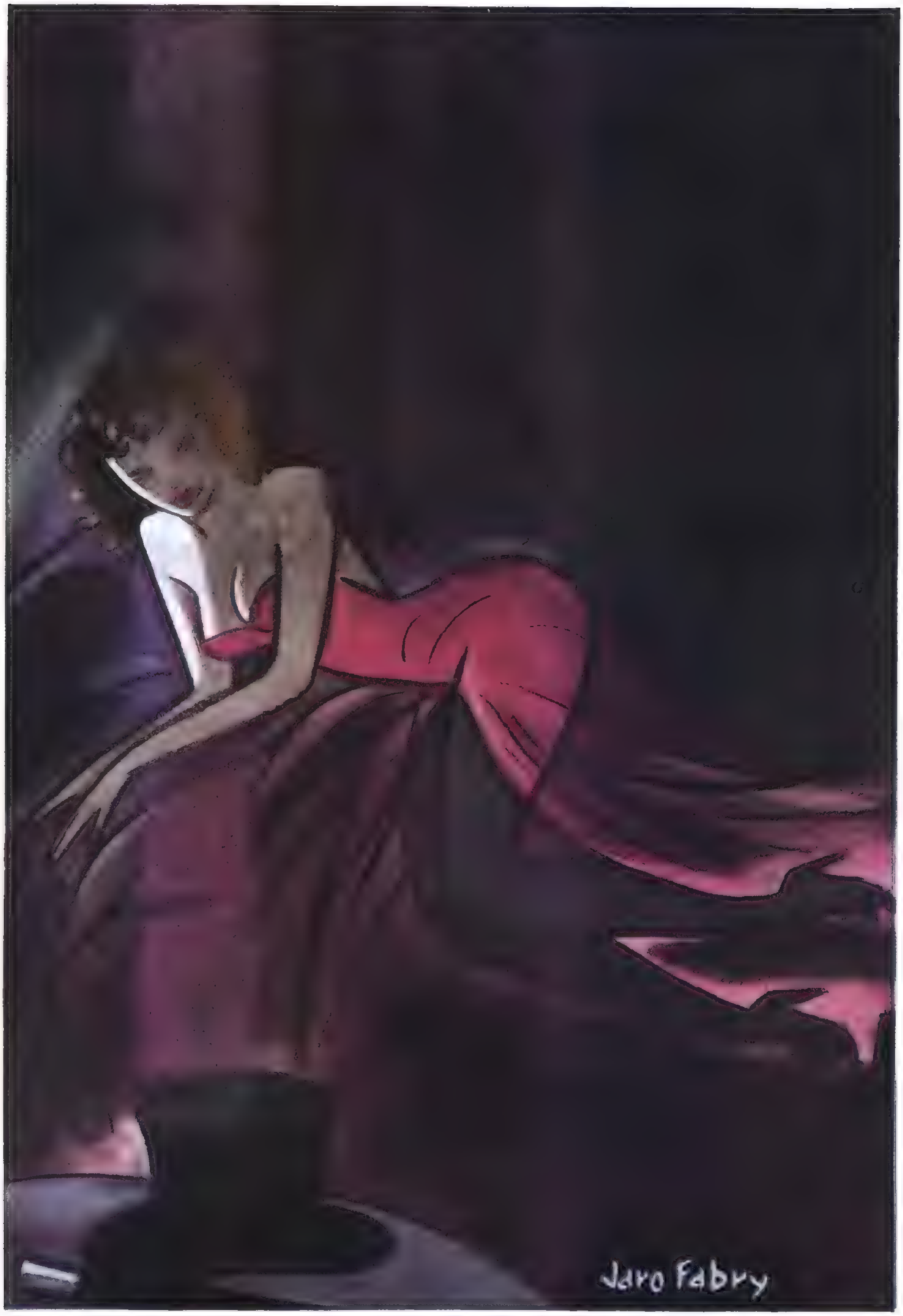
*In Pennsylvania, 1,880 men were instructed in regional schools located in eight counties. New York State sponsors 19 such schools at which 5,502 firemen were instructed last year. Colorado runs a summer college for firemen; the University of Illinois gives fire-fighting courses in its extension department. Texas seethes with technical schools and drill masters, and in Arizona six ex-fire chiefs travel about the state as itinerant instructors.



XMAS
SALE
n Aran
Girls

"If you don't like them you can always exchange after the holidays"



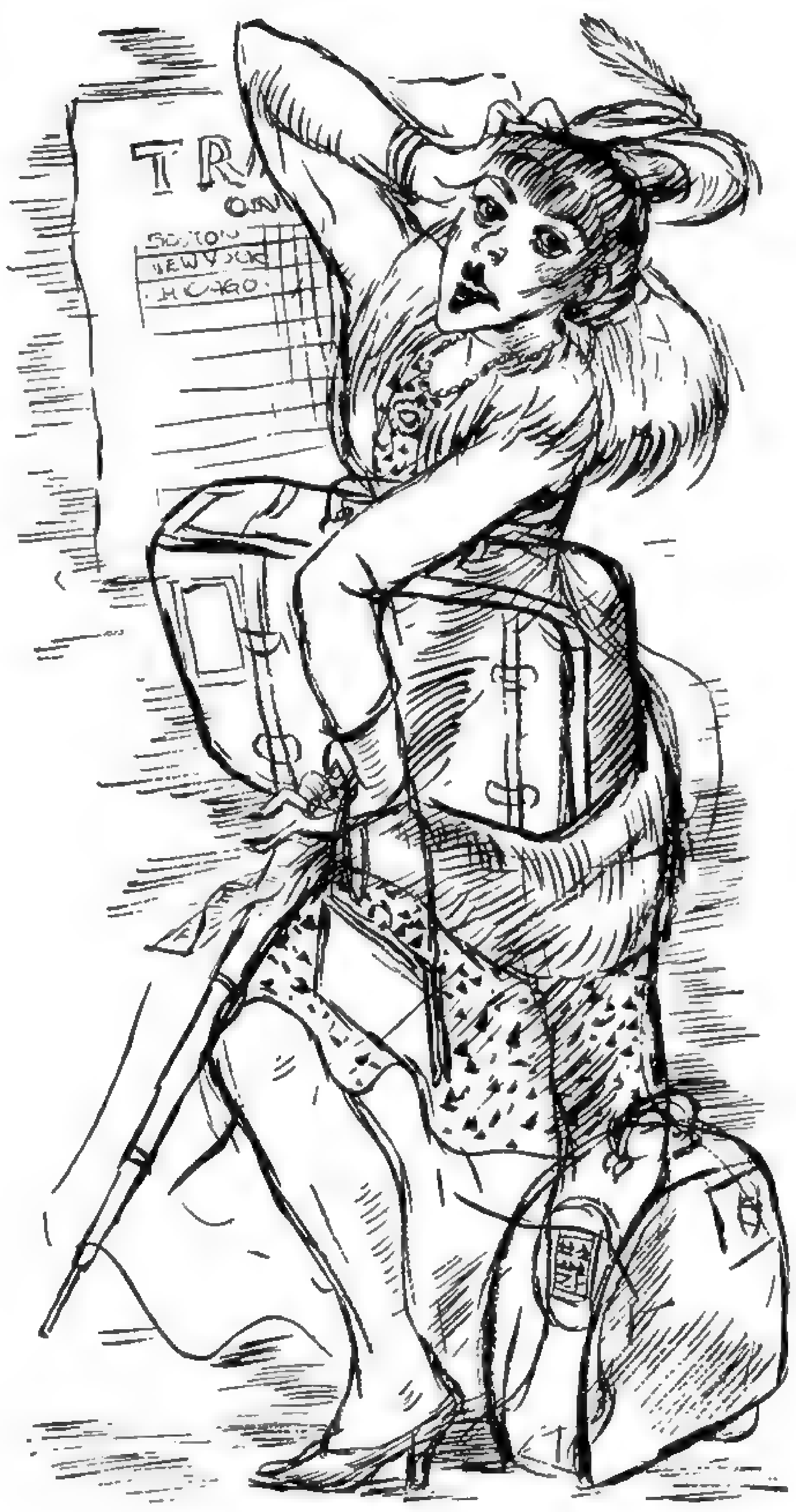
"Perhaps I ought to warn you, Miss DeVere—At the office I am known as a slave-driver"

The Flight of the Bumblebee

Everyone gave way before her venomous buzzing—it wasn't fair but who could stop her?

by MANUEL KOMROFF

FICTION



This female Bumblebee carried her sting all the way from New York to San Francisco. And she rode for nothing—free of charge—on first class trains. Who could stop her?

Before she made this flight she was a model and posed for an art school. Her tongue never ceased buzzing from the moment she stepped up on the model stand until the time the monitor called for rest. One could hardly call her a first class model. Her breasts drooped and she was a little broad in the beam. But there was no getting rid of her. And besides the little art school in the Village paid only fifty cents an hour, so what could you expect? Her name was Bessie and at first she was called Bee but very soon she was named the Bumblebee. This was because of her endless flow of caustic remarks. As soon as she struck her pose her tongue began wagging. Except for the scraping of charcoal on the rough drawing paper the room was usually silent. But then she began!

"Paid forty dollars to the dentist to make me a bridge. He told me it wouldn't hurt. And so I said to him, all right, try and hurt me and see what happens. I am only a defenseless woman. Well, what can you do when your mouth is open and he got all kinds of cotton stuffed in your mouth and that gurgling glass tube is sucking your life juice away from you and the cotton they use tastes like flannel? Forty dollars and you can't see a thing from the outside. And I told him I wasn't a millionaire and had to work for a bunch of art students who ought to be piano tuners. And I got a pain in the arm from that crazy Statue of Liberty pose yesterday and I bet this damn Bacchus pose you plastered on me today will put a cramp in my leg. Who ever saw Bacchus without a bunch of grapes. I ought to get drunk and stay drunk for a week. But in this damn economic system who the hell can afford it. . . . They are paying seventy-five cents at the League. I was there yesterday and they said I was getting too fat. Me fat! My God. And Rubens was a painter also. And didn't I pose for the Red Cross woman and for the Tuberculosis Stamps and for the blind girl on the new Court House . . . Queen of Justice they call her or something. Me fat! And I told them they didn't know the difference between fat and voluptuous. Sure I told them. A bag of bones and a lot of dried out scrawny flesh don't make a picture. So they think they are going to make skinny art. Looks like hell. When I was a kid I was so skinny you could count all the ribs and they had to feed me cod-liver oil because it's not healthy to be skinny. My husband is a doctor and he ought to know. He learnt most of his anatomy on me. That was when he was still in school. It's terrible how I've had to commercialize myself. And if it wasn't for me working on that knitting machine he would never have got his diploma. In this lousy economic system what chance has a poor fellow got? I gave him fifteen a week. And now he sends me fifteen a week. But I never see him. That's the way they are. Men are all alike. He works for a sanatarium in the Catskill Mountains. And I don't care how many nurses he has. It's all the same to me. But some day I'll get even with him. And you think I don't love him. I love him all right but if he wants to come back he's got to love me and love me plenty. I don't want a pair of pants around the house for decoration. Would rather have lace curtains or a radio. And sometimes he sends me the fifteen dollars and not a word does he write. Might just as well be dead for all he cares. Says I am bitchy. My God! Me bitchy! After all I did for him. . . . They are all alike. . . . And so I said to the dentist, you just try and hurt me and see what happens. Forty dollars for a bridge and who's got to pay for it? Isn't the government rich enough to give people teeth? Bad enough you got to buy food. Well you got to have something to eat it with. It's a lousy system Millions for a goddamn navy and what do you get out of it? Sailor boys in tight pants. One funnel from one of those boats would keep me in stockings for the rest of my life."

"Rest," called the monitor. And she climbed down from the stand and put on her old torn kimono.

This is a fair sample of the buzz of the Bumblebee. It went on constantly. In time we learnt a lot about her and the doctor. A good deal of it was true and a good deal of it was only half true and some of it was quite false.

The doctor was in his second year of medical school when he took up with Bessie. That part was true. She worked in a shop where they made knitted sweaters and she did give him money to support him through college. At first it was odd amounts from her savings and then later, I believe it was the last year only, she gave him fifteen dollars each week. All that was true. But the marriage was only half true. They were engaged and they had been living together but no ceremony was ever recorded.

When we asked her about this one day she grew quite indignant. "My God!" she cried. "Have you never heard of common law marriage? Just as good as any other. What the hell is the difference? Even the kids, if you had them, would be O. K. Ask any lawyer."

And the part that was entirely false was the constant refrain that she did not care how many nurses he had. She did care. She was consumed with jealousy. It burnt her up.

In time we heard that the doctor stopped sending her a weekly check. He considered that his indebtedness had been fully paid. She made things very uncomfortable for him. She wrote to the directors of the sanitarium and to the other doctors on the staff. She kept up a barrage of abuse that almost drove the poor doctor out of his mind. At last he decided to clear out and when he did clear out he took with him one of the prettiest nurses in the place. It is funny how a woman can sense a thing like that.

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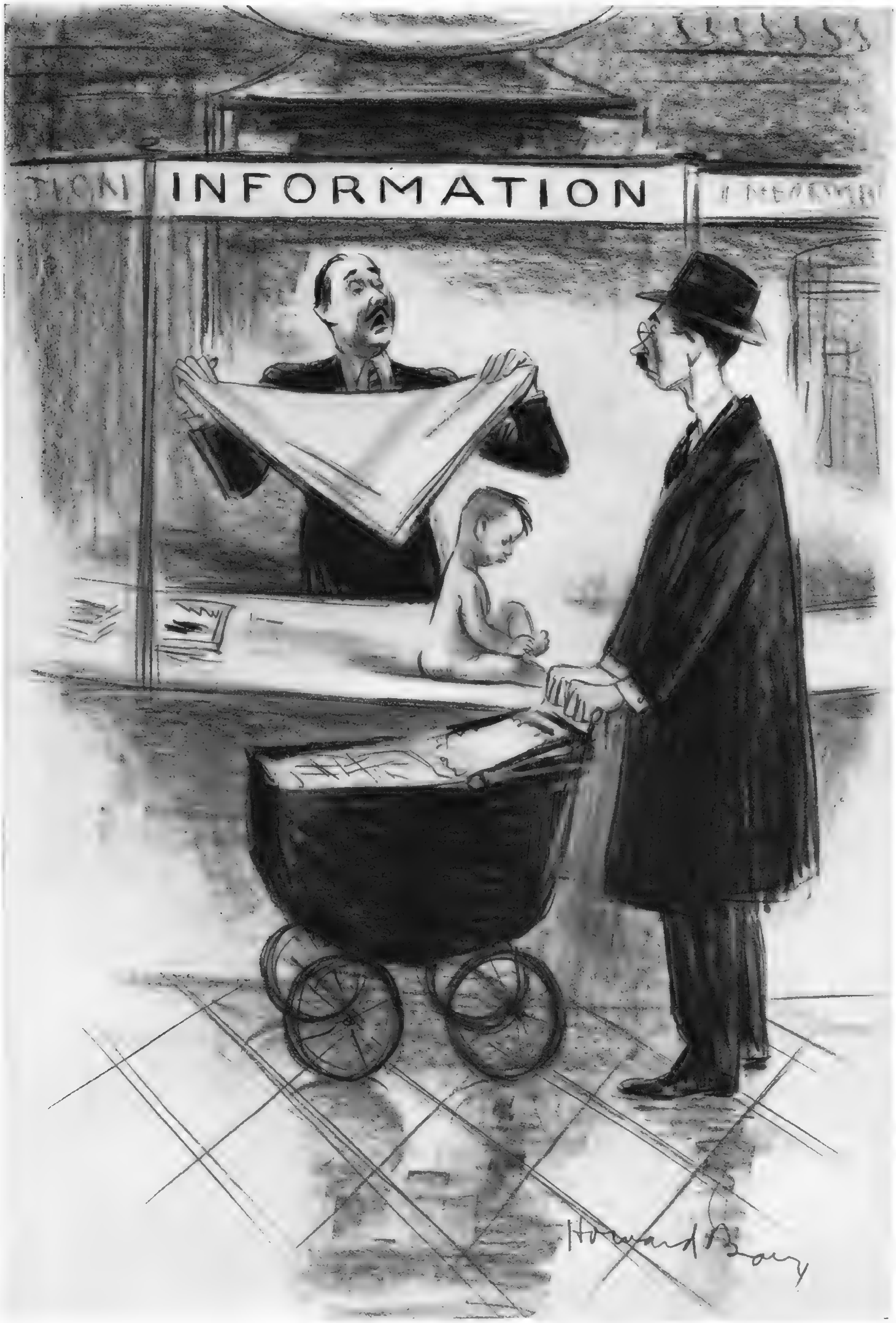

INFORMATION
Howard Baer

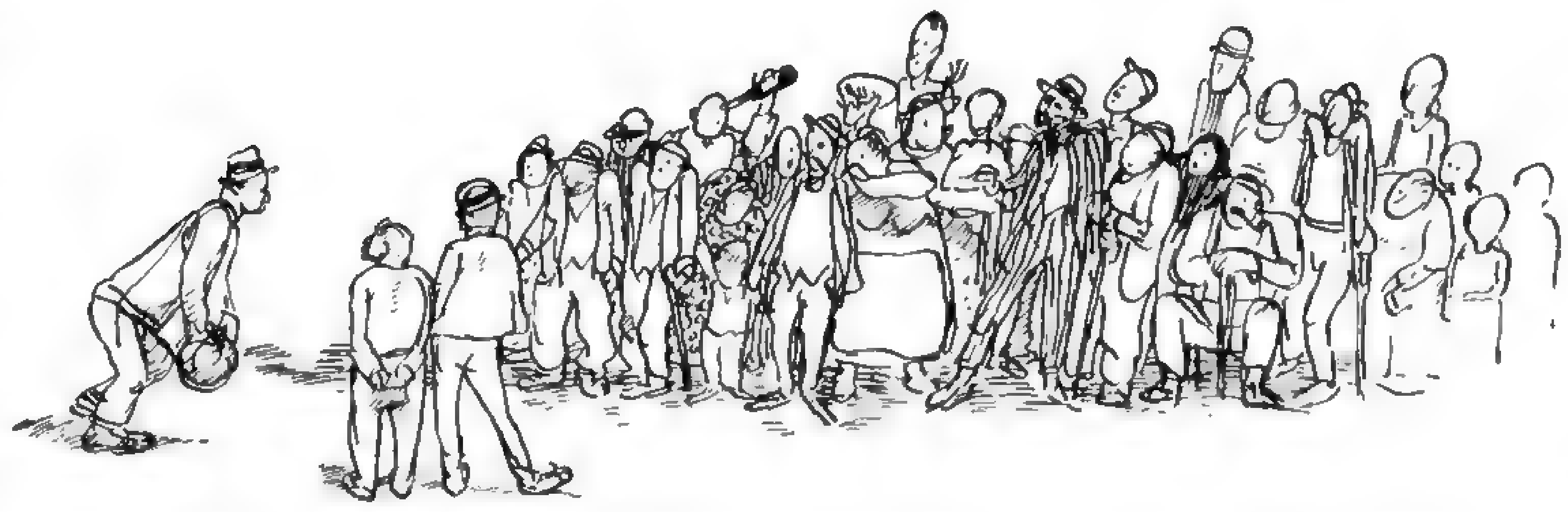
"Then you fold it like this"

Ireland Bowls the Byroads

Bowling in Ireland is a grand game for the man who isn't too fastidious about cracked skulls

by KENNETH RIPLEY

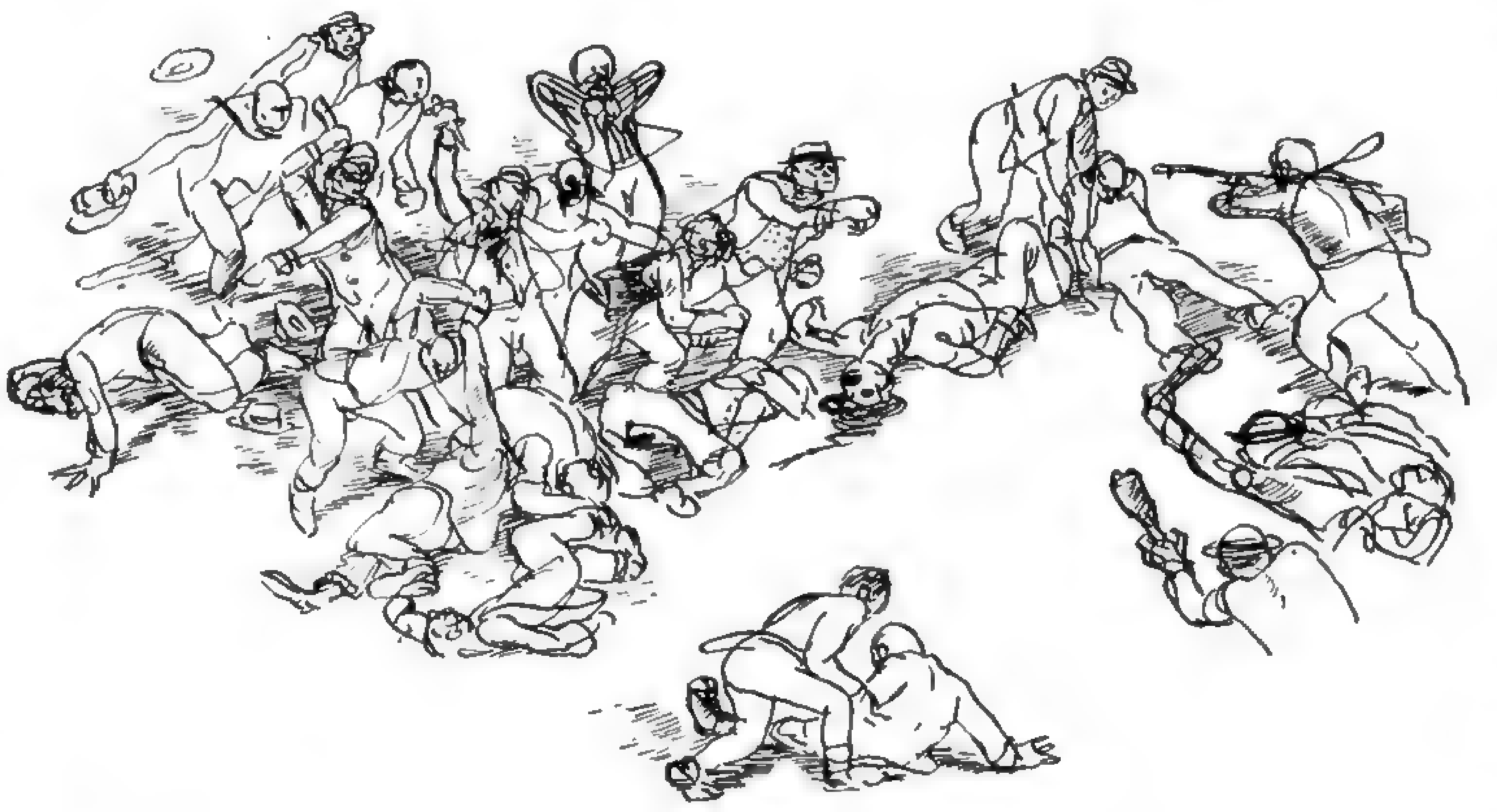
• SPORTS •



Bowling in America means polished alleys, polished shoes and business suits. Bowling in England, a decorous ritual, means close-clipped lawns, close-clipped accents and immaculate flannels. The two games, so completely different in character, though parading under the same name, are all very well in their respective bailiwicks but there is yet another genus, a species of bowls of a more virile kidney. This game has been called bowling for time out of mind but there the resemblance to its more respectable brothers abruptly ends. It calls for an open country road, the more winding and the more liberally dotted with public houses the better; for strength as well as skill and for a peculiar phraseology which, by the prudish, might possibly be confused with unadulterated profanity. It may well lay claim to the original use of the name for it dates back to the days when it was played hither and yon over the hills of Ireland with spherical chunks of Ballyknockin granite as relaxation between sorties to harass and make miserable the lives of the Norman invaders. It is in its present form, and it has changed but little, a grand game for the boy with the strong right arm and the keen eye; for the lad who will bet his last ten bob on the hop of a ball. It is a grand sport for the spectators for it affords them unlimited opportunity to gamble, plenty of exercise and the pulse-quickening possibility that one of their number may at any time during the afternoon be rendered null and void by the impact of cold iron on his skull. For a swashbuckling man's game I refer you to bowls as played in the County Cork.

The game has had a stormy history of late years and only since the founding of the Free State has it been exempt from the attentions of the police. The English government outlawed it for years on the grounds that it was a menace to public safety and then, during troubled times in Ireland, on the grounds that it constituted much too fine a means of practice for the deplorable habit of throwing home-made bombs into lorry-loads of British troops. That there was something in both contentions cannot be denied but the days of the meddlesome outsiders are past. From the irksomeness of British prerogative bowling has raised its head and now, during the long summer evenings and on Sunday afternoons from May until October the rural districts resound with the shriek and shout, the grunt and groan of the players and backers engaged in the game which, along with Gaelic nationalism, refused outright to die.

The All-Ireland Bowlplayers' Association is the organization which aids and abets this unique sport in the Free State. The men of Kerry are addicts as are the stalwarts of Galway and Armagh but the County Cork is the stronghold that produces the champions, men like Red Crowley, Tiger Ahearn and Tim Delaney whose names are to be conjured with wherever bowlers gather. A silver cup donated by the Hennessy brandy magnates, late of the County Cork, now of Cognac, France, is the trophy for which these strong men strive with might and main over the quiet roads within shouting distance of Blarney Castle. Its possession carries with it the title of All-Ireland Champion and inasmuch as the game is peculiar to the Gael this is translated to mean the championship of the world.



The rules are simple and the necessary equipment even more so. The lethal weapons, two iron balls each twenty-eight ounces in weight, can be obtained for sixpence apiece at any ironmongery, all of which places good clean competition within reach of anyone who is willing to sacrifice the price of a bottle of Guinness. Nothing else is necessary to the players and nothing whatever to the spectators except sufficient energy to keep out of the way. There is no more agile gallery in the world of sport, the penalty for inertia being nothing less than the playing of the leading role at a wake within the week.

The match, or "score" as it is called in the vernacular, starts at a given point on a quiet road and proceeds to the door of a public house some three miles distant. The two players, usually the best men in their localities, toss a coin. The loser takes off his coat, grips one of the bowls in his fist and retreats some distance behind a tape which has been laid across the road. His adviser, his trusted henchman who has agreed to "show him the road," takes a stance some sixty or seventy yards in front, indicating by his position the most advantageous spot for the bowl to land. The player poises on his toes and dashes forward, whirling his arm in a violent circular motion, until he reaches the tape where he hurls the bowl with all his strength along the road. If the shot is a good one the missile strikes sparks from the stones in the exact spot occupied a split second before by the marker, shoots along through a lane of screaming spectators, any one of whom may be decapitated by an unexpected hop, and then, pursued by the frantic mob, slithers along with irregular bounds to stop some two hundred yards away, a fine start toward the nearest available drink. It is then incumbent upon the second player to get his projectile out beyond that point for the glory of his native Clonakilty and the considerable financial gain of the citizens of that town who are down on him to a man.

The objective of the game is to so judge the surface of the road and plot the curves, lofting over corners and even over farmhouses if necessary, that the bowl will travel unobstructed for the greatest possible distance at each loft and so cover the three miles to the beckoning public house in fewer throws than are required by the opponent. For a bit of excitement try a score on a Sunday afternoon outside Cork City.

The score is between brawny Shawn Lynch of Ballyvourney and the equally redoubtable Corny Murphy of Skibbereen. The Blarney Road is covered with betting

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The Oldest Profession, Inc.

The law didn't attempt to reform Cokey Flo or her sisters, but it broke up the syndication of vice

by CHARLES M. BAYER

• RECENT HISTORY •

To get the right slant on it, you ought to know, first of all, about Cokey Flo, née Florence Brown, alias Marston, alias Martin and alias what-have-you. She was a hard-boiled dame with an avid eye, who shook off the coal dust of her home town when she was only fourteen, going on fifteen, and took on the gold dust of Cleveland, Chicago, New York and way stations.

Neighbors still lingering on the block say that Florence was as handsome a brat as ever squawked her way into the census of Pittsburgh. She had ten baby fingers and ten baby toes, even as you and I. That, to be sure, was long before those fingers acquired a permanent prehensile crook from hooking polluted dollars, and long before those toes became calloused because the sidewalks of American cities do not wear felt pads.

One glance at her first month's high school report card convinced Florence that she was not destined to eventuate as a savant. But that was O.K. with Florence. For, if she couldn't master algebra, she still could mistress the world. Even in this age of universally applied education there still are some professions that do not require a college degree. Wherefore, Florence flounced out of Pittsburgh and upon a career that was to reveal her one day as Madame No. 1 in the City of New York.

Miss Brown, who now had translated herself into Miss Martin, took one whiff at Youngstown and bounced along, pausing only long enough to attain "experience" with the whole-hearted co-operation of a good-looking young pickup.

Florence settled in Cleveland. There she prospered. At the turn of fifteen, Florence was in business in a big way, joining up with one Pearl Callahan, a lady of twenty-six years who could find her way around without asking a cop for directions. This pair opened a speakeasy. For three years Florence dished out ether under phony liquor labels. Occasionally she ventured on an expedition into the more physical marts of commerce. Her apprenticeship in Cleveland gave Florence a good working idea of the saphood of men. This idea, plus $5,000 in profits from her Hangover House, she took to Chicago.

Now, little Florence had a way with her. She was endowed with a slender body enticingly undulant at hip and breast. She was no mean shakes weaving that figure across a hotel lobby. In no time at all, she had herself a boy friend with a bankroll. Within two pages of the calendar, three men were keeping her at the same time. It is not an insignificant index of Florence Brown's character and career that none of the three ever was aware of the other two.

But triple-crossing can be achieved only under nerve-wracking strain. Therefore, at the end of a year, Florence chucked the three saps of Chicago and traipsed to Duluth with a very nice married man. Sunday afternoons he lolled in Flo's apartment, repairing at dark to hymn to high heaven at vespers.

Time and familiarity being corrosive influences, this affair went the way of all others and in 1929, at the age of 22, Florence stepped out of the Grand Central Terminal and took her first peek at New York. She had invaded and conquered the hinterland and was equipped with the experience, sagacity and ambition essential to the successful practice of her profession in the violent competition of the metropolis.

Florence came to New York with a gob of dollars. The fund extracted from Cleveland had been swollen by the three chumps of Chicago, by the very nice man in Duluth and by the evanescent liaisons with which she amused and enriched herself whenever her Duluth benefactor had gone out of town.

Sufficiently astute to appreciate that the workman gathers only the wages whereas the financier garners the dividends, Florence had come to that stage of enterprise in which she abandoned the role of laborer to become an employer of labor. As a woman of rare business acumen, she spent a little time getting the hang of things, looking into a house of prostitution here and into another one there that she might school herself in the niceties of their operation ere she invested her arduously achieved funds in a lucrative but precarious venture.

When she had completed her self-imposed course of training, *summa cum laude*, Florence opened up a five-dollar house on West End Avenue. She brought in a girl with a broad mind and a narrow beam.

Trade, somehow, had to be drummed up. It is a mark of inevitable success in an aspiring young business person that he is not hesitant at the early moments of his enterprise to engage in those chores which in more prosperous days he will delegate to his hired hands. Therefore, Miss Brown, now alias Miss Marston, marched beside her employee as they paraded the streets, picking up customers and inviting them home to look at the pictures on the wall. The depression had laid its heavy hand on the community, but lust ever will prevail even when dollars are infrequent, and increasing success attended Miss Brown's invasion of New York. Within a year, indeed, she had filled several memorandum books and was no longer under the necessity of scouting the sidewalks.

Not long ago, when asked to relate on the stand the story of her success, Florence testified with naive braggadocio, "I got my customers through social contacts. At one time I had 3,000 on the list for my houses. I knew every one of their voices over the telephone and through the panel of the door."

Florence long since had gone into retirement insofar as was concerned her own generosity of person. That favor she reserved for the sweetheart she had acquired, a gentleman whom a vulgar-tongued society would classify as a pimp. In return for his company he held out the palm of his hand which Florence readily freighted with lavish shares of her dividends. As a touching demonstration of his interest in the lady, the boy friend taught Florence how to hit the pipe. That's why she became known in her circle as Cokey Flo.

In course of time, Florence stepped into the higher brackets of drug addiction, discarding the pipe for the soothing influences of morphine and later adventuring in the more stimulating realm of cocaine. Before entering upon this third field of fantasy, she had transferred her affections from her first New York sweetheart. For, in 1932, along came Casanova.

Jimmy Frederico was a small-time punk. He was a lobbygow, a fence, a dope peddler and a gunman. He was beginning to branch out in the prostitution racket.

It is easy to understand what Jimmy Frederico saw in Florence Brown. For Cokey Flo had money no end and Jimmy Frederico never was one to shun a fair lady with filthy lucre. But it is difficult to figure out just what Cokey Flo saw in Frederico, unless it be that all dope fiends have a cockeyed slant on things.

Stacking her up against womanhood generally, it must be acknowledged with reluctant ungallantry, Cokey Flo was a terrible tramp. But the woman did have looks. And she did know how to wear clothes. Not to

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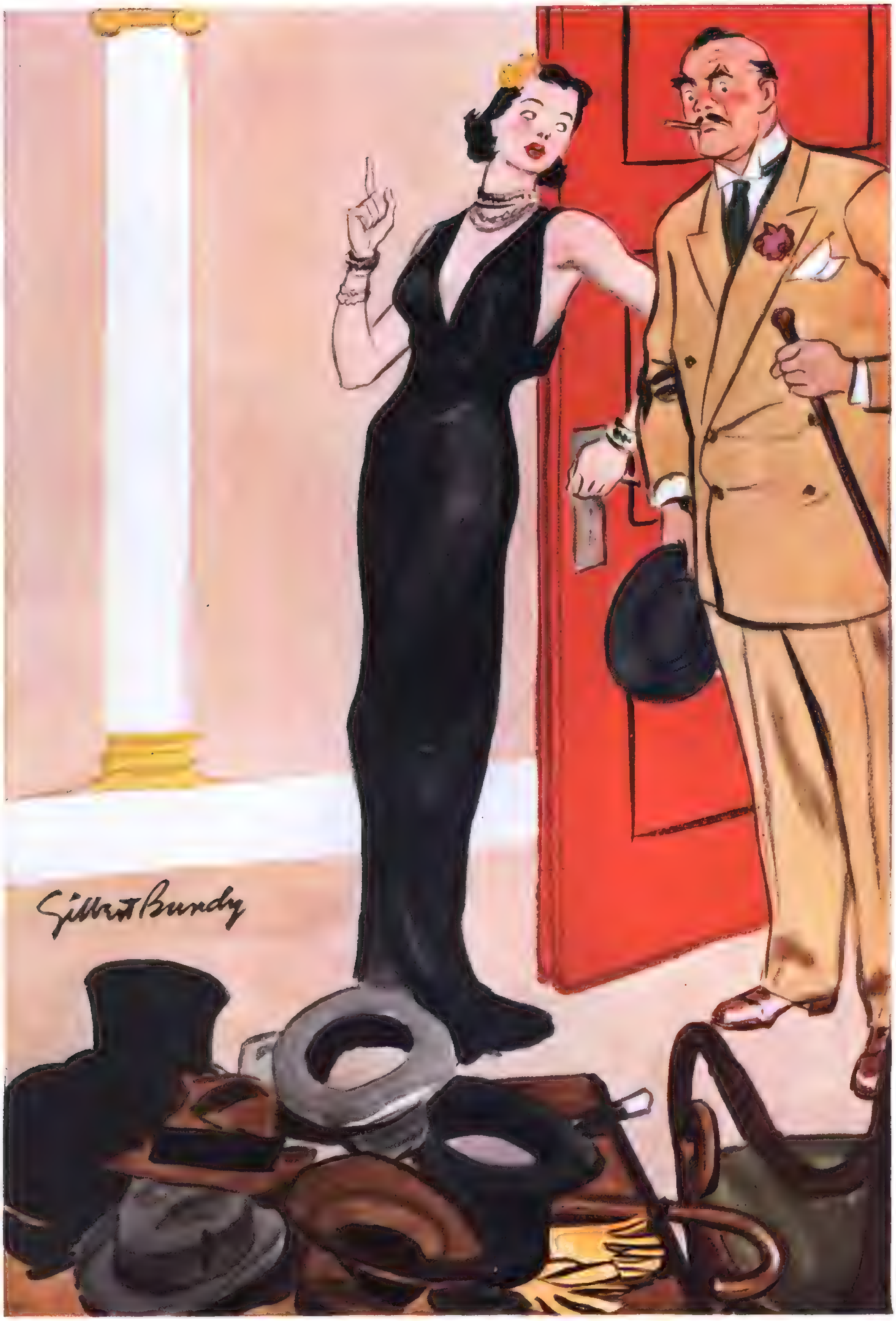
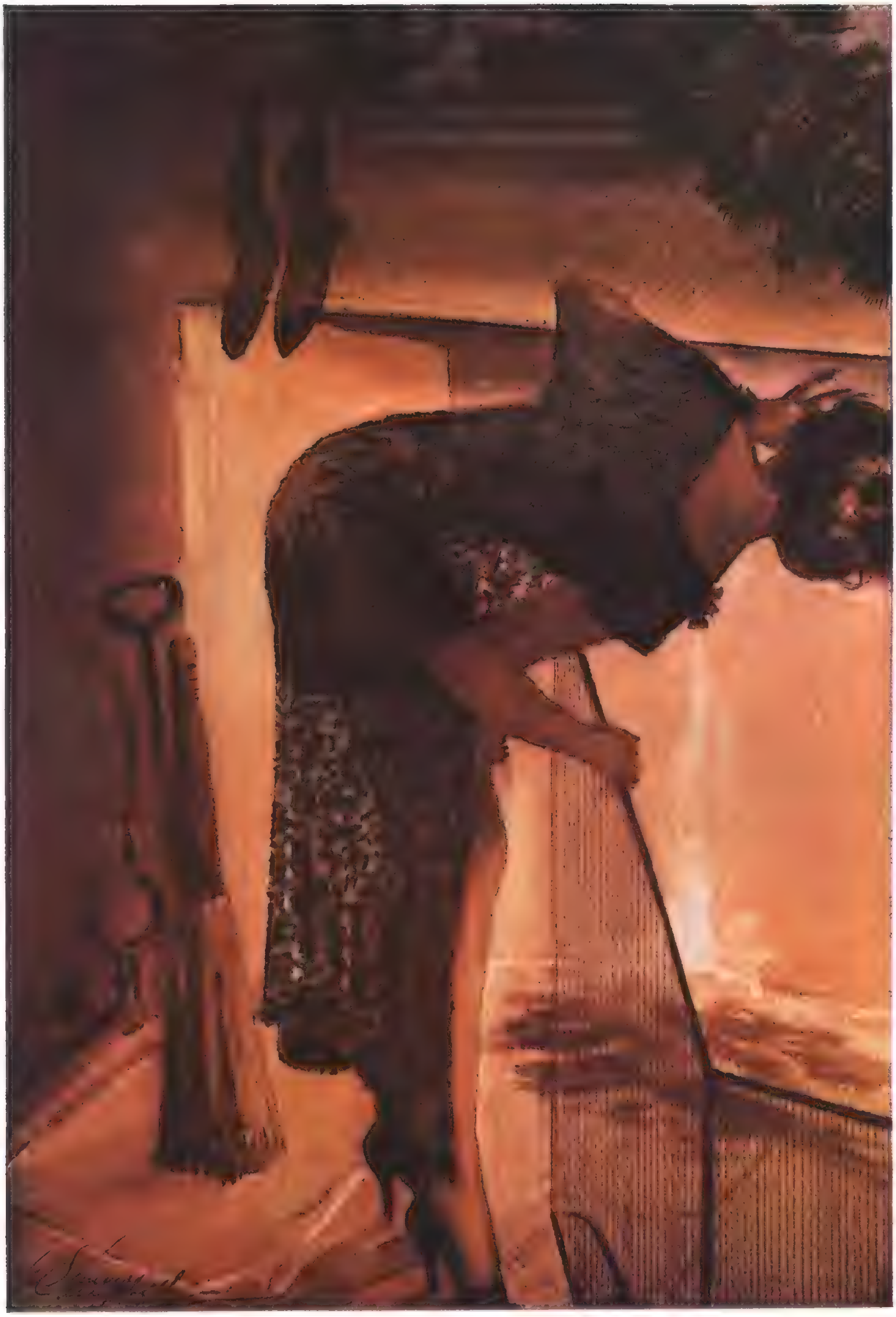

Gilbert Bundy

"You know the saying, Mr. Norton—if you have a better mouse trap the world will beat a path to your door"



"OK darling—see you next Christmas"

Three Skeleton Key

The rats of the sea are clannish and brave—if you harm one his fellows will tear you to pieces

by GEORGE G. TOUDOUZE

▪ FICTION ▪

My most terrifying experience? Well, one does have a few in thirty-five years of service in the Lights, although it's mostly monotonous routine work—keeping the light in order, making out the reports.

When I was a young man, not very long in the service, there was an opening in a lighthouse newly built off the coast of Guiana, on a small rock twenty miles or so from the mainland. The pay was high, so in order to reach the sum I had set out to save before I married, I volunteered for service in the new light.

Three Skeleton Key, the small rock on which the light stood, bore a bad reputation. It earned its name from the story of the three convicts who, escaping from Cayenne in a stolen dugout canoe, were wrecked on the rock during the night, managed to escape the sea but eventually died of hunger and thirst. When they were discovered, nothing remained but three heaps of bones, picked clean by the birds. The story was that the three skeletons, gleaming with phosphorescent light, danced over the small rock, screaming. . . .

But there are many such stories and I did not give the warnings of the old-timers at the *Isle de Sein* a second thought. I signed up, boarded ship and in a month I was installed at the light.

Picture a grey, tapering cylinder, welded to the solid black rock by iron rods and concrete, rising from a small island twenty odd miles from land. It lay in the midst of the sea, this island, a small, bare piece of stone, about one hundred fifty feet long, perhaps forty, wide. Small, barely large enough for a man to walk about and stretch his legs at low tide.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

This is an advantage one doesn't find in all lights, however, for some of them rise sheer from the waves, with no room for one to move save within the light itself. Still, on our island, one must be careful, for the rocks were treacherously smooth. One misstep and down you would fall into the sea—not that the risk of drowning was so great, but the waters about our island swarmed with huge sharks who kept an eternal patrol around the base of the light.

Still, it was a nice life there. We had enough provisions to last for months, in the event that the sea should become too rough for the supply ship to reach us on schedule. During the day we would work about the light, cleaning the rooms, polishing the metalwork and the lens and reflector of the light itself, and at night we would sit on the gallery and watch our light, a twenty thousand candle-power lantern, swinging its strong, white bar of light over the sea from the top of its hundred twenty foot tower. Some days, when the air would be very clear, we could see the land, a thread-like line to the west. To the east, north and south stretched the ocean. Landsmen, perhaps, would soon have tired of that kind of life, perched on a small island off the coast of South America for eighteen weeks, until one's turn for leave ashore came around. But we liked it there, my two fellow-tenders and myself—so much so that, for twenty-two months on end with the exception of shore leaves, I was greatly satisfied with the life on Three Skeleton Key.

I had just returned from my leave at the end of June, that is to say mid-winter in that latitude, and had settled down to the routine with my two fellow-keepers, a Breton by the name of Le Gleo and the head-keeper, Itchoua, a Basque some dozen years or so older than either of us.

Eight days went by as usual, then on the ninth night after my return, Itchoua, who was on night duty, called Le Gleo and me, sleeping in our rooms in the middle of the tower, at two in the morning. We rose immediately and, climbing the thirty or so steps that led to the gallery, stood beside our chief.

Itchoua pointed, and following his finger, we saw a big three-master, with all sail set, heading straight for the light. A queer course, for the vessel must have seen us, our light lit her with the glare of day each time it passed over her.

Now, ships were a rare sight in our waters for our light was a warning of treacherous reefs, barely hidden under the surface and running far out to sea. Consequently we were always given a wide berth, especially by sailing vessels, which cannot maneuver as readily as steamers.

No wonder that we were surprised at seeing this three-master heading dead for us in the gloom of early morning. I had immediately recognized her lines, for she stood out plainly, even at the distance of a mile, when our light shone on her.

She was a beautiful ship of some four thousand tons, a fast sailer that had carried cargoes to every part of the world, plowing the seas unceasingly. By her lines she was identified as Dutch-built, which was understandable as Paramairibo and Dutch Guiana are very close to Cayenne.

Watching her sailing dead for us, a white wave boiling under her bows, Le Gelo cried out:

"What's wrong with her crew? Are they all drunk or insane? Can't they see us?"

Itchoua nodded soberly, looked at us sharply as he remarked: "See us? No doubt—if there *is* a crew aboard!"

"What do you mean, chief?" Le Gleo had started, turned to the Basque, "Are you saying that she's the 'Flying Dutchman'?"

His sudden fright had been so evident that the older man laughed:

"No, old man, that's not what I meant. If I say that no one's aboard, I mean she's a derelict."

Then we understood her queer behavior. Itchoua was right. For some reason, believing her doomed, her crew had abandoned her. Then she had righted herself and sailed on, wandering with the wind.

The three of us grew tense as the ship seemed about to crash on one of our numerous reefs, but she suddenly lurched with some change of the wind, the yards swung around and the derelict came clumsily about and sailed dead away from us.

In the light of our lantern she seemed so sound, so strong, that Itchoua exclaimed impatiently:

"But why the devil was she abandoned? Nothing is smashed, no sign of fire—and she doesn't sail as if she were taking water."

Le Gleo waved to the departing ship: "*Bon voyage!*" he smiled at Itchoua and went on. "She's leaving us, chief, and now we'll never know what—"

"No she's not!" cried the Basque. "Look! She's turning!"

As if obeying his words, the derelict three-master stopped, came about and headed for us once more. And for the next four hours the vessel played around us—zigzagging, coming about, stopping, then suddenly lurching forward. No doubt some freak of current and wind, of which our island was the center, kept her near us.

Then suddenly, the tropic dawn broke, the sun rose and it was day, and the ship was plainly visible as she sailed past us. Our

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CLOVER CLUB
JACKSON IRVING & REEVE
MARIA
CAFE MARIA
GANGPLANK
M. REY & PIERRE FRENCH RESTAURA
DIZZY CLU
LEON & EDDIE
FUL THING · LUNCH
MAMMY'S CHICKEN
60
MAMMY'S CHICKEN KOOP
FRIED CHICKEN
CALIENTE
BARBOUR
PUNCHEON GROTTO
21 W 52
THE ONYX
THE ONYX SWING SPREE
STUFF SMITH
LY'S 58 REILLY
MAISON JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT
54 W 52 ST.
YACHT CLUB
Packard's
Jack White
AND HIS GANG
EIGHTEEN
CHALET SUISSE
Restaura

SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES

Photographs by Herbert Kehl
Montage by Arnold Ryan

America's Montmartre

West 52d Street runs the gamut of swank and smut, Bisquit and bootleg, high-hat and hotcha

by ABEL GREEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It seems a curious paradox that when the Rockefellers were building the magnificent Center bearing their name, in New York—or, as it's more popularly known, Radio City—this petroleum dynasty was unofficially building America's Montmartre. For that's how West 52d Street, with its 24—count 'em!—24 niteries, *bistros*, cafés and restaurants, jam-packed, side by each, within the limited confines of one short block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, came into being.

Broadway and 42d Street is world-famous as the heart (crossroads, or, as some natives cynically have observed, the double-crossroads) of the world, but 52d Street is the nocturnal heart of America, in no small measure.

The 24 niteries and restaurants with street addresses from No. 1 to No. 72 West 52d Street, the extremes of Fifth and Sixth Avenues, line both sides of the block.

Broadway, no longer a particularly gay or white way, still enjoys a vicarious reputation as the No. 1 center of gaiety. It's probably still the world's best known street, by name, and as such will live in memory longer beyond our time, for the same reason that San Francisco's Barbary Coast, today, has become aggrandized in retrospect as a once wicked but truly gay center of nite life.

But actually, today, West 52d Street is the most concentrated and most representative cross-section of nocturnal Americana ever assembled in one central locale. It's a polyglot of mass and class, a little of the gyp 'n' take, and lots of the easy-make, clip and strip, hot pash and little cash—a medley of nocturnal divertissement for every mood and mode.

It's America's Montmartre. And, like the visitor to Paris who best remembers the *Champs-Élysées* and the *rue de la Paix* (and possibly also No. 11 *rue Scribe*, because that's where the American Express Co. is to cash his traveler's checks and forward mail; or 32 *rue Blondel*, for still another reason), the visitor to New York knows little of West 52d Street's whyfor and wherefore. As perhaps one thinks of the *rue Cambon* in relation to the Ritz bar, in Paris, or the *Faubourg-St. Honore* and the *rue Royale* in relation to the fashionable specialty shops, so, most often, the average hinterlander may think in terms of Broadway, Fifth, Park and Madison Avenues.

West 52d Street is a post-repeal evolution, and more directly the illegitimate offspring of Rockefeller Center and Radio City. For when the oil tycoons started buying up the brownstones on 48th to 51st Streets for the projected Center, it most directly affected 51st, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, which, with Tony's, Jack & Charlie's, and John Perona's, was one of the most popular oases in the metropolitan Sahara.

With the town spreading northward, there was no disposition to migrate south of 48th, hence the nearest north of 51st Street was 52d. (There still is, of course, a row of Norse and Gallic eateries on the north side of 51st facing the stage entrance of Radio City Music Hall and the International Bldg.) The 52d Street rentals were most certain and attractive. One popular speak that paid $12,000 a year for half a brownstone building on 49th today pays that same amount for four buildings on 52d Street.

West 52d operates on the principle of brotherly love and mutual economic benevolence. The more spots the better, and anybody attempting to analyze or ascertain official reason for such economic affluence finds a laconic response from this or the other Boniface that, "The best answer is that we're all doing business, so it can't hurt!"

True, there has been about a 10% state of flux in some of the south side niteries, and the Famous Door at No. 35 (on the north side) likewise came in like a lion and exited meekly to the strains of "Swing Mr. Sheriff," but in the main the 52d Street *boîtes* are now more or less stabilized.

The north side of the block somehow is the unofficial right side of the railroad tracks—the swank and very expensive No. 21 (Jack & Charlie's Iron Gate), Leon & Eddie's at No. 33, Tony's at No. 57 (plus the old joint at 59, with which it's connected by a rear passageway), give that side of the block its tonier aura. Still, the No. 3 and No. 4 money-makers—the Onyx Club at 72, and the Yacht Club at No. 38—are on the south (even-numbered) side.

Leon & Eddie's is probably the top grosser. This spot needs $10,500 a week to break even, and while that "break" point includes pretty fancy salaries to Leon (Enken) and Eddie (Davis); Moses Poliakoff, their mouthpiece and 10% partner; and a former newspaper gal who came through with a bankroll at a crucial period, in former years, and as a result has been collecting handsomely since, that's a sizeable fixed charge for any nitery. Spot has been known to gross up to $15,000 a week and it's reported that Leon & Eddie last year each took out $45,000 apiece as their share above the regular drawing accounts. (The past two New Year's, a $25,000 holiday week in spots of this caliber have been consistent, but that's abnormal business.)

No. 2 grosser, but a better (net) money-maker, is the Iron Gate at No. 21, better known as Jack (Kreindler) and Charlie's (Berns), with Mac Kreindler a third partner. Gross estimated at around $8,000 weekly, and better, which is plenty fancy for a straight eating-drinking place. No entertainment or music and lesser personnel figure in the net advantage to No. 21, as against its neighbor's bigger money take.

Onyx Club, Joe Helbock's citadel of swing, rates third for b. o., and the Yacht Club in the fourth groove on the boxoffice equation. Some spots such as Tony's with a staff of eight or ten people can do all right with a $300 or $400 daily gross and probably realize an equally satisfactory net, in view of the modest overhead. (A spot like Leon & Eddie's payrolls up to 165 people in midseason, counting the regular dance and rumba bands, the noontime-cocktail session relief orchestra, waiters, busboys, entertainers, *et al.*)

Evolution of 52d Street is the keynote to the evolution of America's gastronomic and vintage tastes—also its entertainment standards.

The spot in the Prohibition era which paid $12,000 a year rent would gross $600 to $700 a day, sans any entertainment to speak of, at the rate of $1 a drink, and realize a relatively better net profit then, even with the handout headaches to this or that enforcement grafter or muscle mobsters. But the successful spots of today welcome the legal change, because the headache wasn't worth it in the first place; and, enjoying the legal security of today, many a Boniface wonders at the hazards he experienced just to stay in business.

The whyfor of the successful speakeasy proprietor's demise with repeal is that he didn't keep pace with the times. It's the floppo joint of today, hanging on by grace of the sheriff's leniency, which moans for the good ole speakeasy days with the $1-a-drink standards of a converted brownstone front, climb-up-a-floor, sliding-panel *modus operandi*. The 1936 successful host, satisfied at 35c a drink (luncheon session), 50c a copy (at the cocktail hour), and jumping to 60c and 75c for the dinner and supper trade—there are three different tables of tariffs for food and liquors—knows that he's better off under legal auspices.

The margin of profit, it is true, has been further curtailed by A. F. L. wages to waiters, A. F. M. scale to musicians, etc. The help and the jazz-beaus, during the alleged Volsteadian drought, were content to work for picayune stipends in a common cause of illegality and in violation of a National Amendment, counting on the generosity and largess of the illegally stimulated patronage to take up the economic slack.

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You've Had a Few If—

Corollaries for the corporals who stand at attention with the right elbow half-crooked

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

You have been worrying about economizing, and it suddenly occurs to you that you saved twelve dollars yesterday on the new overcoat you bought and that there's always the possibility that you'll be getting a raise soon.

You find yourself thinking up forceful rebuttals for an argument you lost the other day, an argument which, at the time, didn't seem particularly important.

You hold eight diamonds to the ten, jack, a singleton spade and four small clubs and bid one heart, figuring that, although you are vulnerable, a psychic bid, in an effort to save rubber, is a fine strategic move.

There is a fly in your drink, but instead of taking the trouble to remove it, you quaff down your drink, merely taking the precaution to avoid consuming the fly in the process.

You sign your name to bar checks at a slightly increased speed.

You find yourself speaking with extra distinctness to certain elderly persons whom you know to be opposed to the consumption of alcohol.

You say: "Thank you very much" to servants who do you special favors instead of "Thanks."

The first act of the play strikes you as excellent, some of the gags drawing hearty laughter from you, but you wish the act would finish so that you could go out and get a drink.

You are driving a car, and have several passengers. You keep a reasonably brisk pace, but slow down carefully for all intersections, watch the road ahead of you intently, and sound your horn at any cars or pedestrians who might suddenly do something queer.

You are at the club, due for a formal dinner party at quarter of eight. You have figured on three-quarters of an hour for bathing and getting into evening attire. Now you are confident that you can do it in twenty-five minutes.

You had intended taking your leave of her in the cocktail lounge, explaining that you had to go back to the office and work. You take another look at her, and suggest dinner.

You go into considerable details in describing a local golf tournament you won, and which, at the time, seemed very much of a pushover.

The first thing you get, when you switch on the radio, is a jazz orchestra. You remark that they are playing a swell tune. It happens to be one which you have heard five or six times previously without being impressed.

You start arguing politics, and make dogmatic statements about economics and sociology although you are by nature a cautious person who customarily qualifies all statements in such a fashion that you always have an out.

You debate with yourself seriously whether quarter of twelve in the evening is too late to call her up and ask for a date.

The score is seven to seven, and the opponents have the ball on your team's six yard-line, first down. You have very little fear that they will score.

You tell that story in mixed company—the one which, when you first heard it, seemed slightly dubious for such an occasion.

You check up on your cigarette supply, and take steps, if necessary, to make sure that you won't suddenly be caught somewhere without an immediately available smoke.

It is just before dinner, and your host, passing dividends, has just emptied the shaker. You fail to catch a question from the lady on the sofa next to you because you are wondering if the host will get out to the kitchen to mix another batch before the maid comes in and announces dinner.

You hold forth at some length on various celebrities you have encountered lately although you are chronically a person who is impressed by few of them and who actively dislikes the majority.

When you take your leave of the party, you ask the Petersons for dinner without first consulting your wife, although you know what that's going to get you as soon as you are outside the door.

Dancing with a girl twenty years your junior you try that step which you have seen her Yale escort execute with such precision—and you aren't displeased with the result.

The canape plate comes around to you with one remaining morsel on it. Your hostess says: "Don't be shy about taking the last one," and you reply: "I should say not," seize it, and devour it at a gulp.

Customarily you would walk three blocks and take the subway to get to the place where you are destined. You hail a taxi, and reflect that some psychologist has claimed that it is good for the morale to indulge in a bit of luxury once in a while.

Your companion is a man who has the reputation of being able to consume gallons without batting an eye. You pull a face as long as your arm, talk in a semi-whisper, and discuss business conditions with him.

You think it might be fun to send a telegram to somebody.

You are a writer, and always on the lookout for ideas. A remark, dropped by one of your companions, gives you one that you are sure can't possibly fail to click. You search in your pocket for a piece of paper, and, if successful, jot down a memo on it.

You sit down at the piano, reel off a couple of tunes, and feel that you are going pretty well. You are delighted when somebody makes a request.

You suddenly encounter some friends of yours who have been on another party. You study them intently for a moment or so, wondering whether they are tight.

Your empty cocktail glass has been on the mantelpiece. Seeing your host approaching in your general direction with the shaker, you pick up your glass and hold it—not *too* pointedly of course—in front of you.

You are in the process of mixing another Tom Collins for yourself. It seems like too much trouble to bother with the lemon squeezer, so you seize half a lemon between your fingers, and squeeze a few drops of juice into your glass. The result tastes all right, although, when starting fresh, you customarily use all the juice you can get out of a whole lemon.

A companion is dissertating at some length on one of his favorite theories. While he is in the process, you think of an objection. He keeps on talking, and, when he finally stops, you find that you have temporarily forgotten the point you intended to make.

You ask the orchestra leader to play several of your favorite tunes, and don't give a moment's thought as to whether this is a place where you are supposed to tip for such a favor.

If the leader complies with your request, you tell your partner that it is your favorite tune, despite the fact that there are some

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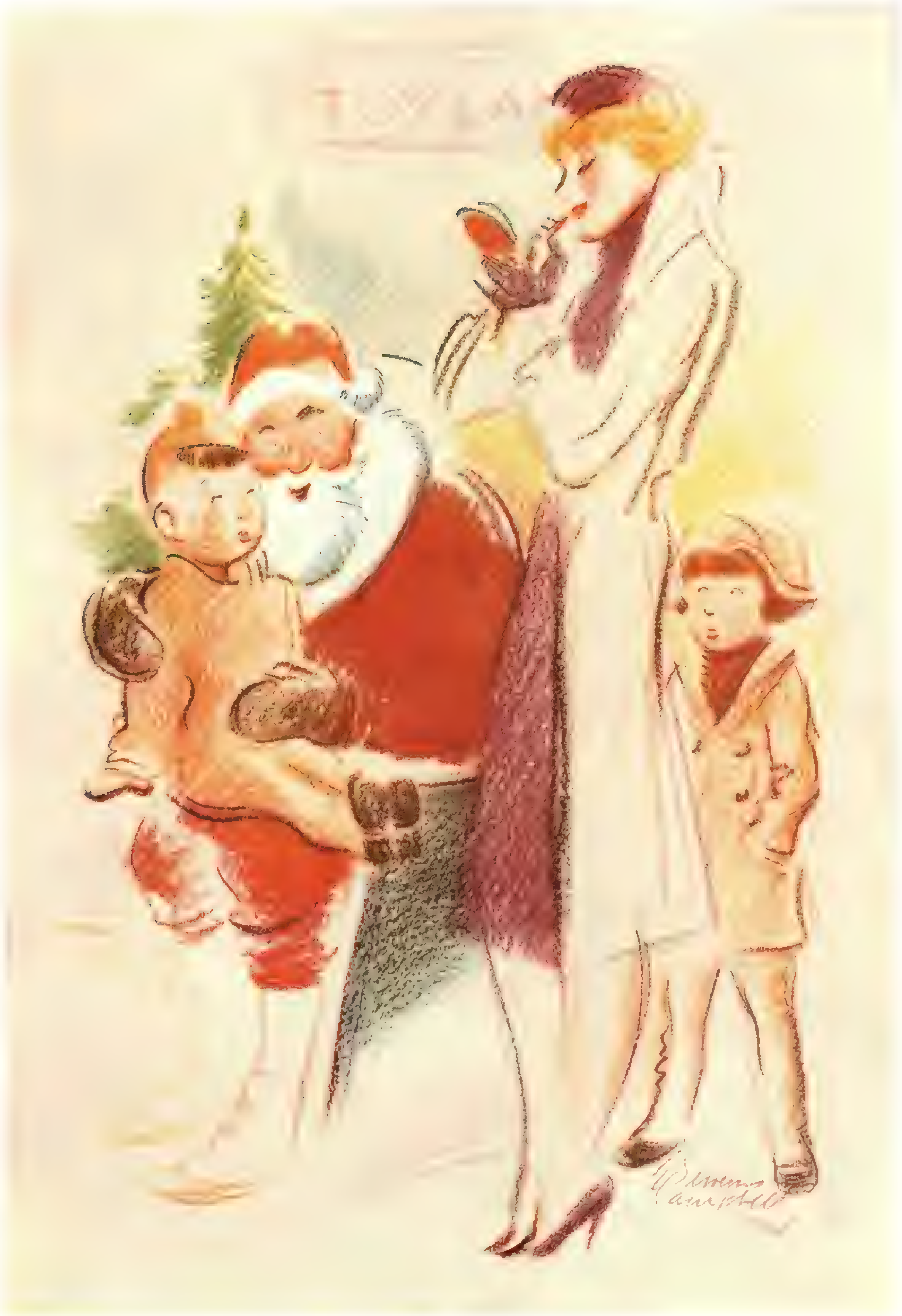
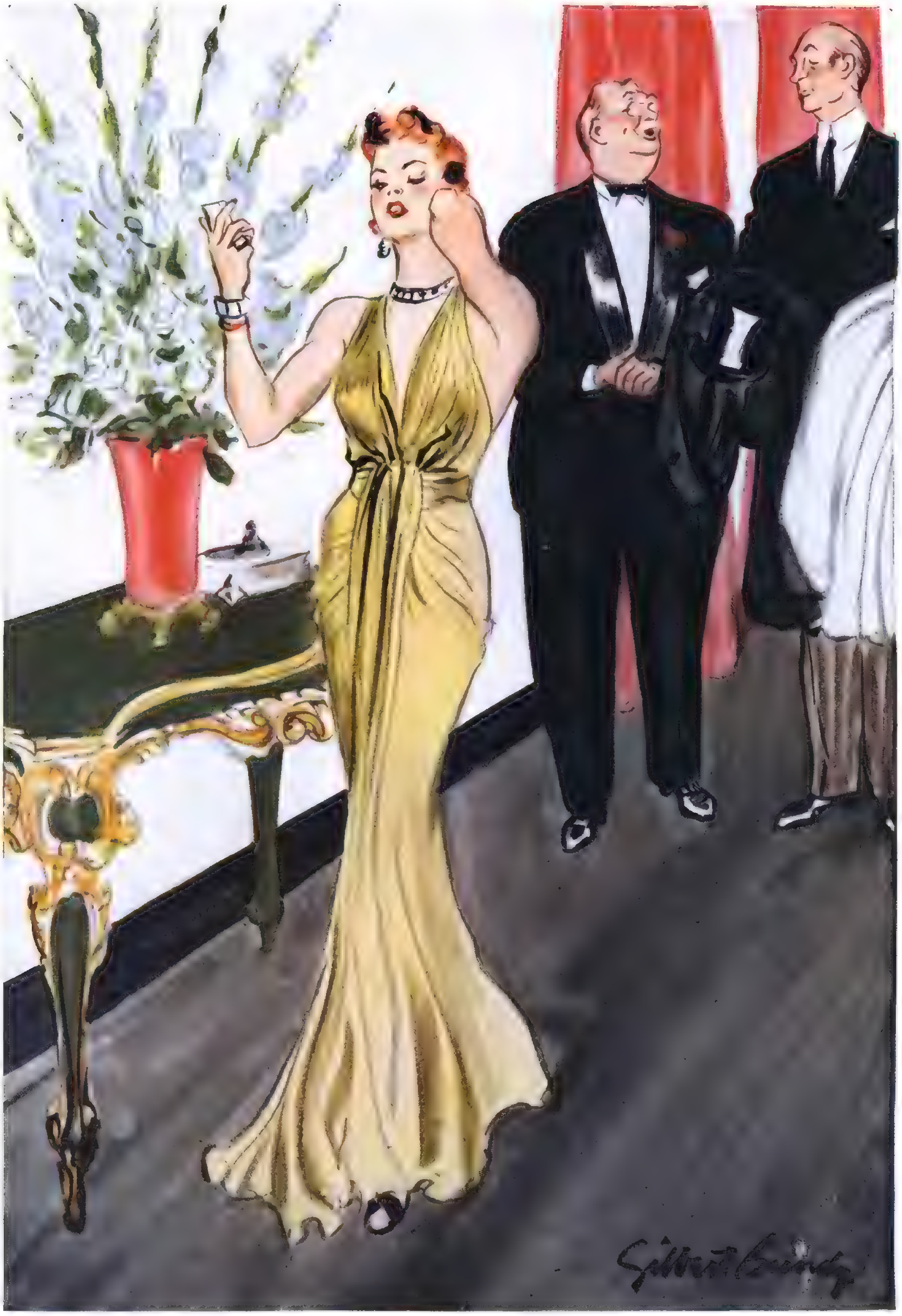


"—and what is your phone number, little man?"


Gilbert Bundy

"I haven't a care in the world, now—Lloyds has insured me against her"

Home Is Where the Trailer Goes

Not only do they satisfy "the gypsy" in you but they provide most of the luxury of a hotel

by THEODORE PRATT

• ARTICLE •

On the West coast of Florida there is now being instituted a community called "Trailertown," which will consist entirely of homes on wheels, the new type of living and traveling that is engulfing the country, to the terror of landlords and tax-collectors. Trailertown's stores, including barbershops, grocery, and drugstores, and physicians' and dentists' offices, and town hall, will also be contained in trailers. This will be a complete automotive community, capable of picking up at a moment's notice and moving on to another location, a traveling city.

No one has ever practiced such a thing before. When the trailer first reared its startling head, it was thought that Americans would be satisfied with living in their automobiles. Now it appears that they must have mobile cities as well.

It is predicted that Trailertown will be only one of many such nomad towns. If so, perhaps the significance of trailers is greater than any of its single phenomenon, such as revolutionizing your life and literature, if you are a traveling salesman, by your now being able, or required, to take your lady along. Possibly it is the solution of moving civilian populations to, and housing them in, safety zones during the delightful things promised them in the next war.

Trailertown at least fits in very well with the famous prediction of Roger Babson, the statistician, that within twenty years half the population of the country will be living in trailers. This has become a cliché in the trailer world, received alternately with, "He's crazy," and, "It isn't impossible."

In argument against Mr. Babson's courageous words, it is held that not more than twenty-five million people, composed mostly of the middle-aged and aged, who are free from business connections and schools for their children, are eligible to make up this army without a permanent home. But when to them are added the millions who may use trailers for vacation and traveling purposes, those who have initiated the practice of living in a trailer in the towns where they work, and the hunters and fishermen who take what is better than a tent or log-cabin right along with them, trailers become something to get excited about.

Already over 300,000 people are using the craft for their homes. Another half million use them for vacations or seeing the North American continent. By next spring it is estimated that the second figure will take the place of the first, with the second soaring on to a new dizzy height.

Whatever will be the leaping destiny of trailers in numbers, it is not only those who want to save on living expenses and at the same time get around the country who are taking to the life. The sons of riches have discovered the trailer on a *de luxe* basis. There are several trailers running about the landscape now that cost over $20,000. There are more ranging from $6,000 to $15,000. Taking such a type of trailer to Europe with you has become a smart thing in two ways, socially and as a means of independent travel.

A trailer in this class usually is streamlined and has at least three rooms. Some of them are double-deckers, with five rooms, and carry a maid and a chauffeur, usually a couple. Few are over thirty feet in length and seven feet wide. They can accommodate up to eight people. Inside, they are finished off in a combination of luxurious yacht and Pullman drawing room. They have hot and cold running water, lavatory and toilet facilities, a shower, and by generating their own power, electric lighting, heating, refrigeration, and cooking are present. There is telephone communication between the car and the trailer. They are so well appointed that one man who owns one and recently had to put up at a hotel while he had some new gadgets installed, wrote to a friend that he "was roughing it at the Ritz."

The average car can pull them, for a 3,000 pound weight is considered exceptionally high. For men without women, for men while on a trip together, or while vacationing, hunting or fishing, trailers require the least amount of housekeeping so far known to a land habitation. They approximate conditions on shipboard, and the compact galley is the answer to the dream of a male with any cooking proclivities.

There are two companies at present specializing in the luxury type of trailer, but many of the other manufacturers turn them out on order. In this season's automobile shows, half a dozen of the well-known automobile body, car, and truck makers had trailer exhibits, both *de luxe* and for the common tattered purse.

There are around 300 trailer manufacturers in the country now, but most of them are local builders, with only a dozen operating on a factory-line basis and having means of national distribution. One of these, which turns out thirty trailers a day and is a month behind its orders even though it operates twenty-four hours a day seven days a week, is soon to put on the market the equivalent of a trailer Flivver, which will sell for $400 at the dealer's.

This will be a one-room, 12-foot affair sleeping two, and has every reason to be the most popular thing on the road since the Model-T Ford. It will be hard to beat a $400 house that you can take anywhere you want, and have no taxes, no mortgage, and virtually no upkeep.

A custom coach that approaches the *de luxe* trailer is being made for $1,200, but the usual type of trailer, classed between the true luxury coach and the Flivver, is a 15 to 20-foot craft, costing, delivered, from $600 to $900. A dining-nook at the front, with a collapsible table, makes up into two single beds or a double bed. At the rear a day-couch provides a double bed. In the center section, at the sides, there is a gasoline stove and sink, each enclosed when not in use. A suction pump from a twenty-gallon water tank provides running water. There is an icebox, food bins, a clothes closet, bureau drawers, and often a compartment containing a chemical toilet and a fabric tile floor with a drain for shower purposes.

Every inch of space, under the beds, at the bow and stern, and overhead, is used for storage compartments, enclosed in attractive cabinet work. Heat is provided by a miniature coal or wood stove, or by an odorless kerosene stove that has been developed especially for use in trailers. An outside compartment in the rear carries a spare tire in case the trailer wheels are not the same size as those of your car. An open porch is added by putting out an awning from the side of the trailer and setting up a table and chairs under it.

A two-way electric system, one connected with the car, and the other an outside plug for use in a camp where electricity is available, gives light. Brakes, connected with your car brakes, are optional, and not actually necessary unless your state law requires them or you are pioneering in mountainous or very hilly country.

Total weight, loaded, comes to from 1500 to 2,000 pounds, and the weight on the draw-bar of the car-coupling from 150 to 300 pounds. Additional gasoline consumption for pulling a trailer of this type ranges from ten to fifteen per cent. It is possible

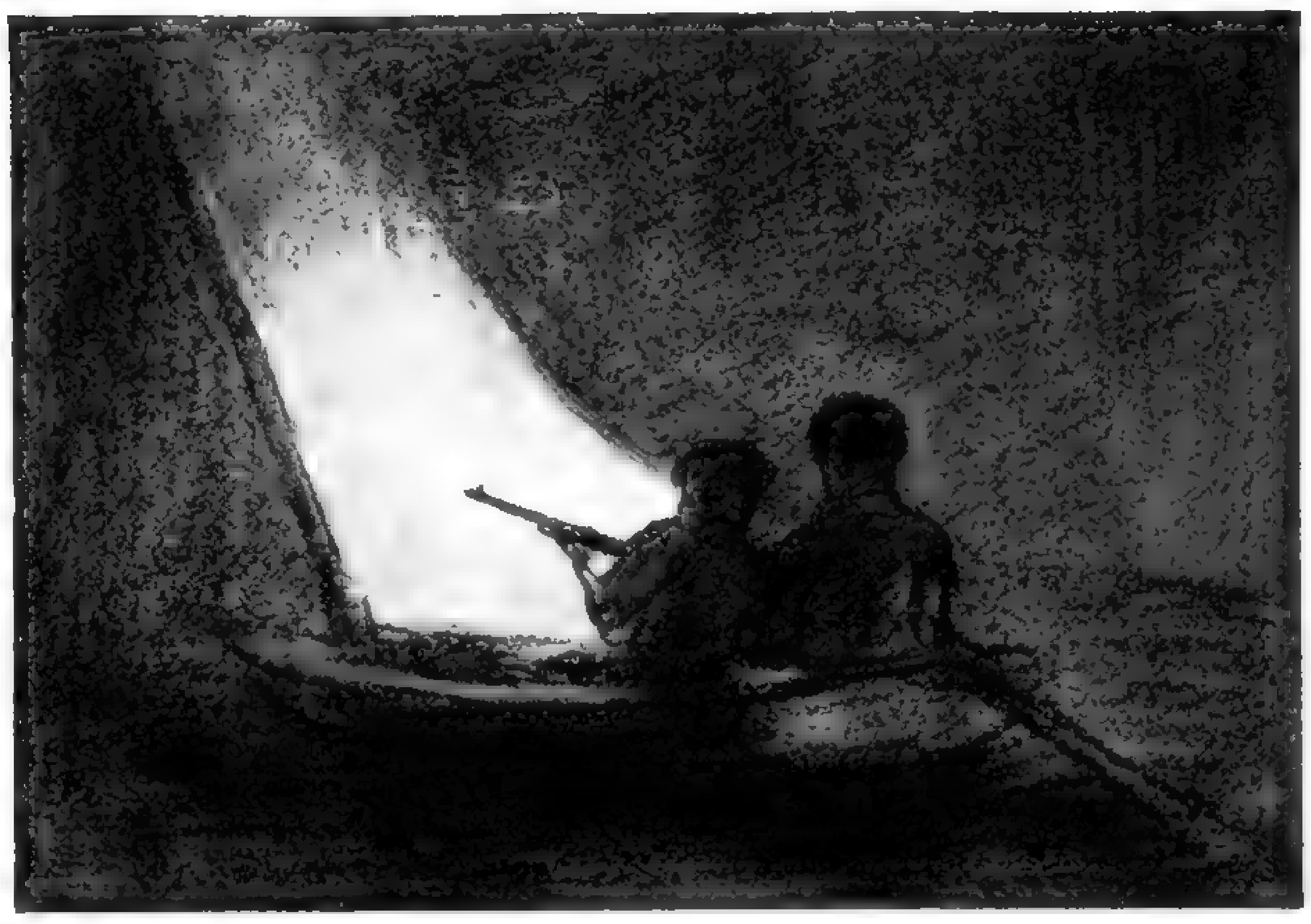
Continued in center of page 112

Thick on the Bay

An incident in the life of two small boys showing with crystal clarity the character of each

by OLIVER LA FARGE

FICTION



The two boys were still young enough to feel that returning home within the accustomed time was an imperative, outweighing any adverse circumstance, and besides, with breakfast six hours behind them, they were hungry. They had had a sandwich apiece at five-thirty, as they sat in the blind, but that was hardly even a stopgap. Clothing which had barely sufficed before dawn now weighed heavily, their hip boots radiated heat inwards, and the smell of the marsh inhabited their nostrils.

As they came through the last high line of bay bushes to a clear view downwards to the beach, they stopped. Tom, the older, said "Golly!"

Chuck shook his tow head. "Thick."

Inland, on the marsh, the fog had been a wide-circling haze, thinned to pale blue at the top, brazen where the sun stood, but allowing a fair view. They had heard the chorus of lighthouses, Beaver Tail's great siren, Dutch Island's bell, the high whine from Gull Island and whoop of Castle Rock, but they had not expected anything as heavy as this, throwing untimely doubt around the permanent fact of homegoing. Colorless, quiet waves came out of smoke which hid everything a few feet offshore. Looking to right and left, they could see for some distance along the beach, but towards the bay there was simply nothing. Dutch Island Light's deep *dong* came to them across a mile of water, a round noise, big, rolling to their feet, melancholy. A gull screamed. The ferry's familiar, busy whistle at Jamestown dock filled their hidden place with loneliness.

The dory lay just before them, central in their circle of vision. She was known, loved, trusted; they went to her as to a companion perhaps wiser than themselves, and stowed their shooting coats under the stern sheets. On them Tom rested the shotgun—Chuck was too young for a shooting license under Rhode Island law—and their bag, two yellow-legs and a plover. They took off their hip boots and socks damp with sweat. Then they sat on the gunwale.

"I've got a compass," Tom said. "I just brought it along."

He disentangled a minute object, its dial about the size of a nickel, from some string and a wad of tissue paper and held it out. Chuck looked at it approvingly. That was forethought, resource, things which appealed to him. He found his older brother talkative and forgetful; it pleased him when Tom lived up to the specifications of his age.

"Do you know the course?" Chuck asked.

"I guess it's about west to the north end of Dutch Island, and it's just about west by north from there to the Big Dock."

"I dunno about the island, I think it's south of west. Besides, how much does this vary?"

"Two points, I tested it," Tom answered promptly, with satisfaction at his own thoroughness.

"I tell you what," Chuck said. "The *Cynthia's* anchored just off the bar. Let's see if we can hear her bell."

"All right."

They sat listening. The number of audible sounds increased; a land bird, the ferry's whistle growing faint in the distance, the chorus of lighthouses, lap of water by their feet, squawk of seabirds, and a motor somewhere behind them, back on Conanicut Island. Tom wet a finger and held it up.

"Southerly breeze," he said, "what there is of it."

They were quiet again.

"Let's smoke," Tom said.

"I don't want to. My tongue's sore now."

Tom knew that his tongue, too, was pinched, but he was the older, he would not admit failure of this pleasure. He took crumbs of grape leaves from a pocket, and made a sort of cigarette with some of the tissue paper. The smoke was biting, but the gesture manly.

"I can't hear her," Chuck said. "Do you think she's moved?"

"Not in this fog. Anyway, we can keep the lighthouse bell on our port." As they rose, Tom could throw away his smoke. "Tell you what, we'll keep west-southwest, then we've got to hit the island, and we can lay another course from there."

"All right."

They stepped the dory's mast, and heaving together, launched her. The water was fresh and delightful about their bare feet, they pushed her further out after she was already well afloat, and climbed in, wet nearly to the knees. Both of them knew that better time could be made, in this light breeze, by rowing, but they considered their vessel a sailing craft; save as an occasional auxiliary, rowing was beneath her dignity. Chuck ran the sail up. Tom put an oar out astern, which would give better steering than the rudder, and enable him to scull if need be. He set the compass on a thwart, and as the sail filled, lifting slightly, trimmed sheet and set the course. He was in command, by virtue of age; the authority was a mere form, but jealously observed, the title of master a prized one.

The little boat ghosted sweetly, with a whisper of water along her strakes. Bubbles overside, a lobster-pot buoy, some eelgrass, showed that they were making progress, otherwise they seemed merely to bob up and down in the middle of nowhere, in a small, white sphere with a luminous place east of the zenith. The fixed, familiar noises, their own creaks and rustlings, the distant horns, became background for intense quiet.

Chuck came aft to where he could watch the compass, approving the needle's steadiness. Tom was conscious of his brother, anxious to prove himself before him, knowing the intensity of thought and observation which never stopped within the tow head, judgments against which his fluency of speech broke helplessly.

Chuck took a trick at the helm. With boredom, the fog became less impressive and they talked; undirected remarks on the weather, the shooting, the day's plans, veering by irrelevant associations to the subject of Christy Mathewson. Chuck produced from his memory an amazing list of big league percentages and standings. Tom took the helm again. In their talk, they left many sentences incomplete. After a long pause, one of them would say something predicated upon continuous evolution of the matter in hand, but both followed perfectly.

A new sound brought them to alertness. High, so that they raised their faces as they listened, a whistle shrilled, chains clanked, and there was a rumble of machinery. Tom luffed, Chuck ran forward. They showed each other, then, not that they had been nervous, but that nervousness was ready in them.

"Steamer," Tom said aloud.

It sounded like a big vessel anchoring, but the noise of the chain was not adequate, and why didn't it run out? Why didn't she blow her horn? He rose to his feet, staring

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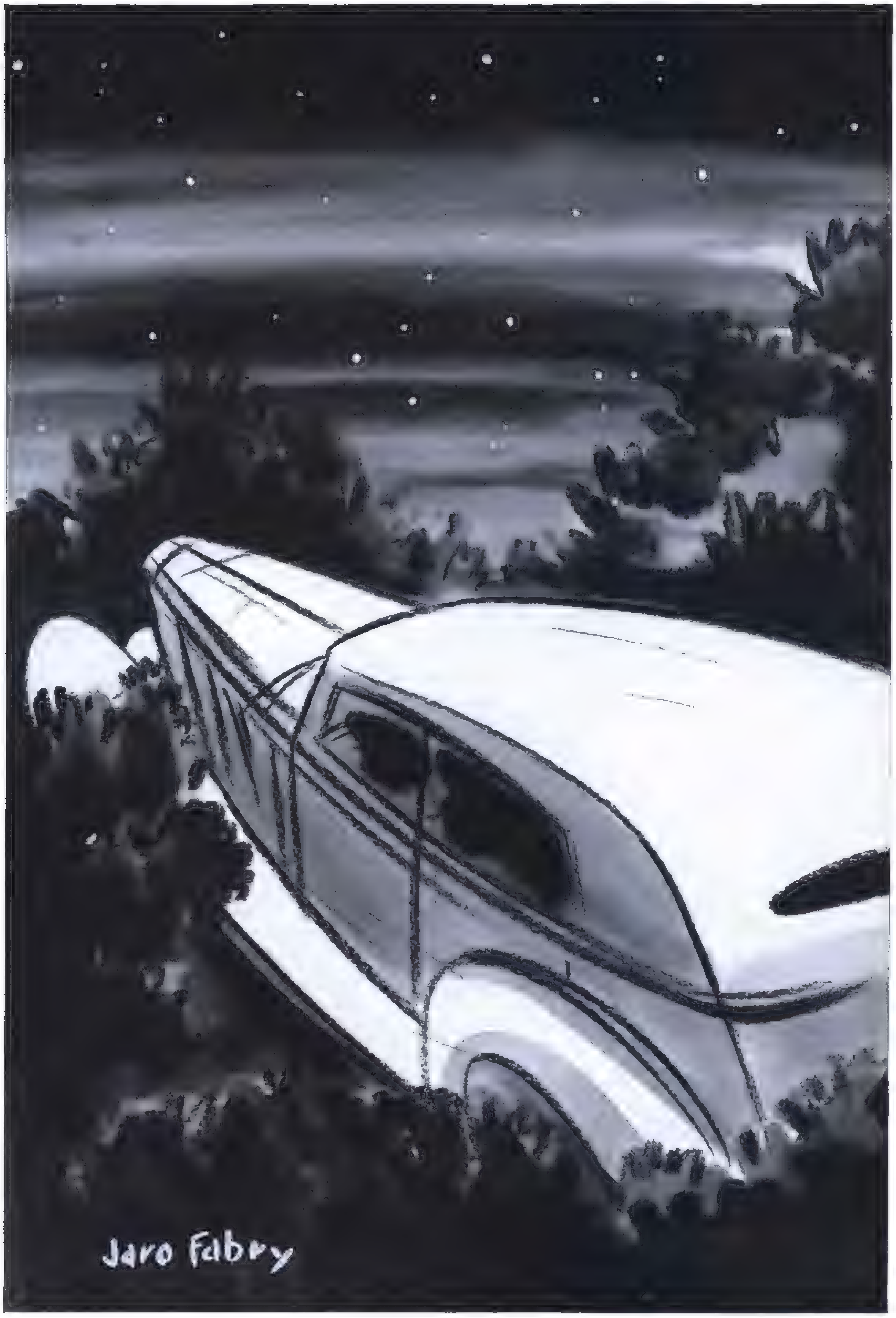

"Now can I wear your fraternity pin?"

A Soldier Goes to Town

There's a scorching flame of hate and frenzy that flares between brother and brother in civil war

by GEORG SCHNUPHASE

▪ARTICLE▪

This is not a war story. It is a revolutionary miscellanea which largely concerns those who are up against such handicaps as uprisings and revolts, revolution and civil war, "those" being the regular "soldateska." The moral of some of these dim reminiscences may come in handy nowadays.

If you, oh modern mercenary, constitute the revolting party, well and good; you're on your own and nothing hampers you. The rules of the game, if one wants to call thus the execution of lawlessness and complete anarchy, are the same. If a "black" government backs you and your army, your path is comparatively easy, but should you, yourself traditionally a rather conservative and reactionary body, back a government of the pink to purple variety, yours is a woeful lot. The politicians will distrust you —and who'll blame them—the upper classes will look down on you for backing the upstarts, the middle class stays at home reservedly to see who comes out on top, and the lower ones, workers and peasants, will hate you with all the fanatical intensity of the underdog. The powers behind the scene, with one eye on their beloved "people," with the other on your efficient help, will give your commanders orders that may as well be condensed into "Do—but don't." They'll keep you on the leash when you want to go, but they will hysterically blame you when the situation gets away on you. Make up your mind that your uniform is loathed, that you are an outcast and about as lonely as a star. With utter conviction that anything you do is wrong, go to it.

Which brings us to the game itself. When trouble's abrewing you'll be called upon to demonstrate first, to display the might of the state. You shave, buckle your belt, load your rifles and march importantly downtown. From now on keep to the middle of the street and tell your men not to look left or right. Smiling only will be answered with contemptuous spittings on the pavement, so don't try it. It hurts your dignity. Leave the band at home or the populace won't take you seriously and think you are out for a picnic. Your entry shall be stern and silent. Only the tramp of hobnailed boots may echo in the streets. Above all make the exit of your procession impressive, put a gun or two at the end or preferably cavalry.

In the heyday of the German revolution my unit had to call to order a small provincial town with a goodish percentage of industrial workers, employed in two large silk factories. These worthies had set up a commonwealth regime of their own in the Russian style with a charwoman as chief justice and the local barber as president. So in we traipsed. The performance looked successful at the start. The natives packed the sidewalks sullenly, but submissive. Not a whistle, the German equivalent for booing, was heard in the crowd. But unfortunately we had brought our train along with us and true to regulations the finale of our parade consisted of a field-kitchen with a fat cook perched on top of it. Quick as lightning a coarse jibe shot out of the masses, rousing a snigger, more sneers ending with a roar of laughter, that made the windows rattle. Needless to say that our demonstration was rendered worthless—thanks to the cook. The same night, while we camped out of town-limits, a dozen shops were looted and the courthouse went up in flames. That again we had to trace to our cook's doing or rather undoing. Next morning we went back with a few ceremonial alterations of our pageant after which the town returned to peace and good will.

After authority is reinstalled, it is well to get the band out and let it play for an hour every day on the market-square. With satisfaction it may be observed that our malcontents, first furtively then trustingly gather around and sway to the swing of the "musik," and on your exodus the local *Review* may end its report with ". . . a good time was had by all."

These are the light cases and the cure is mild. The test of your ability to handle a rebellion is yet to come. Assuming a city or a county gets out of hand, the first thing to do is to disarm the civil-guards, if such a thing exists. Civil-guards, meant to assist the police force, are honorable citizens armed to the teeth with weapons, whose employ is anathema to them. What's more, their knowledge of them is mostly limited to the fact that one pulls a trigger and a bullet comes out of the other end. When the real shamble starts, they have a knack of getting into your way and like as not—bourgeois as they are, afraid of anything that looks aggressive—they'll pour with a wild recklessness a stream of lead into your ranks just as impartially as into those of your adversary. They gaily bagged an armored car of ours once on a lovely May morn. With beginner's luck they got the driver with one burst, which sent the car into a public fountain where it stalled. Shouting with glee the stout pillars of law and order proceeded to make a sieve out of the luckless vehicle. When we pressed them for an explanation they stammered, "We thought—you see—well, it had no flag." So if you insist on keeping your improviso friends, tie a bed-sheet around your waist or carry an open umbrella, but even at that I wouldn't guarantee your safety.

Don't bother about the police force. It probably will not put in an appearance. They are married men, good enough for strikes, but when insurrection roars through the streets, one finds them most likely at home in mufti. Personally in two years of street fighting I have not encountered one solitary policeman, but let's not hold this against them. They have a job on hand and after the soldiery has gone, what a job it is. Tom and Jack or Hans and Fritz have a memory like red Indians for injuries done. Therefore don't grudge the cops their retreat.

The deck should be stripped for action now but for another snag—H. M. the Government. Let me recall a day in 1920, *anno Domini*, in a big capital with a population of one and one-half million. There's hell let loose in it and *vox populi* fiercely demands food, all power to the people, money, loot, freedom for all (the workers), down with the army and a score of ultimatums more, which I can't remember. The scene of a telephone conversation on one end of the line is the barracks, enwrapped in barbed wire, on a slope commanding the city, and on the other the Parliament Building in the center of it, garlanded with beautiful red flags. Uptown sits a worried looking commanding officer, surrounded by his impatient staff, downtown listens the "Kommissar" of the "Highest Laborers' and Soldier Council." He answers the uncommon name of Mueller, is railroad brakeman by profession and his

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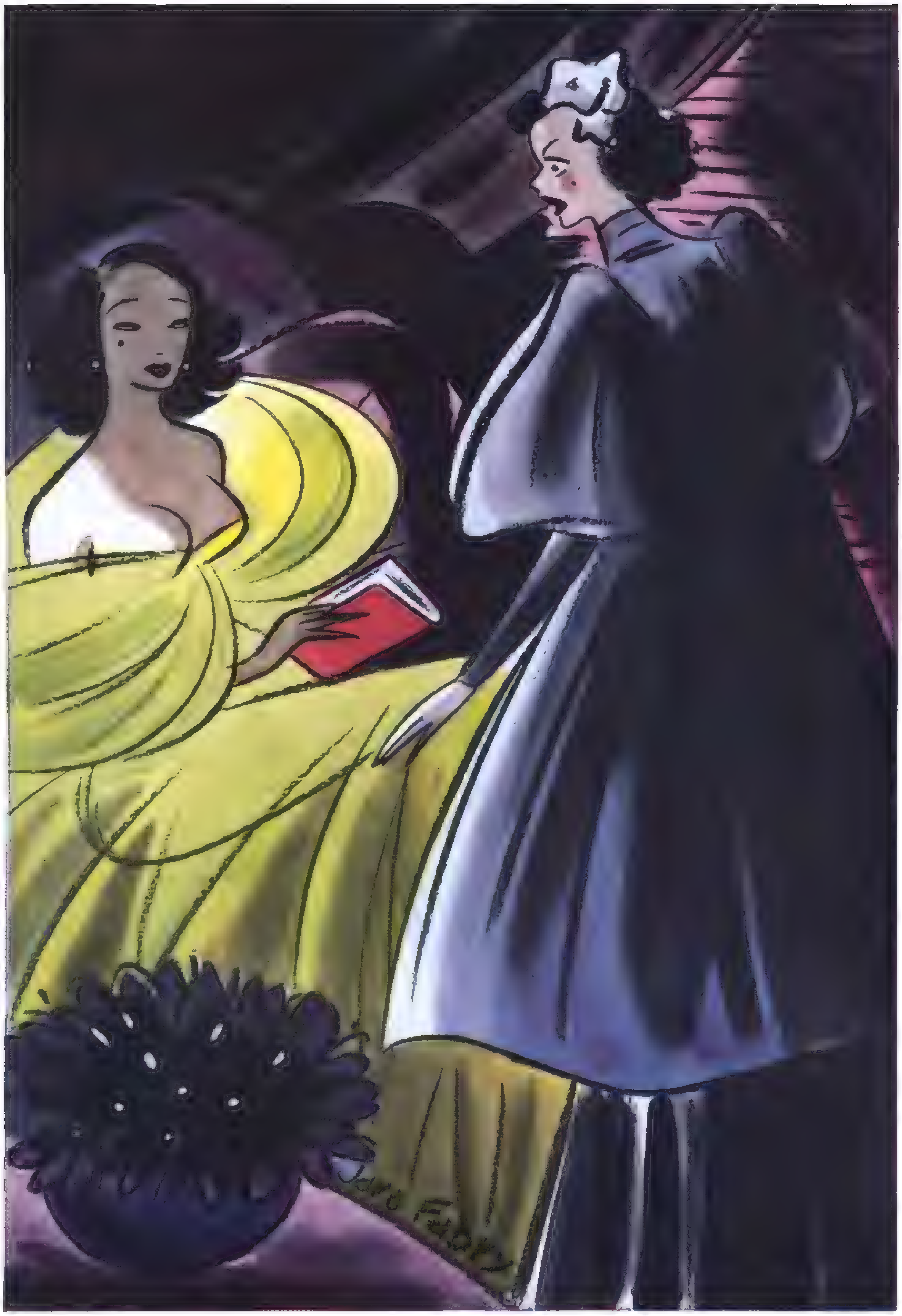
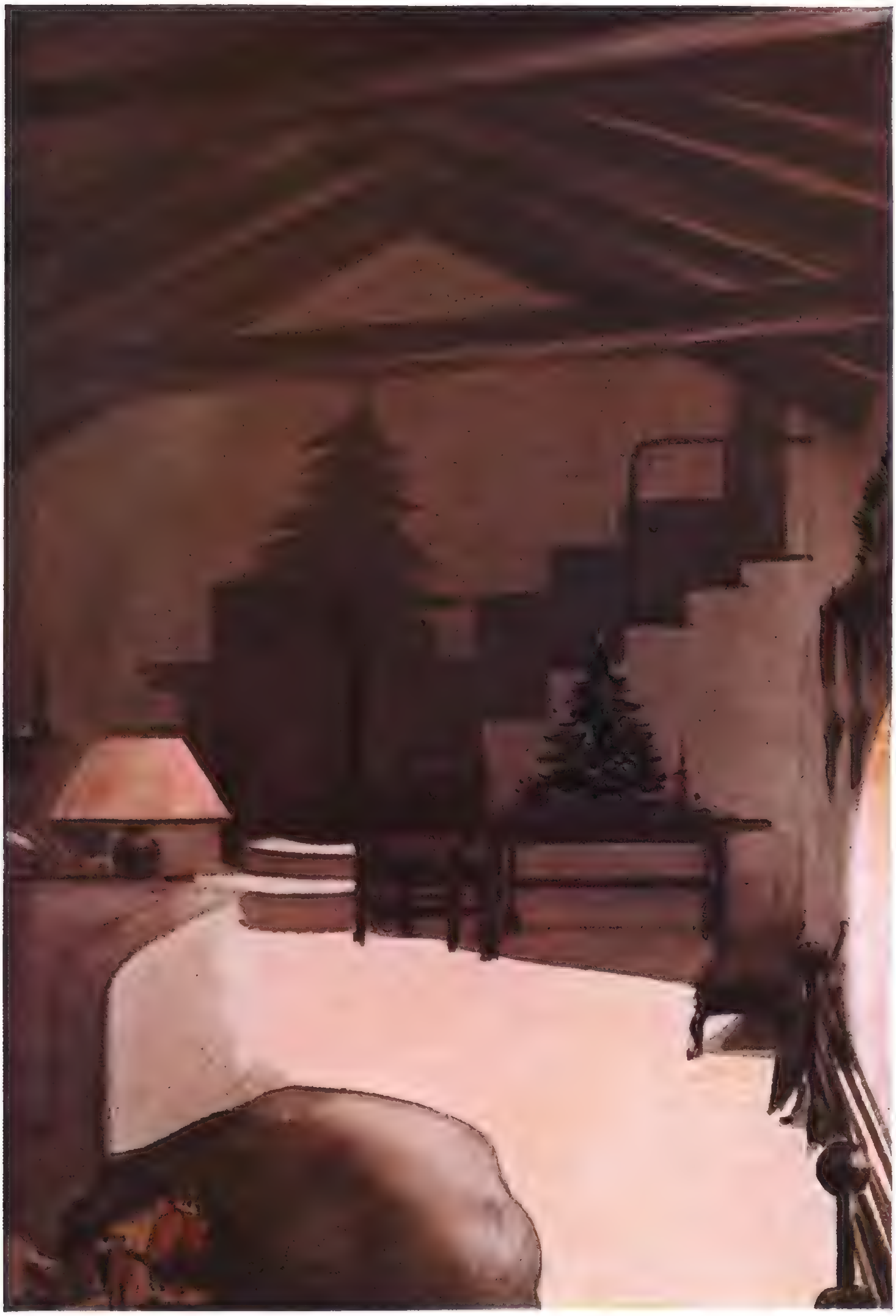


"I was never so insulted in all my life—I'd have gotten out and walked if I hadn't been so tired!"



"My! But your hands are cold, Santa!"

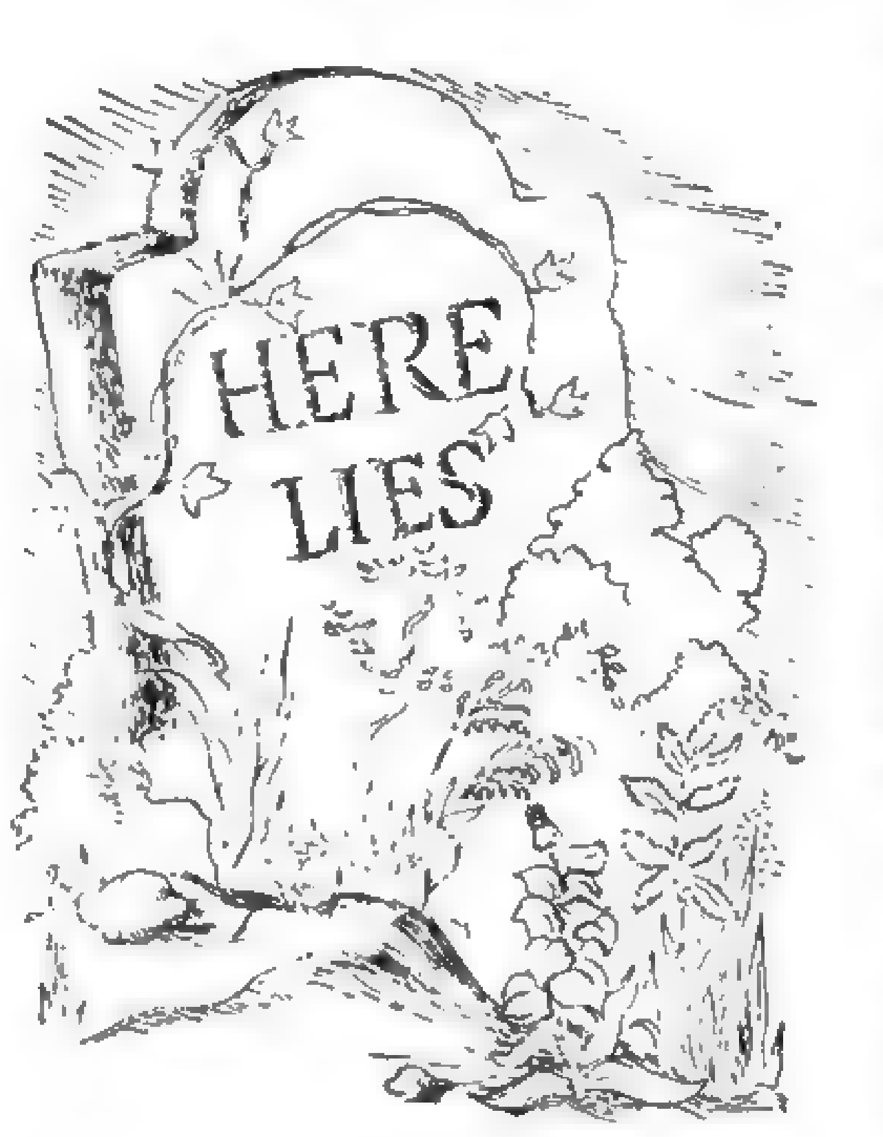
Reno's Unsung Columbus

For bringing prosperity to Reno he was disbarred by his grateful colleagues and died in obscurity

by OSCAR R. MORGAN

• ARTICLE •

RENO is the Nation's Divorce Capital, but in that busy small city—The Biggest Little City in the World, as it proudly boasts—no token of any kind, fountain, monument or stained glass window can be found, honoring the memory of the man who made possible Reno's chief business and its fame, or notoriety. It is even doubtful if an inquirer would find in all of Reno's population of 20,000 a hundred people who could even tell the name of him who laid the cornerstone of the factory which is the unfailing source of Reno's prosperity.



Reno's unsung Columbus was a lawyer who was ground to dust under the code of ethics of his profession. His story has never before been told. He is dead now. His obscure grave is in a city far from Reno. The name on the modest headstone is a name other than his real name. Only two people could have told his story in authentic detail. One would have been William Schnitzer himself, the central character in a somewhat strange drama which finally took on the form of tragedy. The other was the author of this article, in whose newspaper building Schnitzer had his offices from the time he came to Reno, through the days when his Big Plan flowered, up to the very day when he went away, defeated and broken.

A quick look at Reno, before it became an international destination, will give the setting for what followed. In the early days of the century it was a good town of about 5,000 people, the metropolis of a state which sprawled over more than 100,000 square miles of the earth's surface. All of New England covers about 66,000 square miles. Then, as now, a crystal mountain stream, its source in one lake, its mouth in another, ran through the heart of the town, knowing nothing of the day to come when wedding rings would be tossed into it from the Virginia Street bridge after a judge had spoken a few "liberating" words. There were grand mountains in all directions and the valley of the Truckee was rich and productive. It was a sound, peaceful frontier town. Its saloons and gambling halls never closed, but there was little crime. The state university was there, and there were pleasant homes in which dwelt people not much different from those who would be found in any other part of the country.

Not far away was the great Comstock, from which nearly a billion dollars of treasure was taken, treasure which turned plain men into Bonanza Kings, treasure which helped build San Francisco and Newport and threw a cable around the world. Reno, like the rest of Nevada, profited scantily from that treasure flow, but it went contentedly about its business, proud of the fact that it was a good town.

Shortly after the turn of the century came a fateful kick of a burro. The animal floundered to its feet, knocked off a piece of an outcropping ledge. Right there Jim Butler had found the great Mizpah ledge, and a great gold rush was born, the last great gold rush this country has known. This is no place for that story even though it is vivid with romance and riotous with color. Reno profited amazingly from that excitement, which gave hundreds of millions of new gold and silver to the world.

It was at about this time that a thing happened in Reno to which its residents should have given more heed than they did. They were too busy reading of Tonopah and Goldfield and Bullfrog to pay real attention to a small, unassuming woman who slipped into town and began living in a pleasant home on a bank of the Truckee river. She and her maid lived so quietly and unobtrusively that the town hardly knew they were there. Suddenly the story broke wide open. The woman was Mrs. William Corey, wife of the president of the Steel Trust which J. P. Morgan and others had pieced together not long before. Mrs. Corey was in Reno to get a divorce. Her husband, big industrial figure, had become enamored of Mabel Gilman, who had once played in the streets of Oakland, California, but who was at this time a dancer and beauty of international repute. She was the toast of the Paris boulevards. She had become fond of Mr. Corey, unquestionably just for himself and not because of his high position and his possessions. So, Mrs. Corey went to Reno to get a divorce in order that her husband and the Paris dancing beauty might wed.

It was a big story for the nation's newspapers. It held the front pages for quite a time. The headlines which Mr. Hearst and Mr. Pulitzer had smashed at the public during the Spanish War were revived. Then, like all other fine yarns, it lost its savor. Mrs. Corey lived six months in Reno, decently, quietly, received her decree of divorce, and went away as modestly as she had come. She had done her part, and Nevada's divorce laws had helped, but nobody in Nevada had seen the possibilities wrapped in that episode.

About five years later an unknown Jewish lawyer came to Reno, rented a small office in the building I had built for my newspaper, and sat down to wait for clients, while cobwebs of intricate design were spun over his law books and his telephone. The great mining boom had dwindled and though Reno's business men were not facing destitution their minds kept turning to happier days when the chief problem was to get merchandise quickly enough to satisfy those who were lured by tall tales of gold. No vibrant tremor ran through the town when Bill Schnitzer opened his office. There was nothing to indicate what his coming was to mean to Reno.

There were few lawyers in Reno then—now it is claimed there are over a hundred there. Those few lawyers of the old days didn't do much business. There were few civil actions, and crime didn't seem to pay in Nevada. The courts had a habit of handing down sentences that were somewhat discouraging to lawbreakers. Mining litigation, from which fat fees came, originated in the mining camps and specialists in those camps or in San Francisco got that business. There was nothing about Reno to cause a rush of budding or mellowed attorneys.

Bill Schnitzer was a New York attorney. He had practiced law in New York for years before he came west. First he went to Goldfield, probably lured by the fantastic advertisements of Graham Rice, born Herzog, another New Yorker, who had served a term in Sing Sing before he came to Nevada and led the greatest parade of wildcatters this country has ever known. Bill didn't do very well in Goldfield, so when the "picture ore" had petered out and the wildcatters were seeking new lairs he came to Reno. He was a cheerful person and, a fact which helped endear him to me, he always paid his rent promptly, a habit not always true of some very ethical law-

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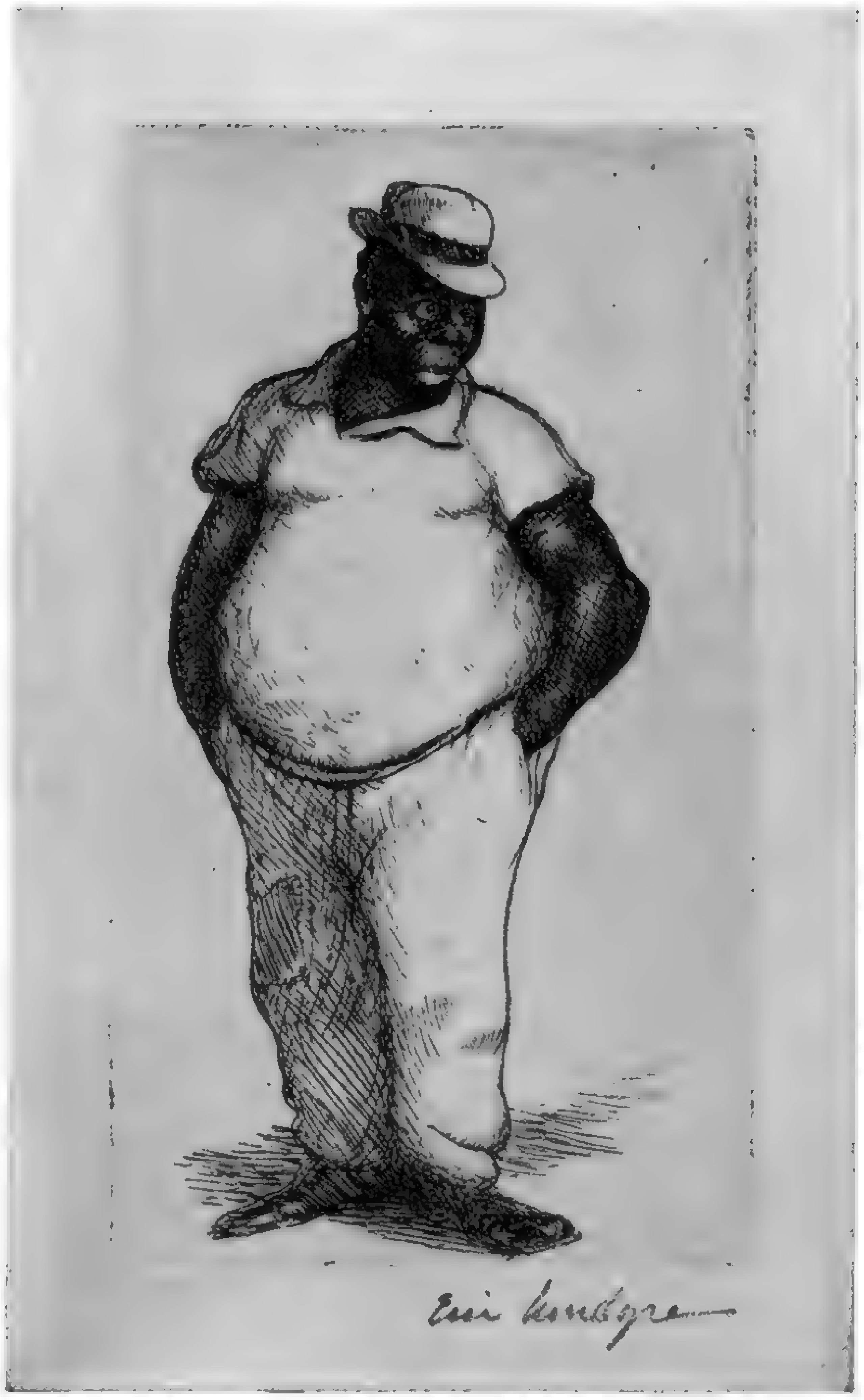
The Night's for Cryin'

Black Boy wasn't afraid of anyone living, but Death Row is a sorrowful place at night

by CHESTER B. HIMES

▪ FICTION ▪



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Black Boy slammed his Tom Collins down on the bar with an irritated bang, turned a slack scowl toward Gigilo.

Gigilo, yellow and fat like a well-fed hog, was saying in a fat, whiskey-thickened voice: "Then she pulled out a knife and cut me 'cross the back. I just looked at 'er. Then she threw 'way the knife and hit me in the mouth with her pocketbook. I still looked at her. Then she raised her foot and stomped my corns. I pushed her down then."

Black Boy said: "Niggah, ef'n yo is talkin' tuh me, Ah ain' liss'nin'." Black Boy didn't like yellow niggers, he didn't want no yellow nigger talking to him now, for he was waiting for Marie, his high yellow heart, to take her to her good-doing job.

Gigilo took another sip of rye, but he didn't say anymore.

Sound bubbled about them, a bubble bursting here in a strident laugh, there in accented profanity. A woman's coarse, heavy voice said: "Cal, Ah wish you'd stop Fo'-Fo' frum drinkin' so much" . . . A man's flat, unmusical drone said: "Ah had uh ruff on 632 and 642 come out." He had repeated the same words a hundred solid times . . . "Aw, she ain' gibin' dat chump nuttin," a young, loud voice clamored for attention . . . A nickel victrola in the rear blared a husky, negroid bellow: "*Anybody heah wanna buy . . .*"

The mirror behind the bar reflected the lingering scowl on Black Boy's face, the blackest blot in the ragged jam of black and yellow faces lining the bar.

Wall lights behind him spilled soft stain on the elite at the tables. Cigarette smoke cut thin blue streamers ceilingward through the muted light, mingled with whiskey fumes and perfume scents and Negro smell. Bodies squirmed, inching riotous-colored dresses up from yellow, shapely legs. Red-lacquered nails gleamed like bright blood drops on the stems of whiskey glasses, and the women's yellow faces looked like powdered masks beneath sleek hair, bruised with red mouths.

Four white people pushed through the front door, split a hurried, half apologetic path through the turn of displeased faces toward the cabaret entrance at the rear. Black Boy's muddy, negroid eyes followed them, slightly resentful.

A stoop-shouldered, consumptive-looking Negro leaned over Black Boy's shoulder and whispered something in his ear.

Black Boy's sudden strangle blew a spray of Tom Collins over the bar. He put the tall glass quickly down, sloshing the remaining liquid over his hand. His red tongue slid twice across his thick, red lips, and his slack, plate-shaped face took on a popeyed expression, as startlingly unreal beneath the white of his precariously perched Panama as an eight ball with suddenly sprouted features. The puffed, bluish scar on his left cheek, memento of a pick-axe duel on a chain gang, seemed to swell into an embossed reproduction of a shell explosion, ridges pronging off from it in spokes.

He slid back from his stool, his elbow digging into a powdered, brownskin back to his right, caught on his feet with a flat-footed clump. Standing, his body was big, his six foot height losing impressiveness in slanting shoulders and long arms like an ape's.

He paused for a moment, undecided, a unique specimen of sartorial splendor—white Panama stuck on the back of his shiny shaved skull, yellow silk polo shirt dirtied slightly by the black of his bulging muscles, draped trousers of a brilliant pea green, tight waisted and slack hanging above size eleven shoes of freshly shined tan.

The woman with the back turned a ruffled countenance, spat a stream of lurid profanity at him through twisted red lips. But he wedged through the jam toward the door, away from her, smashed out of the Log Cabin bar into a crowd of idling avenue pimps.

The traffic lights at the corner turned from green to red. Four shiny, new automobiles full of laughing black folks, purred casually through the red. A passing brownskin answered to the call of "Babe," paused before her "nigger" in saddle-backed stance, arms akimbo, tight dress tightened on the curve of her hips.

Black Boy's popped eyes filled with yellow specks, slithered across the front of the weather-stained Majestic Hotel across the street, lingering a searching instant on every woman whose face was light. Around the corner, down on Central Avenue, he caught a fleeting glimpse of a yellow gal climbing into a green sedan, then a streetcar clanged across his vision.

He pulled in his red lips, wet them with his tongue. Then he broke into a shuffling, flat-footed run—through the squawk of a horn, across suddenly squealing brakes, never looked around. A taxi-driver's curse lashed him across the street. His teeth bared slightly, but the bloated unreality of his face never changed.

He turned right in front of the Majestic, roughed over a brown dandy with two painted crones, drew up at the corner, panting. The green sedan burnt rubber, pulled right through the red light in a whining, driving first.

But too late to keep Black Boy from catching a flash of the pretty, frightened face of Marie and the nervous profile of the driver bent low over the wheel. A yellow nigger. He turned and watched the red taillight sink into the distant darkness, his body twisting on flatly planted feet. His lower lip went slack, hung down like a red smear on his black face. His bulging eyes turned a vein-laced red. Sweat popped out on his face, putting a sheen on its lumpy blackness, grew in beads on his shiny head, trickled in streams down his body.

He turned and ran for a cab, but his actions were dogged now instead of appre-

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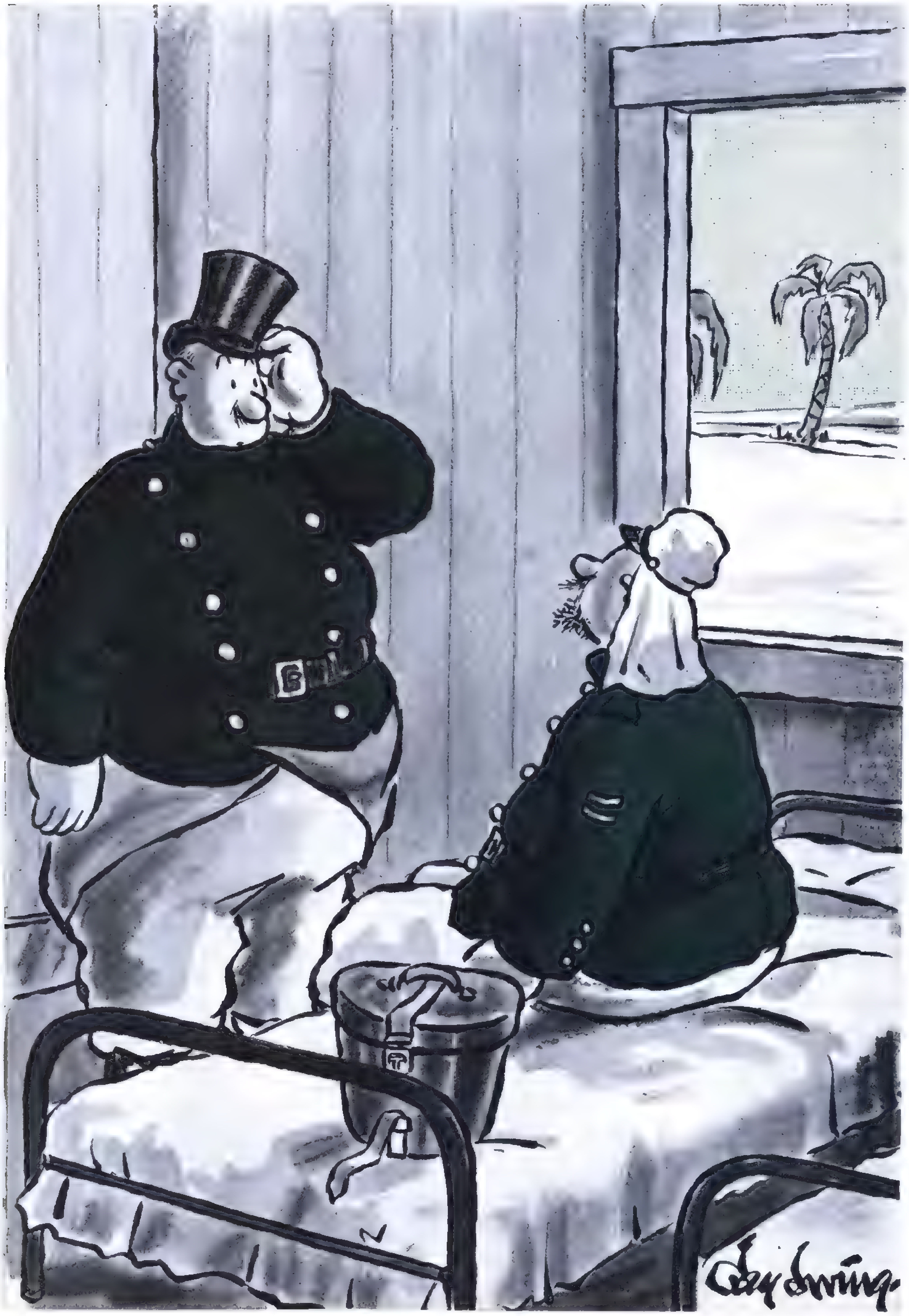


"I figger, yuh never can tell when it might come in handy . . ."

The Skyline of Humanity

The problems of human difference cannot be solved by comparing sizes of feet or even of heads

by JOSEPH JASTROW

■ ARTICLE ■

How and how much do we differ—man and man—especially in respect to qualities that count most for the civilized life? What, if we could project it, would be the appearance of the skyline of humanity? How does science go about answering this engaging question?

To begin with an actual horizon, in lower New York City, the skyline is formed by clusters of high office buildings, a few towering skyscrapers and, scattered among them, low warehouses and markets. In the upper city the usual skyline is one of fairly uniform residences broken here and there by a tall apartment house. Would a skyline for the inhabitants of these buildings, plotted according to their intelligence and other mental qualities, resemble more the sharp contrast of the first, or the moderate up-and-down of the second contour? Is one man about as good as another? Or are worst and best vast magnitudes apart?

Politically, "all men are created free and equal"; biologically, men are created unequal. The endowment-skyline of humanity, if my psychological survey is correct, proves to be one of even more striking contrasts than that of skyscrapers and sheds and all between. Men became civilized because there were better minds to make improvements in living and to solve problems. By these the great masses of ordinary minds could benefit. For the greatest of all man's endowments is his ability to transmit his experience: that there has been something worthy to hand on, is the contribution of an exceedingly small minority of exceptional minds.

The late James Harvey Robinson expressed a similar opinion: "The mere upkeep of our present complicated culture must depend upon a very trifling percentage of the population." He adds that if a few thousand carefully selected infants were strangled, industry, arts and letters would cease. A saving remnant maintains civilization; the others are on dole.

In some respects we differ slightly, in others vastly, in mind-height much more than in body-height. A car full of straphangers can all reach the loops, though with arms at different angles. A man 10 per cent taller is already conspicuously tall, one 10 per cent shorter decidedly undersized; a variation of 20 per cent from the average makes a giant or a dwarf. But if there were not in New York scores or hundreds or thousands of men who had twice or three times or ten times or a hundred times my musical ability (which is negligible), or my mathematical ability (which is fair), or my mechanical or aesthetic ability (which my friends consider far above the average), or my financial or literary or scientific ability (on which I shall remain discreetly silent), the business of New York could not go on for a day. The numerical factor in these comparisons means no more than to suggest an extensive range of difference. I cannot test just *how* skillful or ingenious or resourceful a man would be who had "twice" my mechanical rating; I recognize only that very many exceed my powers many-fold. I have handled tools sufficiently to appreciate the amazing skill, utterly beyond me, that goes into the work of a precision mechanic. I carry over the same impression in every highly specialized human activity. Great are the differences of man and man.

While most of my fellow-psychologists would agree, some view the matter otherwise, and one has challenged the conclusion outright. Dr. David Wechsler has collected bodily measurements, rates of physiological processes, records of performances, of mental tests and work tests, and finds that in most of these respects the biggest, fastest, best, is not much more than twice the worst. Hence he concludes that the differences between men are "surprisingly small"; that we tend to "exaggerate and over-emphasize" them, and are wrong in assuming a superior minority "alone capable of ruling over and thinking for the group."

All this is going fast and far: this judging of men's constructive, intellectual, aesthetic, moral and generally civilizing capacities by the range of sizes in a shopkeeper's stock of suits, shoes, gloves, collars and hats. The argument fails to see the problem in its natural history; nature's part in making the skyline is the important matter.

Variability enters into the evolutionary design for living. Nature made men very unlike for good and sufficient reasons, and was a long time about it. The correct perspective derives from *Zoology*. Simple, lowly organisms are rigidly stereotyped. One amoeba, starfish, mosquito, tadpole, is in appearance and behavior closely like another; goldfish vary slightly more, birds far more; horses, dogs indefinitely more; and our household pets come to be individuals. *The scale of variability parallels the zoological rank.* Being so highly complex an organism, man is exceedingly variable—the most unpredictable in his capacities of any creature in the ark, with all the spread from moron to genius, from duffer to expert, from criminal to philanthropist.

That variability is a high-grade asset; associated with it is the equally precious flexibility of the human organism—the marvelous plasticity that enables man to adjust to all sorts of environments and live a life as contrasted as that of a native Tahitian and a cultivated New Yorker. Ways of living are creations of the human brain—nature's supreme masterpiece. Differences in brain efficiency have created the stages of civilization.

Men differ as total specimens of humanity. They differ also in the structures that compose the body. One man's body differs little from another's in vital functions. The variations may be so slight as to give rise to constants: such as the normal body temperature of 98.6°, the normal concentration of the blood, the normal number of bones in the skeleton. These basic factors nature standardizes; but the more complex functions are more variable. Circulation, respiration, digestion and metabolism generally, follow a common pattern but with considerable latitude; and particularly the balance of the glands. Recent investigation goes to show that significant differences between Tom, Dick and Harry may be referred to the personal equation of those mysterious organs, the glands. In

Continued in center of page 122

CONSTANCE BENNETT
Hurrell Photograph

BREWSTER TWINS
Barbara and Gloria
Hurrell Photograph
COSTUMES BY I. MAGNIN & CO., CALIFORNIA

ANITA LOUISE
Hurrell Photograph

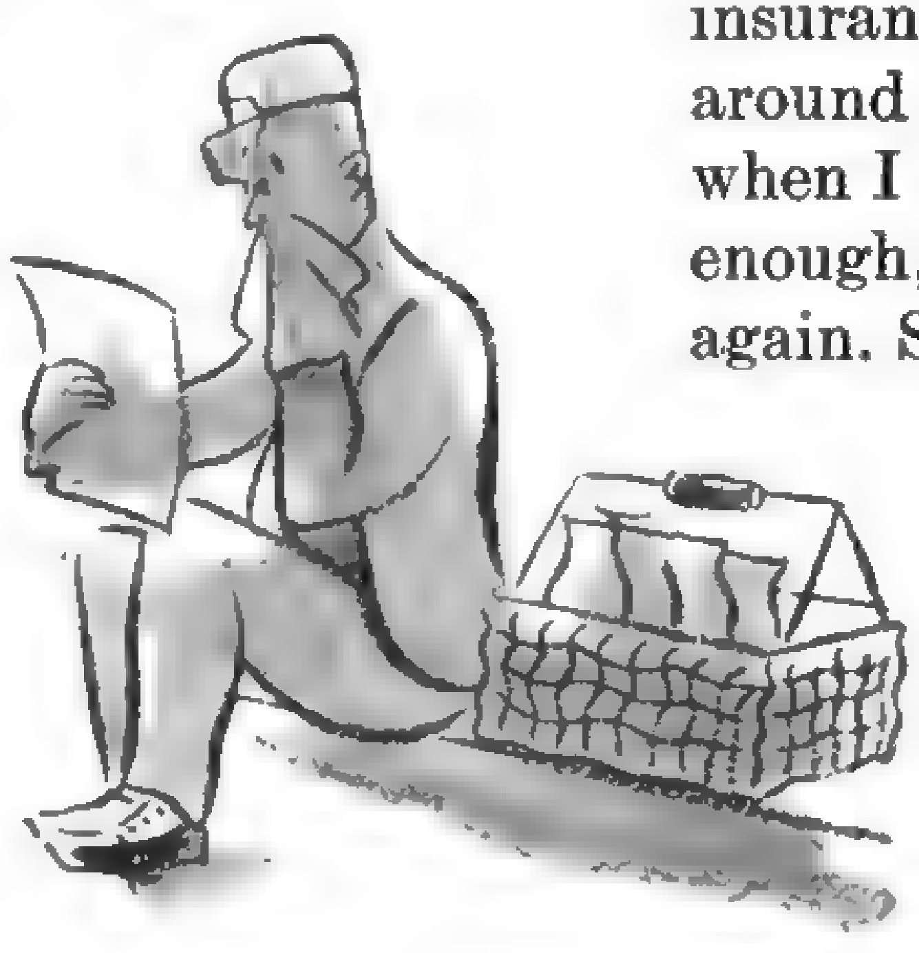
MADELINE CARROLL
Hurrell Photograph

Note to the Milkman

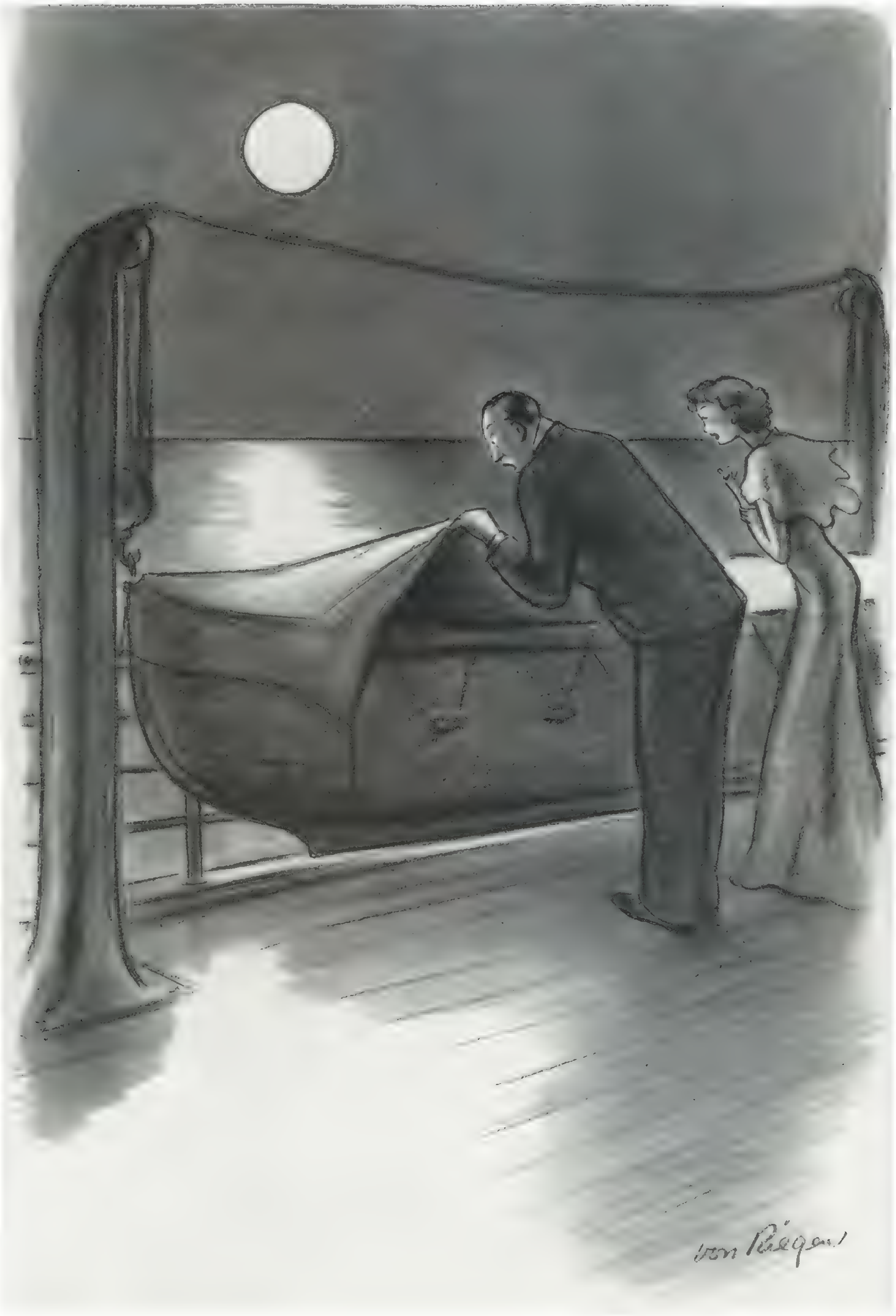
In direct contrast to his usual rôle, the Milkman is called upon to play Cupid

by SAMUEL GRAFTON

▪ SATIRE ▪



PLEASE do not leave any milk or cream this morning. I think maybe I ought to explain why, because I need your advice about something. You might think it is funny, but I am not going to stay home for breakfast in the morning, and I don't think my wife is going to want any, either, because we had an awful fight tonight. We went to this party for our first anniversary which the Henkers gave for us (he was our best man and she was the matron of honor) and that's where we had the fight. We just got in the door and everybody was saying congratulations, congratulations (we didn't come until late because we thought it would be nicer if we left all the guests come first since it was a party for us) when the first man I saw was this fellow she used to go for before she met me. There is no necessity for mentioning any names. Well, in about ten minutes I look around and Mildred, she's my wife, she's gone and this fellow is gone, too. That's how it started. Some of the folks are dancing and a girl comes up to me and says where's your wife, I bet you're worried, ha, ha. I said like fun I'm worried. (I'm getting to the part where I need your advice about some milk and cream I might want, but I can't come to it until I get up to it.) So in about a half an hour Mildred, that's the wife, she shows up from the verandah and a little later this guy comes in too. So I go up to her and I says what's the matter been having a private party? She says what's the matter with you? So I say it's damn funny that's all, and she says it's damn funny you bet when a wife has to account for every minute of her time, you know Ted (all right, that's his name) is an old friend and our friendship has a special meaning on a night like this, and she says you ought to be sorry for Ted on a night like this, you know what I mean to him. He feels sad, she says, because he keeps thinking it's a whole year now that someone else has had me for his own and I've been giving him some good advice about meeting a nice girl and getting married and settling down. (I'm coming to the milk and cream business.) So I let it go. Then about a half an hour later I'm dancing with Mrs. Henker and she says come in the kitchen I want to show you the beer we got for the party, you're the beer expert, Harry (that's me). But I suspect something is funny, because Mrs. Henker, she thinks she's smart, she's always getting people to do things what she calls tactfully, and she's got the same look on her face like when she used to tell her husband, come on, let's go out and take a walk, when she wanted to leave me and Mildred (that's my wife) alone in her parlor when I was on the make. Mildred was her girl friend, that's how I met her, I sold her husband some insurance one night and she said come around for dinner, and there was Mildred when I come around. So I look around. Sure enough, Mildred and this guy Ted is gone again. So I say I'm sure the beer's all right, thanks, it's already bought, ain't it, there's nothing we can do about it now. So she says, oh, come on, I want you to see is it cold enough. I say it's cold enough for me. But she drags me in the kitchen anyway and she closes the door and she says Harry, tonight's a happy night for you, isn't it. I say oh sure. Happy, upside down, I think. It's a good night, isn't it, she asks me. Sure, I say. It's a night to be big, she says and she looks at me with her eyes important like she means something terrific and she says it's a night to be forgiving no matter what happens, no—matter—what—happens, long drawn out, like. Mildred loves you, she says, but a girl always gives up something when she gets married, even to a wonderful husband. You have to be big and understand things, she says. I understand everything, I tell her. I understand some things only too good, I tell her. I leave her there and when I get back to the party, there's Mildred coming down the steps and I wait and a little while later there's Ted coming down the steps. Mrs. Henker, who has been hanging around me, says remember what I told you, be big. (I'm getting close to this business about the milk.) So in a minute, before I know what to do, Ted goes out on the verandah. I duck out after him. He's sitting on the settee. I sit down beside him. He says good evening. I say good evening. In a minute Mildred, that's my wife, comes out the side door, she ain't seen me go out. She jumps when she sees me, but she comes over. Hello, I say. I thought since this was my anniversary you two was celebrating I ought to join your little party. Or was it too private, I say. The idea, says Mildred. I don't know what you're talking about. Maybe I ought to try to sell Ted some insurance, I say. Maybe I ought to give him his choice, some insurance or a bat in the eye, I say. You're being very offensive, says Mildred, my wife. Take me home, Ted, she says. And the two of them go down to Ted's car and away they go with me sitting there, getting madder and madder as you can well believe. Well, I took a trolley home, leaving the party flat and I got home, and there was nobody there. After about a half an hour the car stops outside and Mildred gets out and comes in the house. That's when we got into our fight. She said I had a dirty mind and I said she had a dirty boy friend and she went to her room and locked the door and won't talk to me. So I been sitting here and remembered I got to put a note because I won't stay for breakfast and we won't need no milk. (I always put a little milk in the coffee as well as cream when I make our breakfast in the morning.) But when I start to write this note I begin to think of Mildred alone in her room, maybe crying. You're a married man, I guess, so you know. So I begin to figure maybe I made a mistake. I know how it's going to be in the morning. She won't look at me and she won't talk to me and I'll go out without any heart in me for the insurance business, which you can't do unless your morale is okay. So an idea comes to me, which is where you come in. I got to do something to break the ice in the morning. So how would it be, I figure, if you left, say, twenty-five quarts of milk and ten bottles of cream on the doorstep? You get what I mean? She'll come down, quiet and sore, and she'll see all those bottles, and she'll say what the hell, and I'll say what the hell, that milkman must be crazy, and she'll say we better do something about it, and that way we'll start to talk and we'll get good at each other again. You get what I mean? But I didn't want to write on a note leave twenty-five quarts of milk and ten pints of cream because you might think some kids in the neighborhood wrote the note for a gag, like that time they got you to leave a extra quart of milk. So I thought I had better explain all about it. Well, what do you think of the idea? Of course I don't want to pay for it, I just want to hire it, like, see? If you think you ought to get a buck for your trouble, why that will be all right with me. What do you think? If there's some hitch and you want to talk it over with me, you rap on the rear window of the second floor with some pebbles, because I will be sleeping there tonight in the spare room and I will hear you all right. Do you think it will work, or what? ⧺



"Oop! We beg your pardon!"

Cargoes of Wild Women

With one male passenger to every ten women, it's no secret that the vacation cruise is a floating harem

by BOB BRUCE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Back at the desk after two weeks in the arms of America's prettiest girls, it becomes glaringly apparent that year after year Uncle Sam's boys are passing up a beckoning opportunity to become the temporary lords of America's floating harems.

Six years ago when the passenger list was tucked under my door on a steamship bent on coastwise cruising the ratio of female guests was seven to one. It seemed that such a condition could not last for long. If a man so much as stuck his head out of his stateroom door, he was pounced upon by an eager bevy of young women on the hunt; while late at night he was never safe on the promenade. He did not have to more than step to the rail before some lone wolf had singled him out and was stalking.

That was half a dozen summers ago. As the boat rolled along through the blue waters outside of Bermuda I was convinced that this cruise with its superabundance of feminine attractions was the exception.

"Say not so, kind friend," a wiser traveler than myself advised. "It's this way every year."

Six cruises later your correspondent can testify that summer on the Atlantic and the Great Lakes sees boat after boat leave the dock, crowded to the gunnels with sex hungry stenographers, secretaries and school teachers, with only a corporal's guard of the male gender expected to do double and triple duty when the moon sends its silver searchlight across the waves and the rum cocktails begin to pep up the pulses.

Cruise directors bemoan the condition; travel agents whisper the fact to men prospects and steamship representatives talk about it freely, still season after season the boys who crab about the dearth of hot mammas in their own bailiwick muff the chance to become the cock of the walk for prices ranging as low as $49.50.

The dowdiest gawk from the sticks is endowed with a magic charm once he dons white flannels and starts to stroll the decks on a pleasure cruise. One fat old fossil who would be spurned by the doddering lodge sisters in Podunk, put Clark Gable to shame this summer while college women who would never have noticed him on land hung on his every word.

"If an African gorilla put on trousers and walked around these decks, he'd get a break," one disappointed damsel remarked as she noticed a bevy of her sisters surround a fuzz-cheeked youth whose dead pan indicated his head would blow off if more than one idea at a time ever filtered into the vacuum recesses of his skull.

Now I'm just an ordinary guy and about the best thing you can say about me is that I don't have halitosis, although I do know enough not to leave my spoon standing like a lonely sentinel in the coffee cup. Here where I'm chained to a desk no one ever bothers to look twice—but on these cruises, it's a different story. Don Juan couldn't do better. In the warm waters of the Gulf Stream they've become hypnotized by my vapid drivel; through the soupy fogs off Halifax they've leaned on me for protection; while on the choppy waters of Lake Michigan, the cornfed gals from the Bible Belt begged to return east with me in preference to staying to see the World's Fair!

"Don't kid yourself for a split-second," one embittered damsel barked when I turned down an invitation to absorb a flock of cocktails in her stateroom, "you're not as popular as you think you are. It's just because of the shortage of trousers on this boat. On dry land you couldn't make the chambermaid in a third rate hotel."

But we might add in passing that this same blonde had her sitting changed to coincide with mine and finally argued me into a little deck chair necking one night when I was too weak to refuse.

Please don't get me wrong. I realize it isn't me. These sex mad dames have been needled with cruise literature to the point where they expect the captain will hang out the moon at high noon and Romance will come galloping off the poop deck to make them swoon in his arms When they discover there is about one man to every ten women something happens to their sense of fair play.

That cruise ships should go out year after year listing to the leeward with the weight of the feminine cargo may be partially due to the small corps of men who take the cruises deciding to keep the whole thing a secret. They may figure that by being taciturn they can keep whole shiploads of women to themselves. On the other hand, it is barely possible if they told the truth their land loving brothers might threaten to page Baron Munchausen, so incredible would their mildest tale seem to those unfamiliar with the wiles of women on cruise ships.

Simply as a matter of record we have filed for reference the passenger lists on our six cruises. On long winter nights when the wind howls down from Canada and the telephone fails to aid in promoting a date, a certain synthetic satisfaction can be derived from a fond perusal of names which momentarily meant much. Starting on the old Belgenland and later on the French, English and American lines, winding up with the Georgic this past summer, we have catalogued the cow-eyed lonesome maidens who grace the deck chairs only when they are unable to crowd below deck into staterooms where highballs are being concocted.

Ever since that Philadelphia red head kicked a magazine out of my hands on the Belgenland and gave me to know there were better things to do on shipboard than showing everybody I knew how to read, the list has been growing. There, my hearties, was a slender wisp of woman whose blue eyes saucered up at me from the depths of a wind-blown bob! The magazine went into the air and my heart went into a tailspin. It was a sad story she told me. Her problem was escape from the heartless internes who chased her up and down the long corridors of a hospital in the City of Brotherly Love. She decided she had been chased long enough and would do a little chasing herself for a change. We did what we could to make her forget those horrid internes.

But cruising has its complications. A St. Louis bundle of vitality whose ears flap shut when I say "No," insists on flying from her western home to pay me a visit at the most inopportune times. Picture my chagrin when two boon companions from the midwest tore out their respective blonde and brunette locks in a battle over which one would take me to the costume ball. These young ladies,

Continued in center of page 128

Happy Birthday to You

It was Paulie's birthday, but the radio party was only make-believe and there was no cake

by JACK CONROY

FICTION

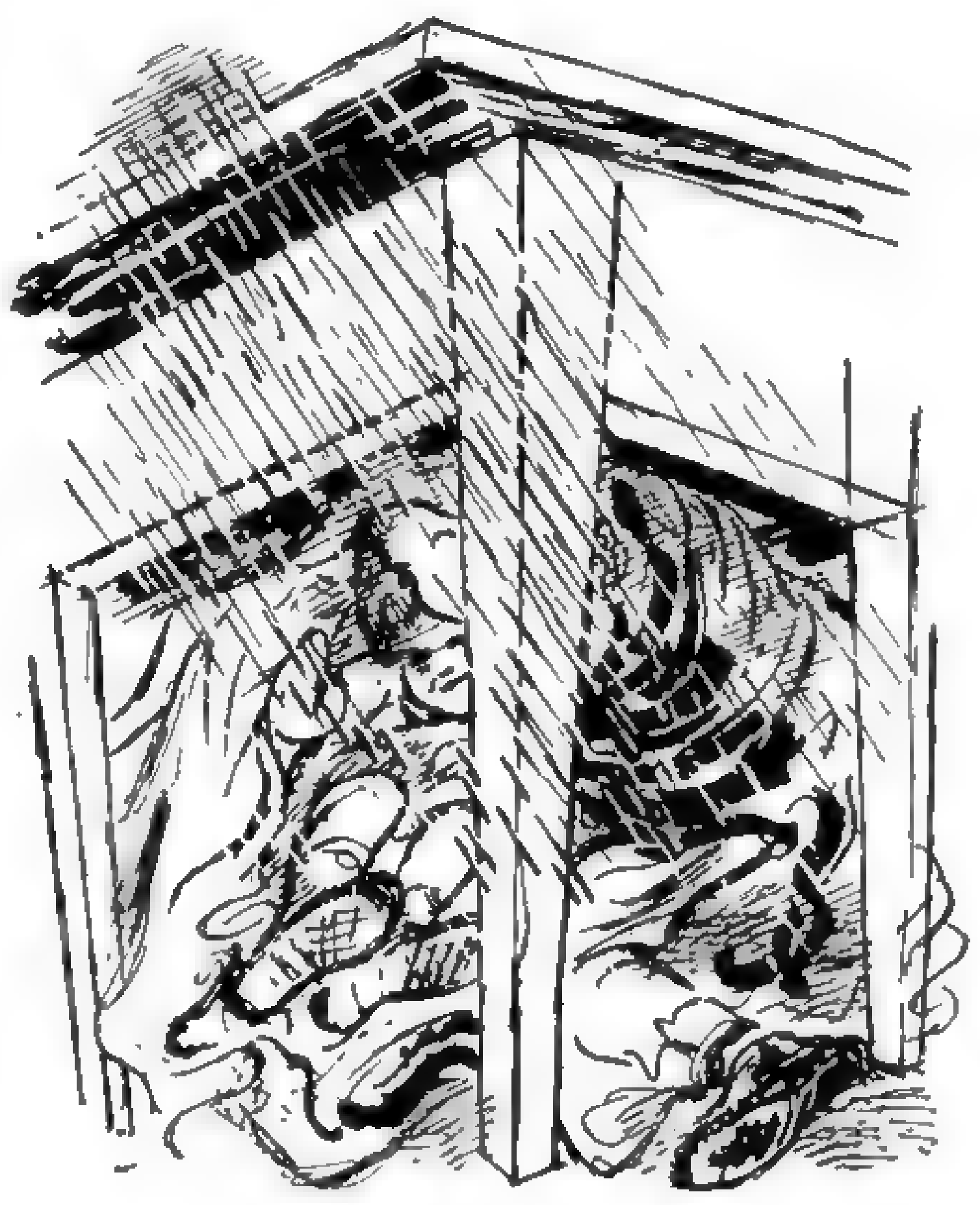
The rain, which had begun earlier in the morning as a slow drizzle, was pelting down on the heap of furniture piled on the sidewalk. Spring comes late to Detroit, and even in late April the rains are still chilly. But the three children, bewildered and somewhat disturbed though they were, giggled excitedly under the shelter of a kitchen table. Curious passersby paused to eye the household goods and the children, and to each one Dotty called out:

"It's Paulie's birthday! He's four today! Don't you want to give him four licks, and one for good luck, and one to grow on?"

Then Paulie would dive coyly into a heap of blankets, his muffled voice emerging: "You can't find me!"

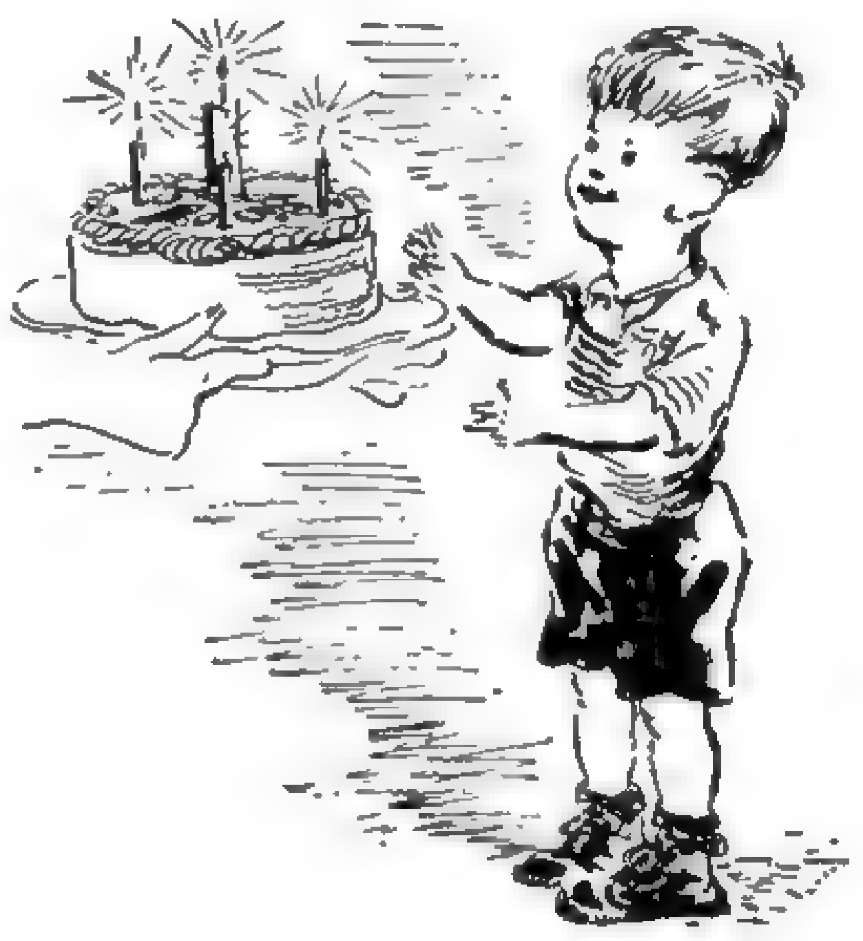
The rain pelted harder, rivulets nosing under the table to wet the blankets. The children arose and stood crouched almost double, rubbing their wet buttocks, their heads bumping against the bottom of the table top.

Each passerby was going his own way, intent upon an errand of his own. Those who wondered what the children were doing there on the sidewalk in front of an empty house reflected that the parents must be near, probably phoning for a moving van, and the less one bothers with the affairs of others, the better. Evictions were common in this neighborhood, and the police were beginning to get tough with neighbors and friends who ganged up to resist them. The rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers displayed pictures of patrolmen and plain clothes men practicing with a new and improved tear gas gun. The less you mix up with the law, the happier, healthier, wealthier, and wiser you'll be. You'll live longer and have more if you bother your head only about your own troubles, and let everybody else do the same.



Dotty, Benny and Paulie had been surprised when they came back from the corner drug store, where they had been hanging around all morning to hear Paulie's birthday party on the radio. They had not gone out once in the rain during the morning. Had they done so, they might have seen the constable and his deputies carrying out the furniture.

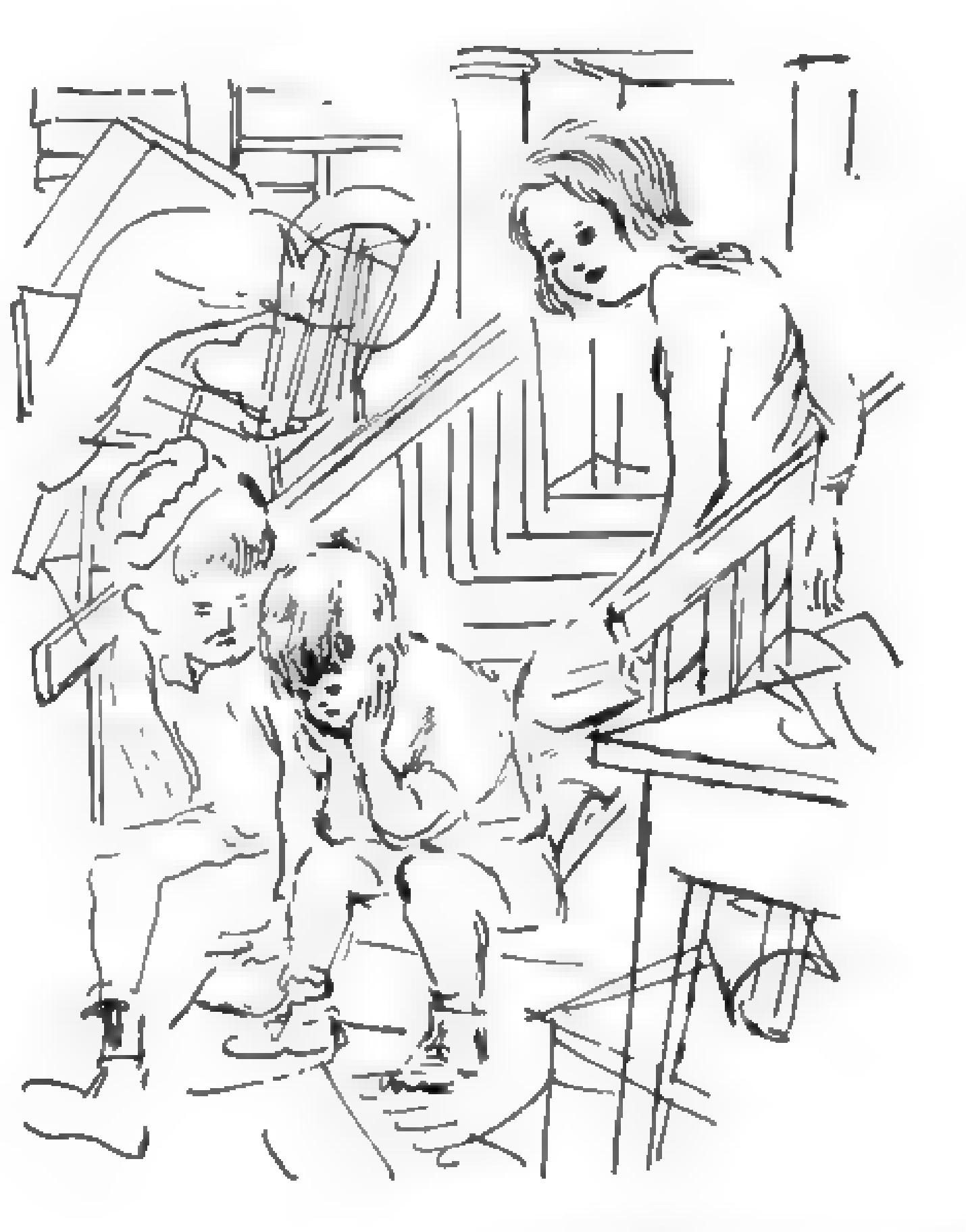
The drug store man, anxious to be rid of them, had at last looked in the paper and discovered that the Birthday Party program came on at twelve noon now, instead of eight o'clock. There was no use hanging around from ten till twelve, so they ran back home. What they saw amazed them. Furniture piled on the sidewalk, and the door locked when they tried it. It seemed like an April Fool joke, but it was long past the first of April. They didn't know what to do. Papa wouldn't be home from the paving job until six at least. He didn't get off till five, and it took him at least an hour to walk home. He walked every step of the way, coming and going, for men on relief jobs can't afford streetcar fare. They got in only four or five days a month.



The way Dotty and Benny figured it out was that somebody had slipped in the house and carried out all the furniture while they were at the drug store. In fact, they were sure of that, but they didn't know why. They had been looking forward to Paulie's birthday party for a long time. The relief lady had sent his name in.

Dotty and Benny had paddled Paulie a couple of times apiece. They were getting a little cold now, and it helped out to be doing something. It made Paulie warmer, too. They kept asking people who were passing by and pausing momentarily if they didn't want to spank Paulie, too, for it was his birthday. One, two, three, four years, and one for good luck, and one to grow on. But it seemed as though nobody was interested in Paulie and his birthday.

At twelve noon they heard the whistles blowing, and the three of them raced, dodging the raindrops and puddles the best they could, to the drug store. The man had ordered them not to hang around inside any longer, so they stood, tremulous with excitement, in the shelter of the arched doorway. The Birthday man had already commenced talking when they arrived.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

". . . And look who's here. Johnny Kiper, and he lives at 4903 Harcourt Drive. He says he's six today. Well! Well! That's fine, Johnny, old boy, old boy! You're big for your age, you rascal you! What's that you've got behind your back? Oh, you say it's your best pal, your dog, Rags, and you're afraid dogs aren't allowed at this party. That's where you're all wet; that is, you're all wet if you didn't carry an umbrella or come in daddy's car to the party. Just look at that rain come down! Aren't we the lucky ones to be in the dry, and with this big banana layer birthday cake to cut? Yes, sirree! Rags is a swell little pooch, and he's not only welcome, but he's going to get a nice big slice of this banana layer cake, just the same as you do. All right, Johnny, here's your piece of cake, and here's a great big one for Rags. You like banana layer cake? Oh, you say you like it the best of all, and so does Rags. That's fine! Come back again, Johnny, when you're seven, and bring Rags . . ."

"I didn't know it was a *real* party," said Dotty. "I didn't know Paulie was supposed to *be* there. Miss Parker didn't say nothing about that."

". . . And who's this handsome, rosy-cheeked young man over here? It's Paulie Oliver, who lives at 920 Hinkley Street, and Paulie's four years old today. My! My! That's fine! All right, boys and girls, let's give Paulie a hearty welcome to our party."

Then incongruously deep voices sang:

"Happy birthday to you!
Happy birthday to you!
Happy birthday, dear Paulie!
Happy birthday to you!"

"They took somebody else for Paulie and give him Paulie's cake," said Dotty. "This is all Miss Parker's fault, because she didn't say nothing about *being* there."

"Paulie couldn't 've gone nohow," said Benny. "You know as well as I do that he ain't got duds fitten for no birthday party."

". . . And here's your slice of banana layer cake, Paulie. You like it? You do? That's fine! Hokie dokie, Paulie! Come back to our

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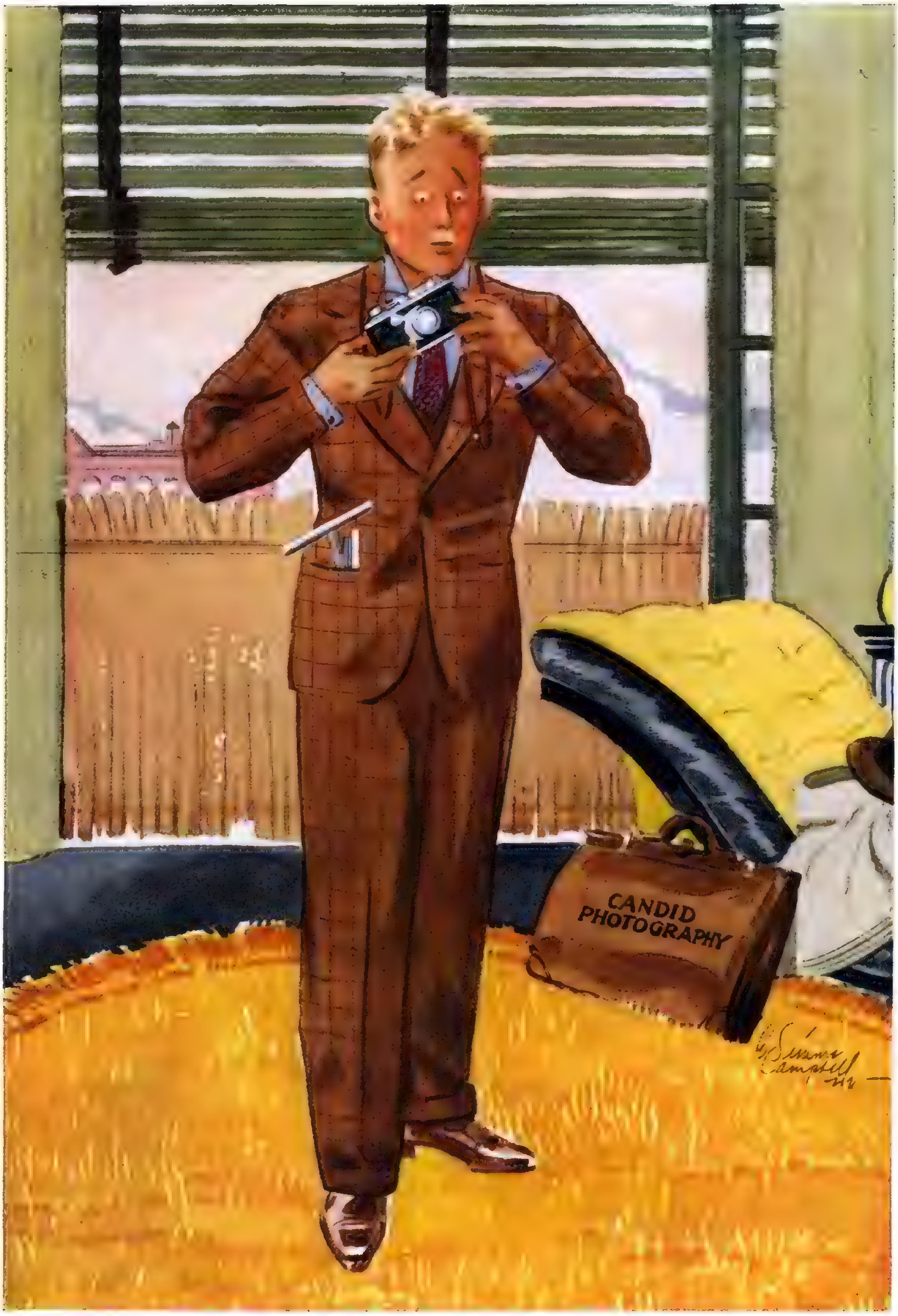
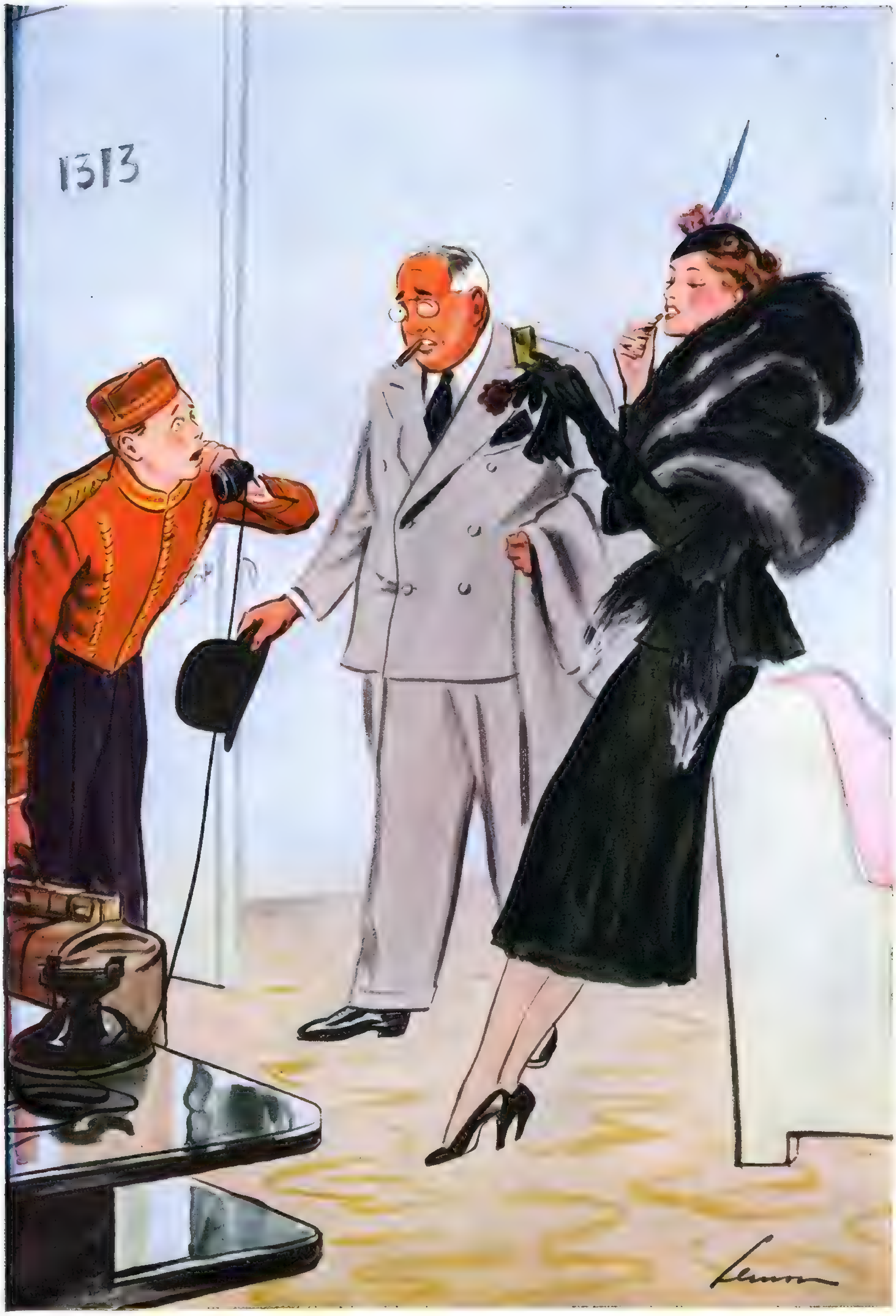

CANDID PHOTOGRAPHY

"Er—I'm afraid that's a little too candid Mrs. Baker"



"But you couldn't be Mrs. Parsons—she just checked in here with Mr. Parsons"

This Racing Game

The snootier horses can trace their ancestors back to the time of Charles II of England

by CHARLES B. PARMER

■ SPORTS ■

You buy a field glass, swing it over your shoulder, and start out to see your first horse race. Chances are, if luck is with you—I pray it is!—you pick a long shot winner. As you collect your winnings you may ask, how long has this been going on?

I'll try to answer you.

You know racing is called the sport of kings. Ever stop to think that when kings lead, knaves are sure to follow? I'm going to tell you a bit about racing, pedigrees and past performances, tips and touts; foolish men and honorable horses.

You may ask, have you a winning system? Don't be foolish! If I did, think I'd be writing?

Let's start at the beginning. Remember the legend about Mohammed? The Prophet had a keen eye for two things: the beauty of a *houri* and the lines of a horse. Now the ladies of his harem were fair to look upon; but his horses were not all that chargers should be. Bad blood was seeping into the desert paddocks. He determined to cull it. So he ordered all war-horses pent up without water for two days. On the morning of the third the bars were dropped, and the animals dashed toward a nearby stream. Just as they reached the water Mohammed's trumpeter sounded the charge. Half of the steeds leaped the stream, swept forward in battle formation—thirst or no thirst. The other half ignored the command and drank deeply. These were destroyed; but the charging animals were saved, and propagated.

The result? You know your history. The Turks invaded Europe, and the Turkish cavalry was invincible against trained and disciplined troops. Spain, Italy, were ravished in the name of the Prophet.

Some time after this King Charles II of England—not sleeping well o' nights—decided to improve his horse-troops. This might serve as a soporific. So between 1660 and 1685 he imported a number of Barb mares and crossed them with the best stallions in the Royal Stables.

Then (yes, we'll come to America in a few minutes) three stallions, distinguished afterwards, were brought into the tight little isle. They are known in history as the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Barb. The Turk had endurance; the Arabian, unusual speed; and the Barb, stride and strength.

These stallions were bred to the offspring of the mares imported by the nervous Charles II. And then the get were crossed. (*Get?* You'll learn these racing terms while trying to pick the winner.) The result? An entirely new type of horse was produced: an animal with speed and agility, and the endurance to withstand hard service on hot days. A horse weighing only about 800 pounds, averaging 15 hands high (a hand is four inches—it took 100 years of intensive breeding to increase the height to 16 hands); small-boned; but with powerful muscles, great lungs and shoulders.

What more natural than that the owners of these offspring should be proud? My Byerly Turk colt can outrun the get of any Darley Arabian! Can, eh? Take you for a hogshead of rum—from the Five Corners to Romsey Abbey.

Now bear-baiting was on the decline; the London prize ring wasn't what it used to be; and the busking of tavern-wenches was purely an undercover pastime. A new sport was needed —one in which the gentry could participate.

Overnight all England was racing.

Race courses were first established on the lands of the nobility. It was too much trouble to flag the stagecoaches and carts off the roads when gentlemen were going to hold a match race. It *was* a sport for the gentry and the crown; none other could afford horses with blood from the Royal Stables in them.

Three outstanding stallions—each one comparable to Man O' War of our day—were produced in the 1700's. The first was Matchem, foaled in 1748. (He was a grandson of the Godolphin Barb.) Matchem won ten races and lost but two.

The second, in chronology, was King Herod, foaled in 1758. The property of the four-bottle sport, William, Duke of Cumberland. (He was a great-grandson of the Byerly Turk—the horse, not the duke.) King Herod won ten out of fourteen races.

The third stallion was Eclipse, descended from the Darley Arabian, and foaled during the great eclipse of 1764. Now this was a horse! He was sold as a colt by the Duke of Cumberland for 75 guineas (about $375) and during his career never was defeated. He won eighteen races, $125,000 in prize money. And his offspring won $790,000 in 23 years.

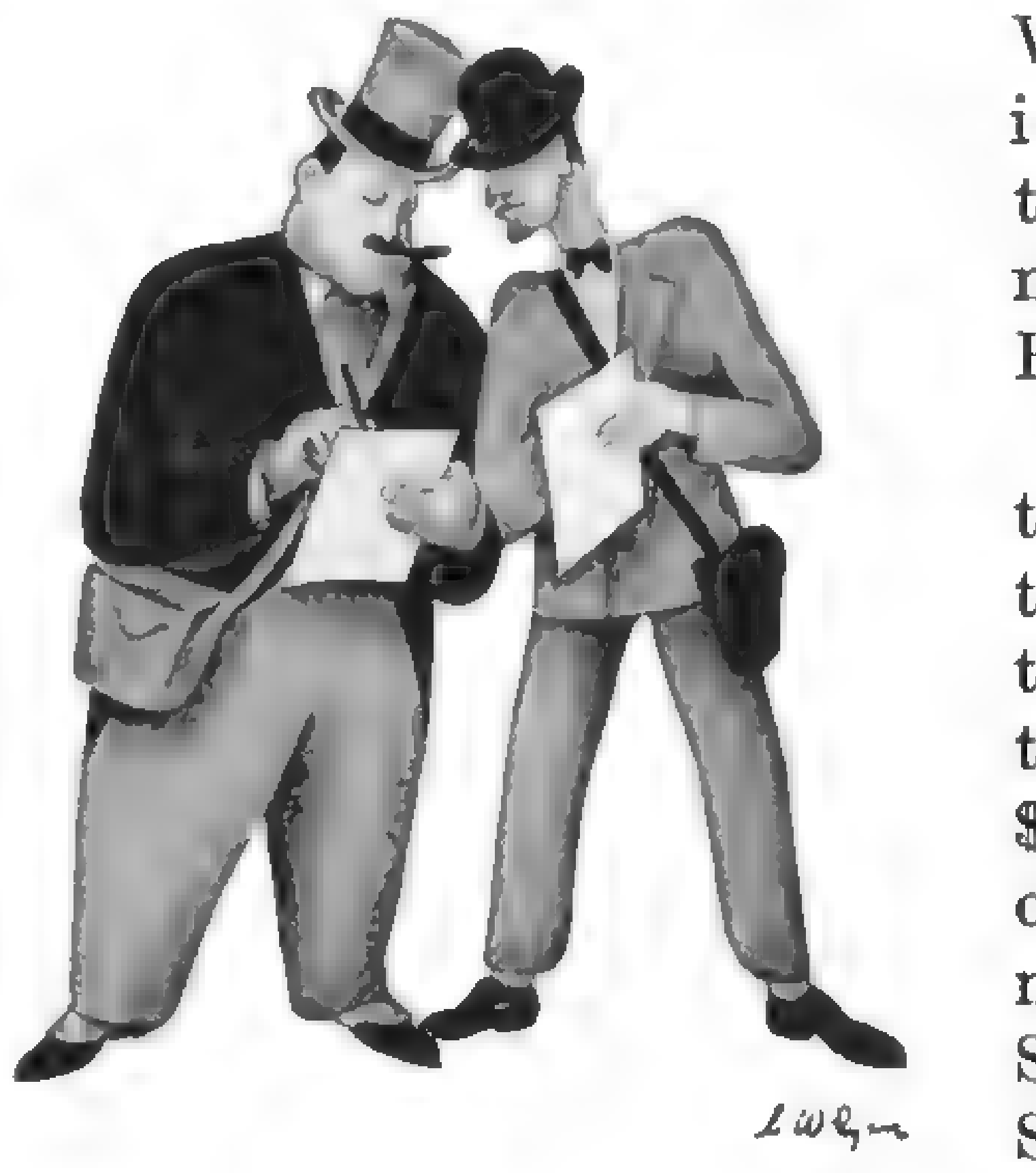
These three stallions—Matchem, King Herod and Eclipse—became the cornerstones of the thoroughbred. Today nearly every good horse in America and England traces back to one of them. There were other good stallions in those days, just as other strong men lived in 1776 besides the signers of the Declaration of Independence. But breeders are proud of thoroughbreds tracing back to this trinity. Go to Saratoga in August, keep your ears open when the *vendue* is held. You will hear more than one horseman declare, as a youngster is led into the sales-ring: "That colt? He's got Eclipse blood in him."

But let's return to England for a moment. Soon the North and the South were rivals in racing. The St. Leger (named for Lieut. Gen. St. Leger) became the big race of the North. It was established at Doncaster in 1776; for three-year-old colts and fillies which had won in the preceding six months.

The South retaliated with a great race for fillies only: the Oaks, named for the Earl of Derby's estate near Epsom. This was first run in 1779. (We copied it in America, called it the Kentucky Oaks. See it run sometime.)

Then the South of England went a step further: established a supreme test for speed and endurance—a 1½ mile contest for colts and fillies. They called it *The Derby* after the Earl; it was first run at Epsom in 1780, and was won by Diomed. (We've copied it, too. On American race courses the most important stake usually is called the Derby; but we have only one great Derby blessed by tradition—the Kentucky Derby.)

Sometimes our moralists, seeing racing plants mushroom overnight, get excited and shout: America is going to the gambling bow-wows. Are we? When our country was in swaddling clothes they were betting money, not buttons, in England.



The rivalry there between the sportsmen of the North and those of the South became so intense that more than $2,500,000 was wagered on one race—the running of the Doncaster St. Leger in 1836. The South won $1,500,000 on the winner, Elis. And speaking of plungers, Lord Bentinck alone took down $80,000 of this. . . . Nor are we as bad as we used to be—if racing be bad; for more than a century ago over 100 race tracks were operating in the United States under supervision of their Jockey Clubs. Many an outlaw meeting was being held, too.

The first English thoroughbreds were brought to America—imported into Vir-

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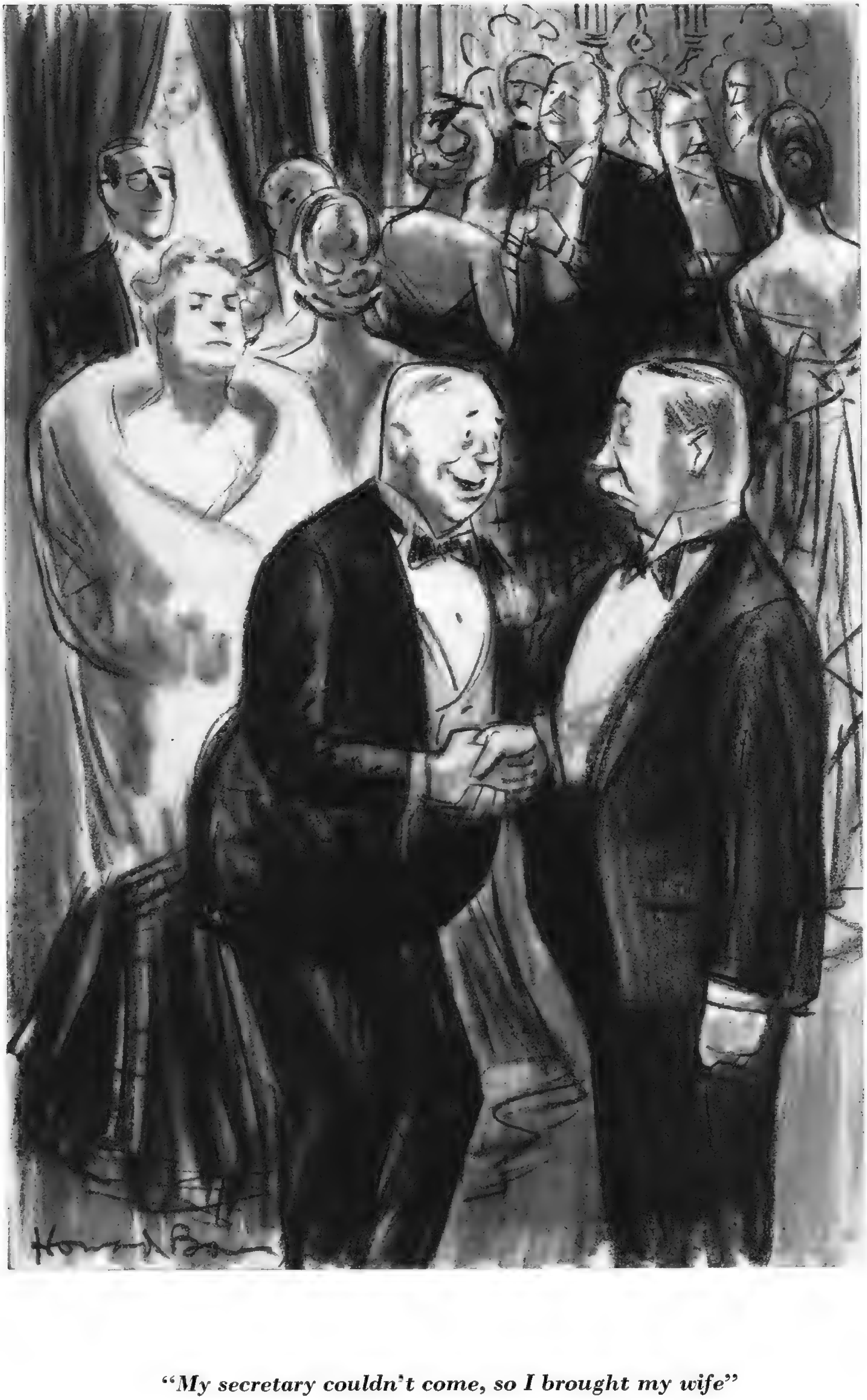

Howard Brodie

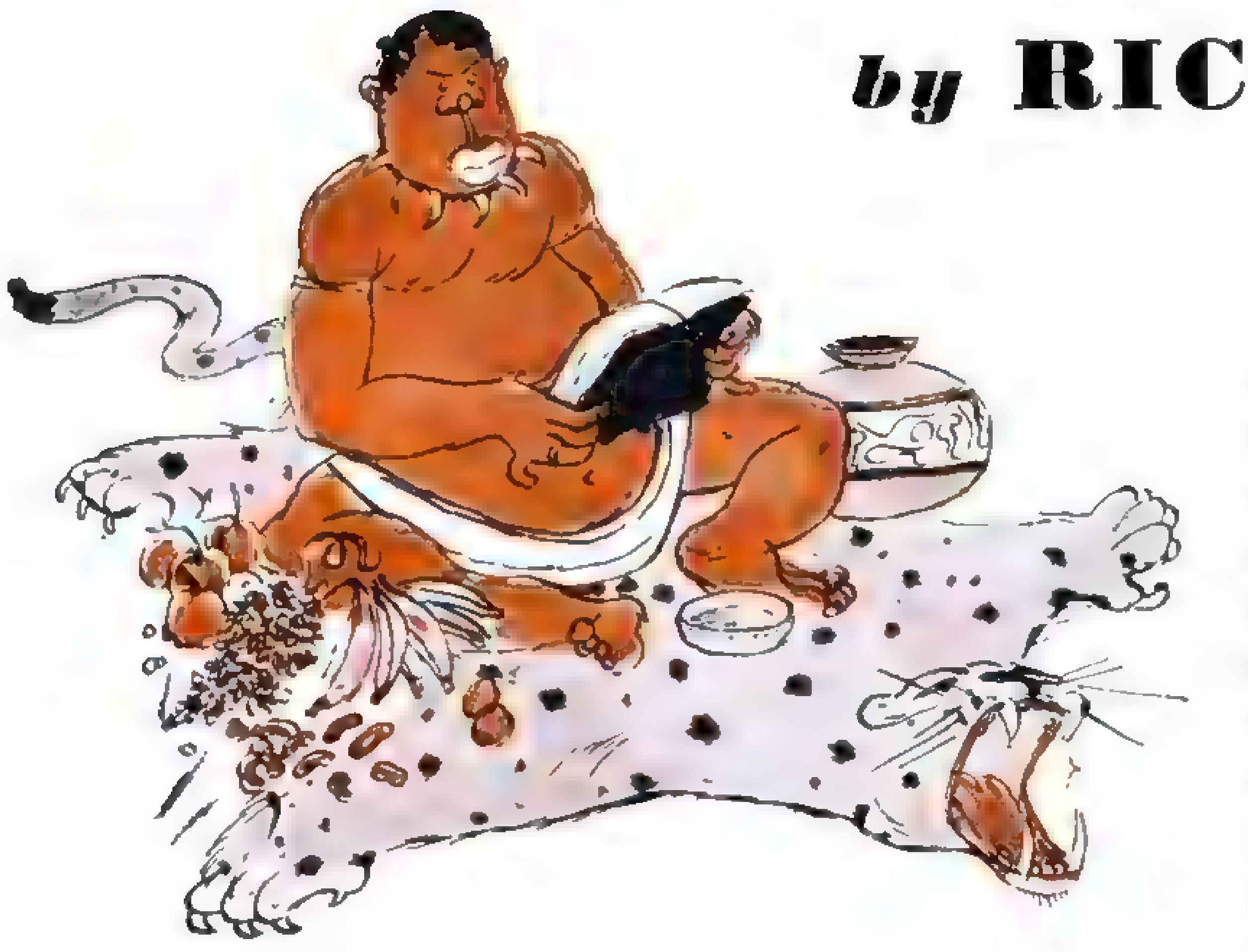
"My secretary couldn't come, so I brought my wife"

One in a Hundred

Great wisdom from M'Tali, who knew from experience how many wives an honorable king can decently enjoy

by RICHARD VAUGHAN

▪ FICTION ▪



I CALLED on M'Tali, King of the Zebwe tribe, one morning and found him sitting outside the royal hut on a lion's skin dozing in the sun. But when he saw me coming he quickly picked up a black book that lay beside him and pretended to be utterly absorbed in it. Then, with well acted surprise, he rose to his feet and welcomed me.

I asked him: "What have you been doing to your village, M'Tali? Pulling down huts in such hot weather."

He nodded casually. "They were only my wives' huts," he said.

"Hm. What's happened to the ladies?"

"Sir, they exist no longer."

"Dead?"

"No, Sir. Divorced. They live now at the other end of the village."

We sat down on the lion's skin and I watched the old man's sanctimonious face very closely and wondered how well I really knew him and whether his vanity was greater than his subtlety.

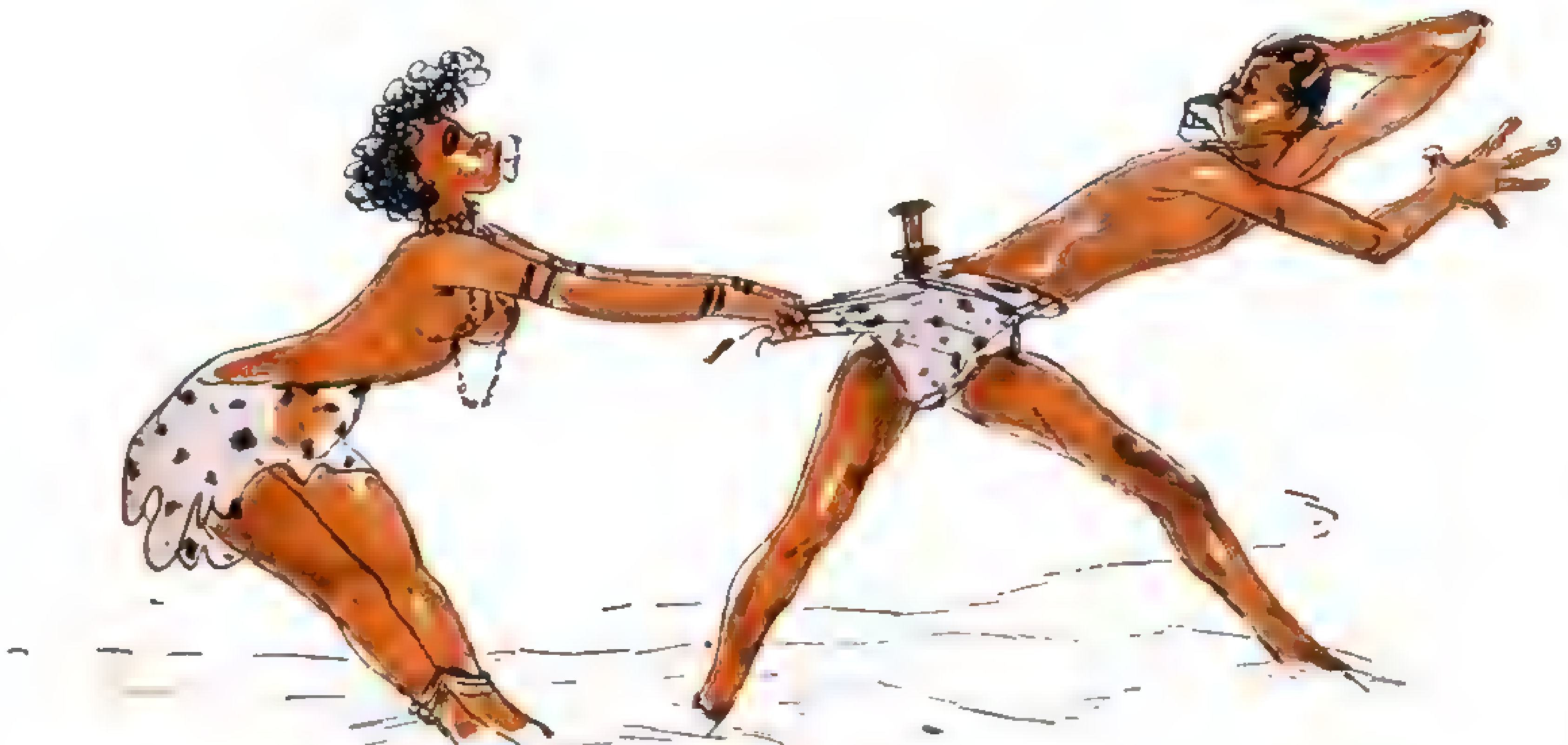
"Yes," he said. "Divorced. I have only one left." He held up the black book with great pride. "I have become a Christian."

"And have you, by God!" I said.

He nodded as simply as his sophistication would allow. When I laughed he grunted and frowned crossly.

"I have my reasons, I have my reasons."

"Of course. There is no divorce without cause."



"You know that I have never liked bloodshed, executions least of all. This dislike started many years ago when I was a young chief and my cousin was King of our tribe. Ah! What a King he was! When he walked the hills shook and when he moved faster the dust rose under him like a sand-storm. He was a huge, huge man. But when I was a young chief he had grown old and his whole body had fallen into his belly so that when you looked at his belly you could tell what a man he had been once for it was as wide and as round as a cattle kraal.

Now he had a hundred wives and more. They were of all ages but many were young and very handsome. As a King he could have so great a number: without them he would have been no King. But he had as many difficulties as he had women and his women were the greatest of his difficulties. You see, the young ones wished to enjoy themselves and even the finest King finds it hard to enjoy so many wives. Naturally they turned to other men for their pleasure and, to us, this was an everlasting fear. Intimacy with a King's wife meant instant execution if the man was discovered. "All right," you may say. "Why not avoid the wives?" Well, I assure you that we avoided them as though they were a swarm of locusts. When a wife came near all we young men would fly for our lives. We were constantly flying. You see, there were a hundred of them.

Yet that was but one side of the danger. The other was this. If we rebuffed one of these wives her desire would turn to fury and she would run to her husband, the King, and complain that such and such a youth had tried to assault her. Execution would follow immediately. Imagine our distress; always on the alert for a King's wife, always having to ask: "Would it not, maybe, be better if I do what she wishes and, if I am not found out, I shall not be troubled by her again?" But then, too, the wife, after taking her pleasure, might complain of having been assaulted in order to get an old lover and witness silenced.

Oh it was terrible for we young men who formed the King's Bodyguard. Being nearest to him meant being nearest to his wives also. If we all fled together when they approached, all was well, as they could not complain about us all. No, the danger lay in being cut off *alone* by a determined wife. Then you could almost hear your life trembling.

I was caught in this fashion. One evening I had gone to find a sharpening stone for my assegai and when I found one I knelt down, spat on the stone, and began to rub my blade over it. When I arose, pleased with the shine on the metal and the fine edge, I saw a young girl leaning against a tree behind me. She had been watching me as I prepared my assegai and she was a King's wife and had been one for a year yet she was still a maiden.

I knew at once that I was lost. But through my mind flashed many schemes; I even thought of stabbing her and burying her body. But while I thought and the mad ideas raced round inside my head like dry pips in a pumpkin shell I remained fixed to the ground and could not move as is always the case with a man whose head holds too many thoughts.

While she, she stood and watched me in silence, and we both knew she had no need to speak.

Now when I was young I was a tall and powerful man and one of the finest of the tribe. And she knew this; how well she knew it as she leaned against that tree and stared at me. I made my decision quickly: if she wanted me she should have me: there was a small chance of escape that way but there was no chance if I refused her. And it was evening and nearly dark and I was young and I was strong. And so it happened.

When I was back in my hut with my brothers I hoped and longed that this would be the end. But it was only the beginning for it was the beginning of a new life for her and, as I have said, I was young and strong. So I was caught like a buck in a pit.

Well, every action is a sun, once risen it must set sometime and by the end of the season she had grown tired of playing always with the same partner. One night she left me with a cold look and, if I had not been young, I should have killed myself from sheer terror. I did not see her again for some days and then, one morning, into my hut came my brother and said: "You are to be arrested. You are to go to the King."

Of course it was her accusation. Even as

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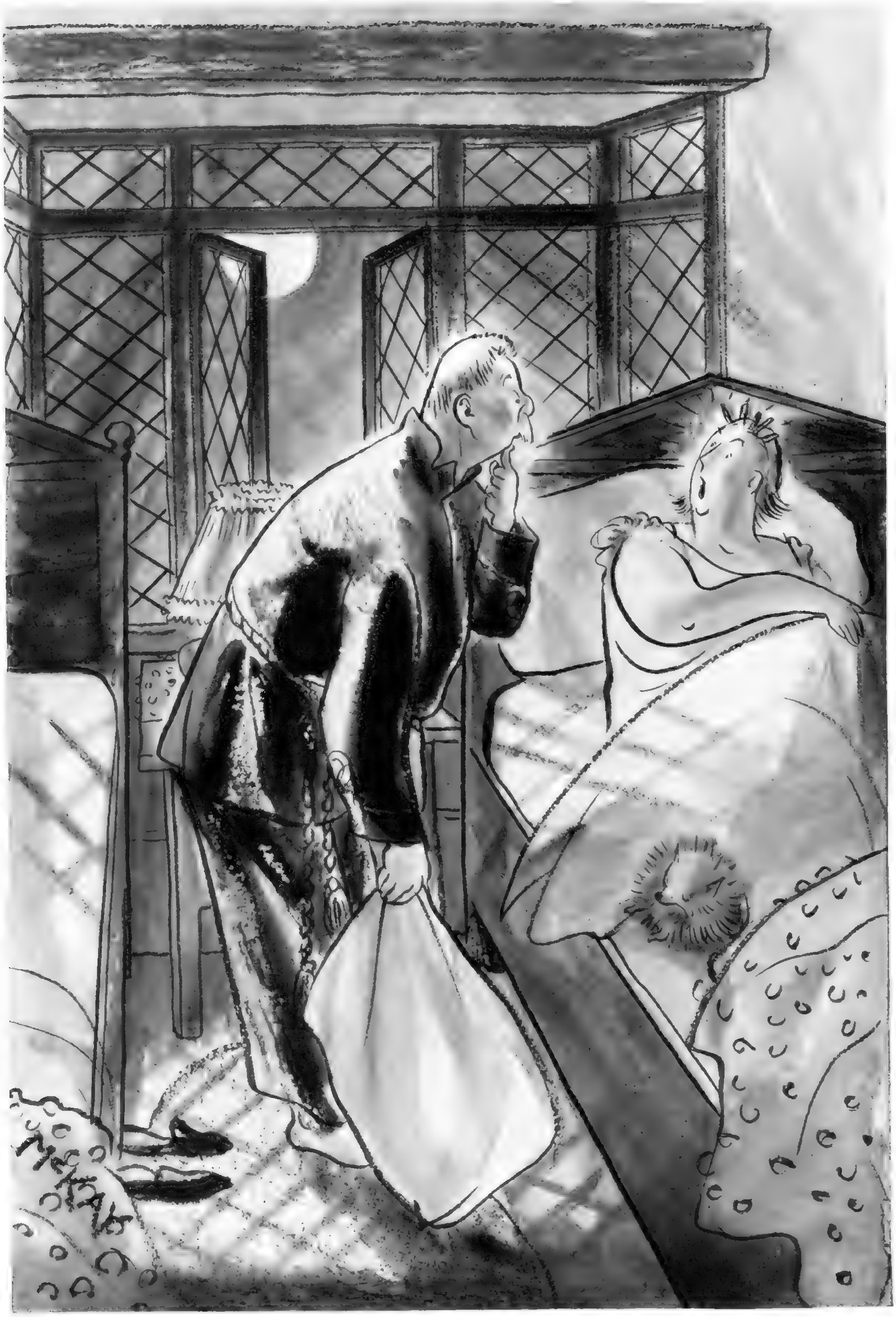


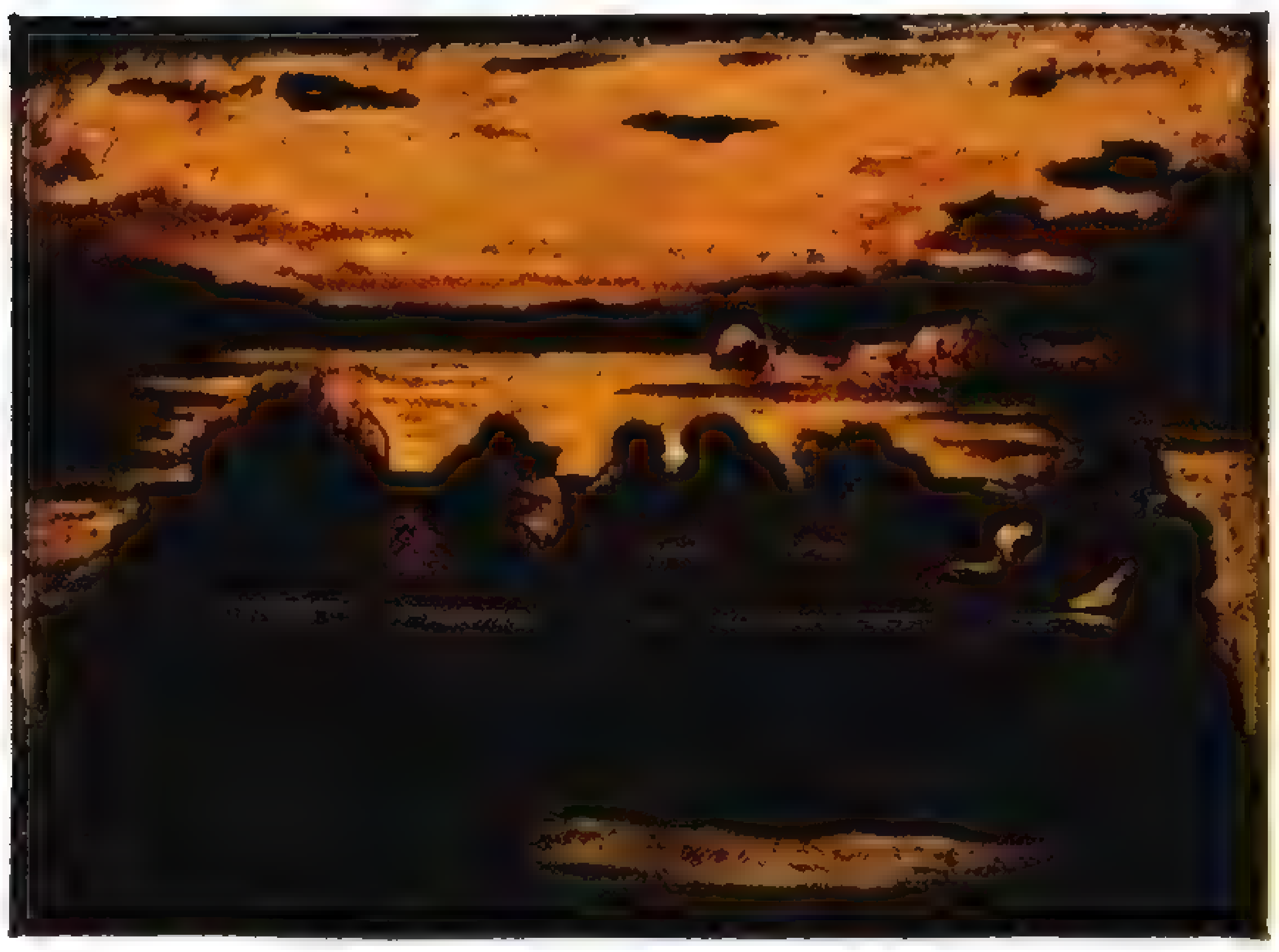
"If you're cold why don't you shut the window?"

The Peasant in Art: Eugene Higgins

He endows his plodding people with beauty, mixing a love of humanity with his color

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

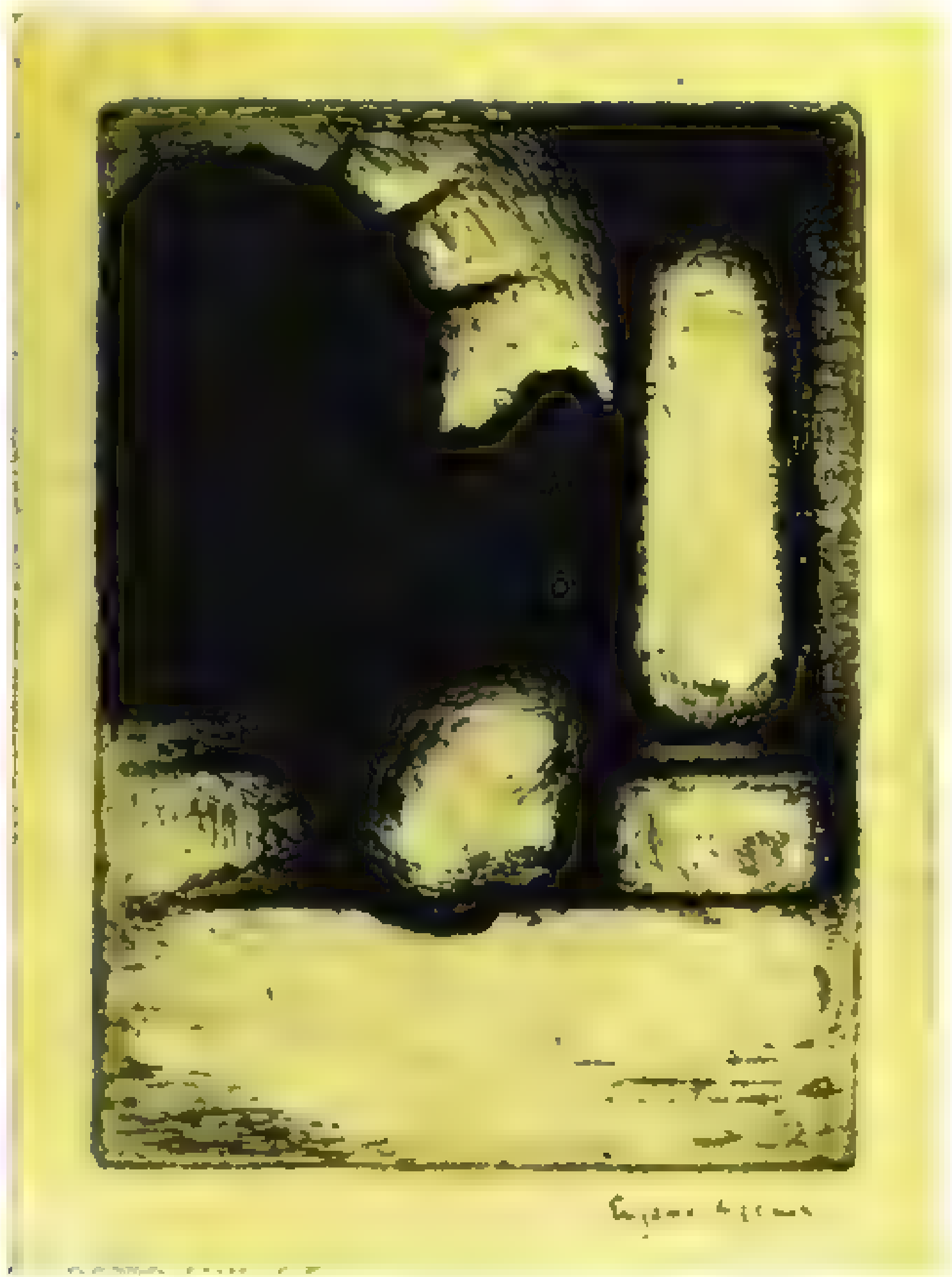


ON A BARGE

EUGENE HIGGINS is the painter of the rural proletariat, of the hunted and the hounded. He is America's Millet and proud of it. He paints wanderers and the homeless, tillers of the soil and menders of the road, men who cast nets into the sea and others who go down into the bowels of the earth to dig their living out of black rock. He paints emigrants more often than immigrants—they that leave the land more often than they that come to it. His people are large and heavy, muscular and roughly clad, who not only have their roots in the earth and clay but are made of the same matter and are as slow to respond. They whom he represents are the proletariat on their own plodding unromantic terms, seen perhaps not so much as individuals as large fragments of primitive nature but not stylized into horny-handed rebels against the System. His men and his women make their reckoning not with any system or a factory superintendent, but with the earth and with Providence. They are in most cases solitary persons or units clustering in a family or village group. Their battle is with the earth and with poverty and with homelessness and landlessness on the old terms. We quick-witted city persons who know whom to blame for everything find it hard to believe that these magnificent, but somehow undifferentiated, clods that Higgins paints are human beings, too, and we wonder if they know it. Perhaps their excuse is that they haven't come to town yet and don't know about the union hall and the picket line. Their backs are bowed with the burden of individual responsibility, or with submission to fate or haste in flight. Perhaps the women waiting at the pit mouth for their dead and dying to be brought up from below are in the mood to listen to an agitator—but not yet. There is the small group of men carrying a dead comrade on a board because they have not a coffin. They are not rebellious. In Higgins' pictures people are either rooted to their earth or moving with packs on their backs to a new abode or, more prosaically, to a market. His solitary figures have the grandeur of monuments. There is the man of earth carrying a sheep, mending a rock fence or fleeing in despair from the consciousness of a crime committed. There is a grand painting of an Irishwoman carrying a tremendous burden of seaweed—seaweed which is stuffed into the crevices of rock on which earth is then laid and potatoes planted. His people are ugly in the sense that they have dirt in their fingernails, but the pictures are beautiful because there is something which may be called love for humanity mixed with his colors—and that makes the pictures glow. Higgins is America's proletarian Academician, and his paintings are in select places where their models might find it hard to gain admittance. But nothing can make Eugene Higgins arty: he would rather follow a tramp—not just any old bum, but a tramp—from Bleecker Street down to Brooklyn Bridge than read a book or art magazine.

He is himself, you see, the people he paints. Not in occupation but in temperament. The fact that he has spent fifty-six of his sixty-two years in the cities of St. Louis, Paris and New York makes no difference. He is, temperamentally, the peasant in art. He is slow and deliberate of speech and action, plodding, stubborn and unyielding. He doesn't change his mind or follow any fashion. He would rather be silent than disagree, but he will not agree with you against his conscience. He does not talk much and perhaps his tea party manner leaves something to be desired. Not that he is one of your diamonds in the rough either. He's just genuinely himself. He did not discover his manner yesterday nor the day before yesterday. The first picture he painted, at the age of fourteen, with the first box of paints given to him by his Dad as a Christmas gift, was of a tramp. He himself has been hunted and hounded and hungry, so that his pictures are not expressions of sentimental or literary interest. He knows the feel of a ditch and has slept in caves. During his student days in Paris at the beginning of the century his companions were the rejected—beggars, poor students and "rough specimens," one of whom beat him and another of whom defended him. Eugene Higgins has the peasant's tenacity and independence. "I wasn't influenced by anyone," he told me. "I did exactly what I'm doing now. I always painted the same thing"—and then he showed me. He drew out from a dusty shelf a disintegrating copy of a Paris magazine, *L'Assiette au Beurre* (*The Butter Dish*) containing fifteen drawings done by Eugene Higgins in 1904 and foretelling the Higgins manner and method of today. One has to look far and wide among his contemporaries to find one other who has changed so little as a painter in thirty-two years. It is not he who has come to the public; it is the public that has come to Higgins. His Paris sketch books, as clear today as the days on which the sketches were made, show that he was seeking then what he has found today.

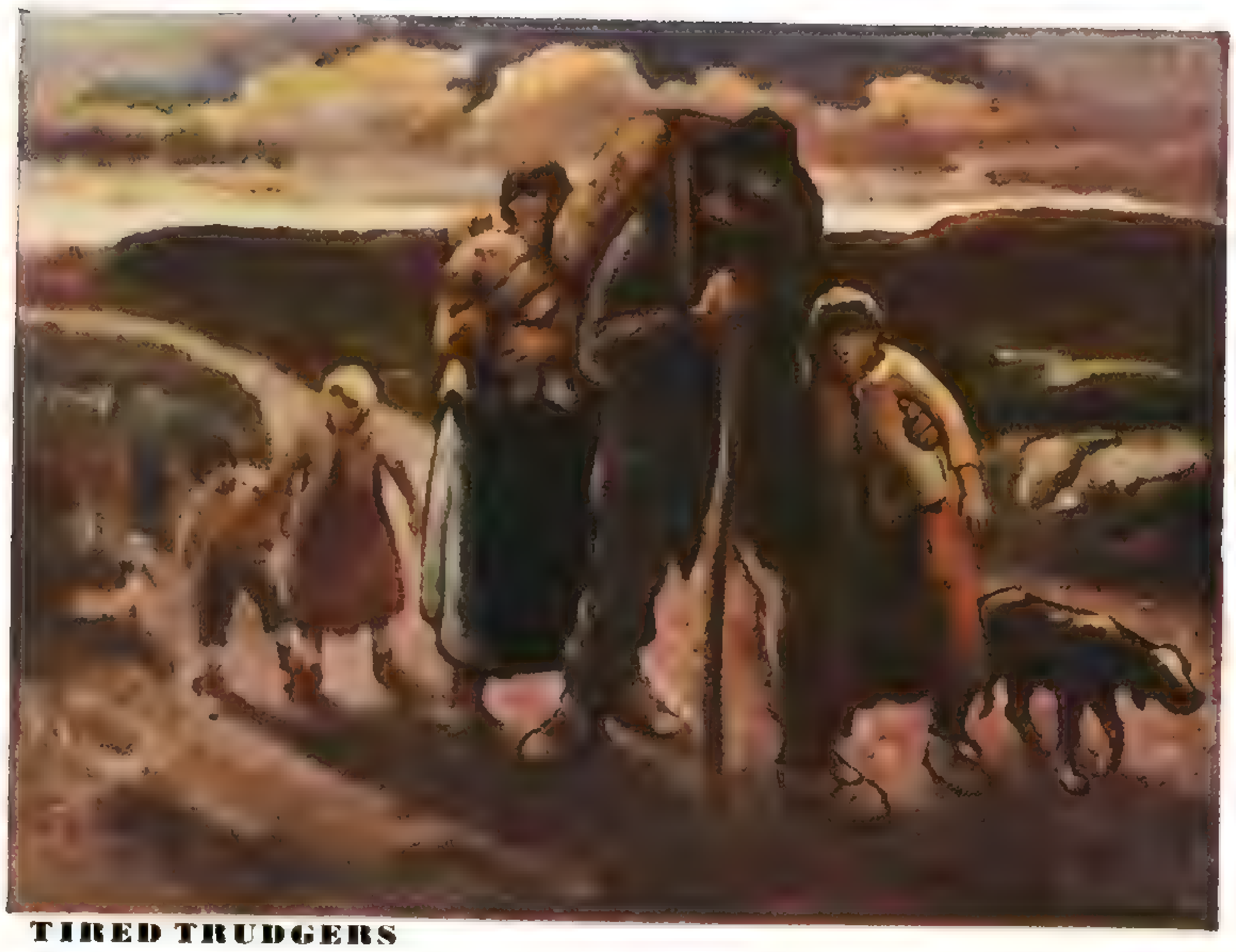
Higgins has the peasant's thrift and caution and closeness, his simplicity and his hunger for contact with real things and not with abstract conceptions. On his summer place in Lyme, Connecticut, where he satisfies his hunger for a house and land and, he works around the place gardening and carpentering and doing odd jobs of general puttering. He used to make his own frames but gave it up after spending the whole of a winter carving one. He abhors waste and extravagance, high living and wide scattering of resources. He believes his money should make money and he is a severe taskmaster. He has no pity for the wastrels who had $20,000 a year yesterday and who have nothing today and knock at the door for a loan. The ant cannot understand the grasshopper and Eugene Higgins would rather feed a tramp. But he is generous to causes, for although not a radical himself, he believes that the world could be made a better place to live in and he gladly contributes his mite—a painting for the state museum of the autonomous Russian state of Birobidhan, a water color for the marble strikers of Vermont, an etching for a group trying to form a Farmer-Labor party in a New York suburb, and so on.



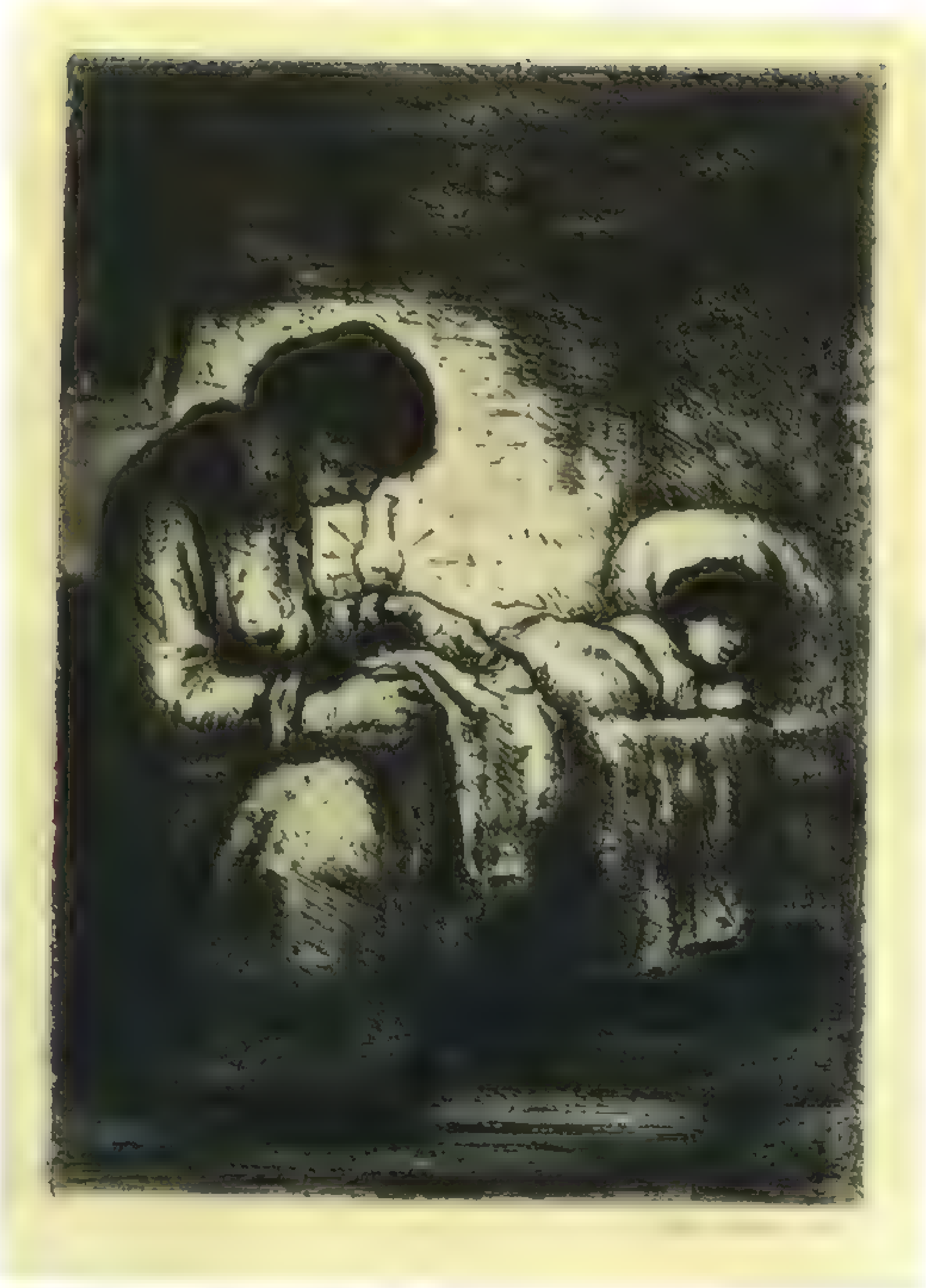
NO HOME

He is a good and a constant man, with his feet in the earth which has so long nourished him. Higgins is going to be Higgins whether

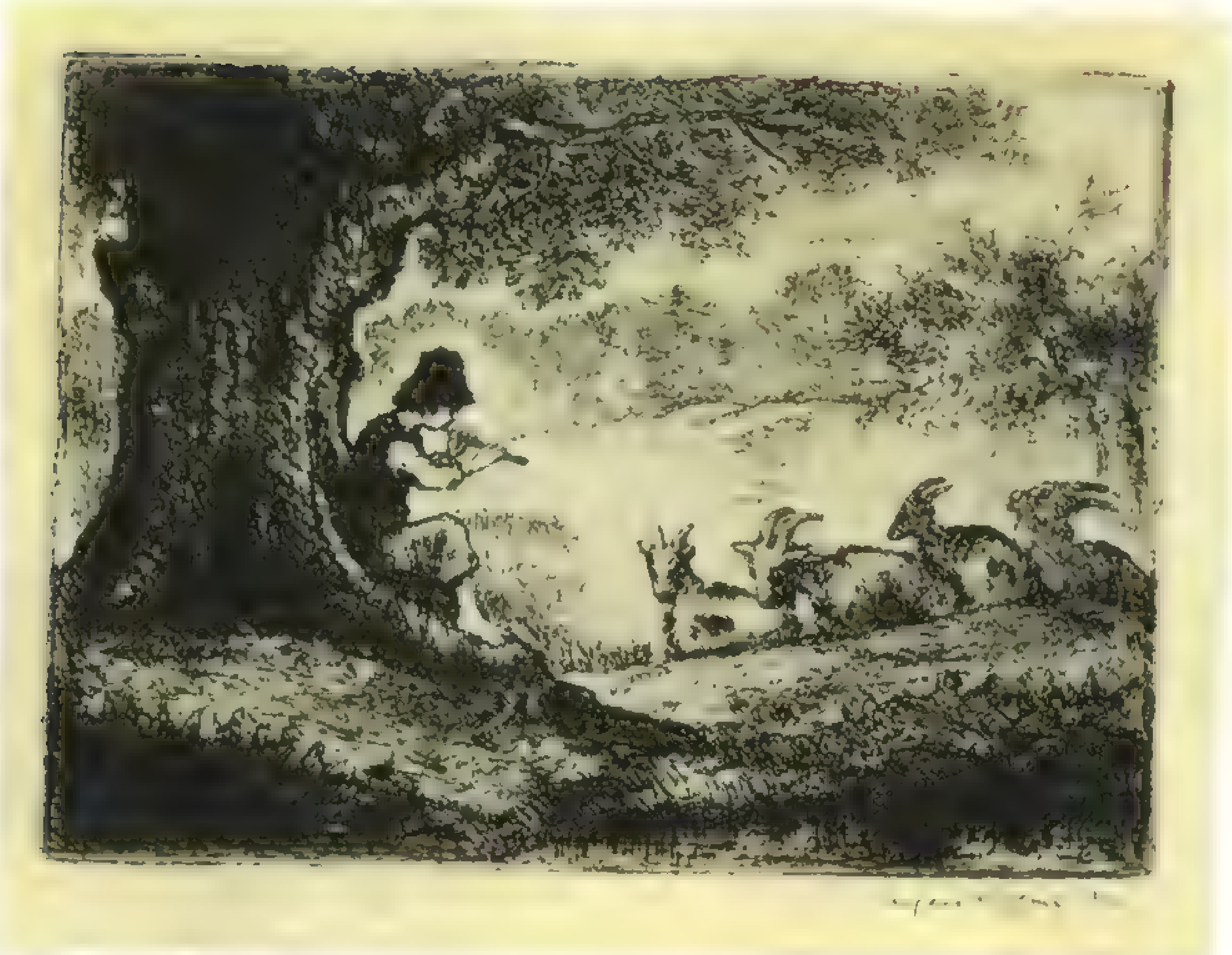
Continued on page 115



TIRED TRUDGERS



WOMAN AND HER WORK

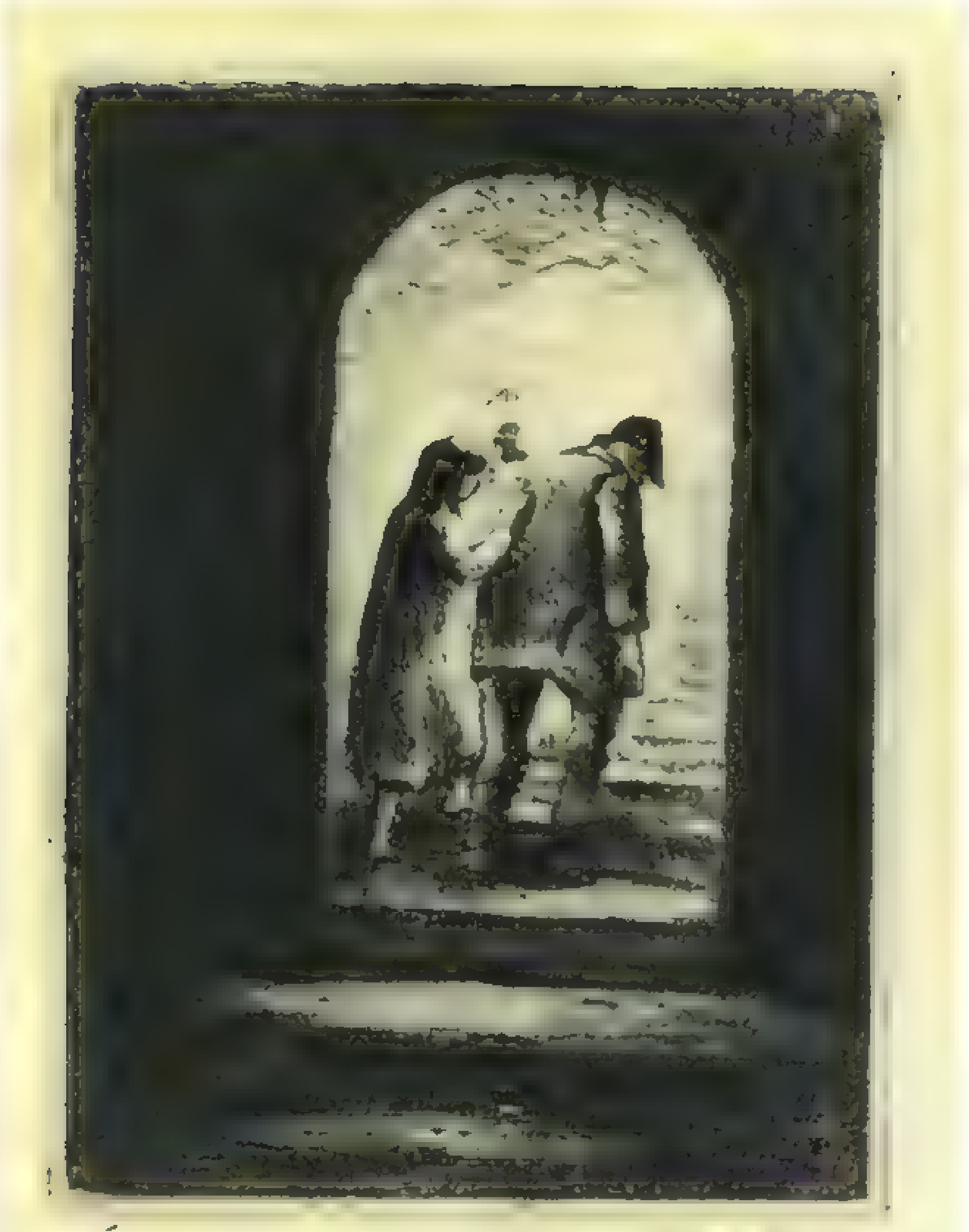


A PASTORAL

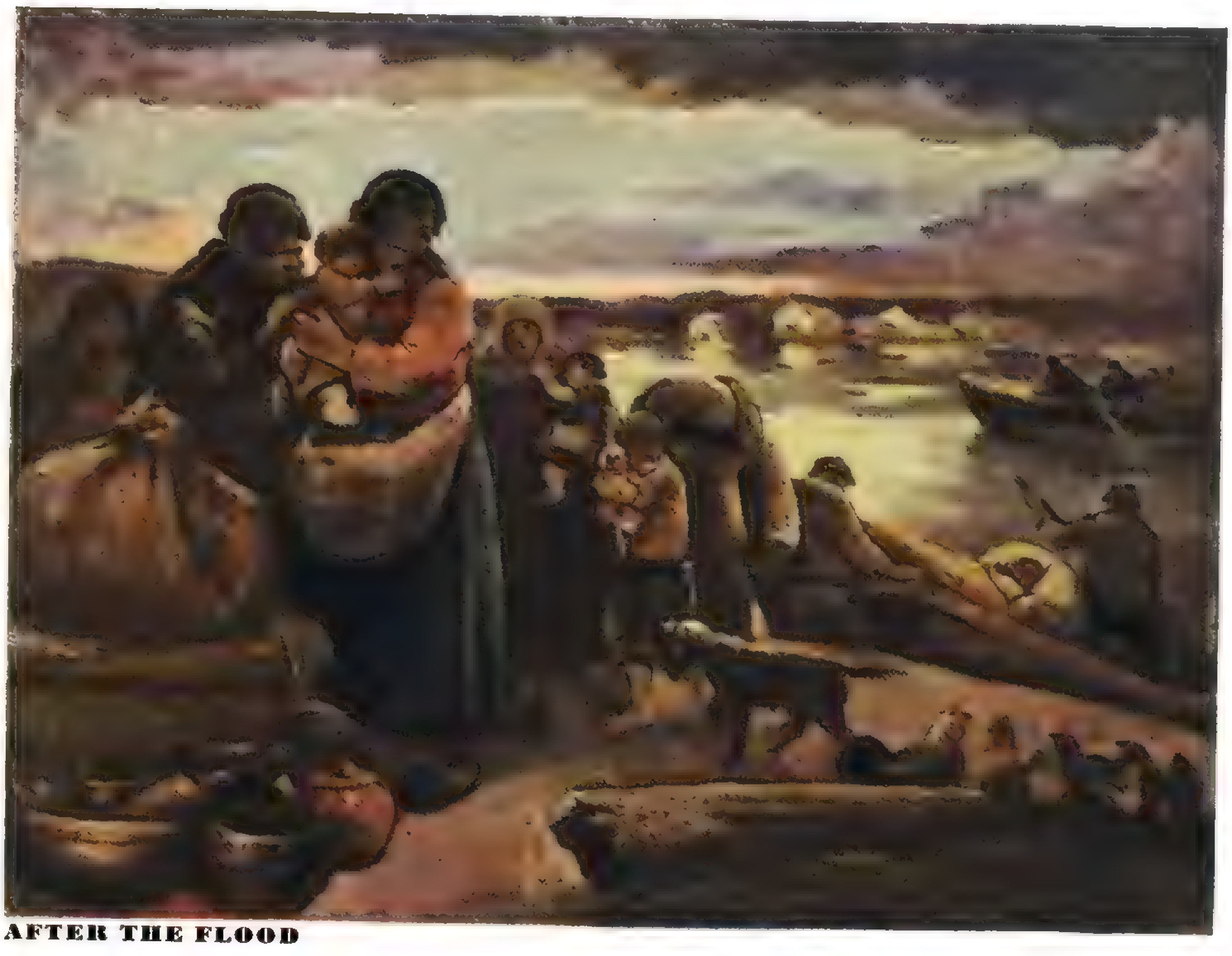
"The Peasant in Art"

PAINTINGS & ETCHINGS *by* EUGENE HIGGINS

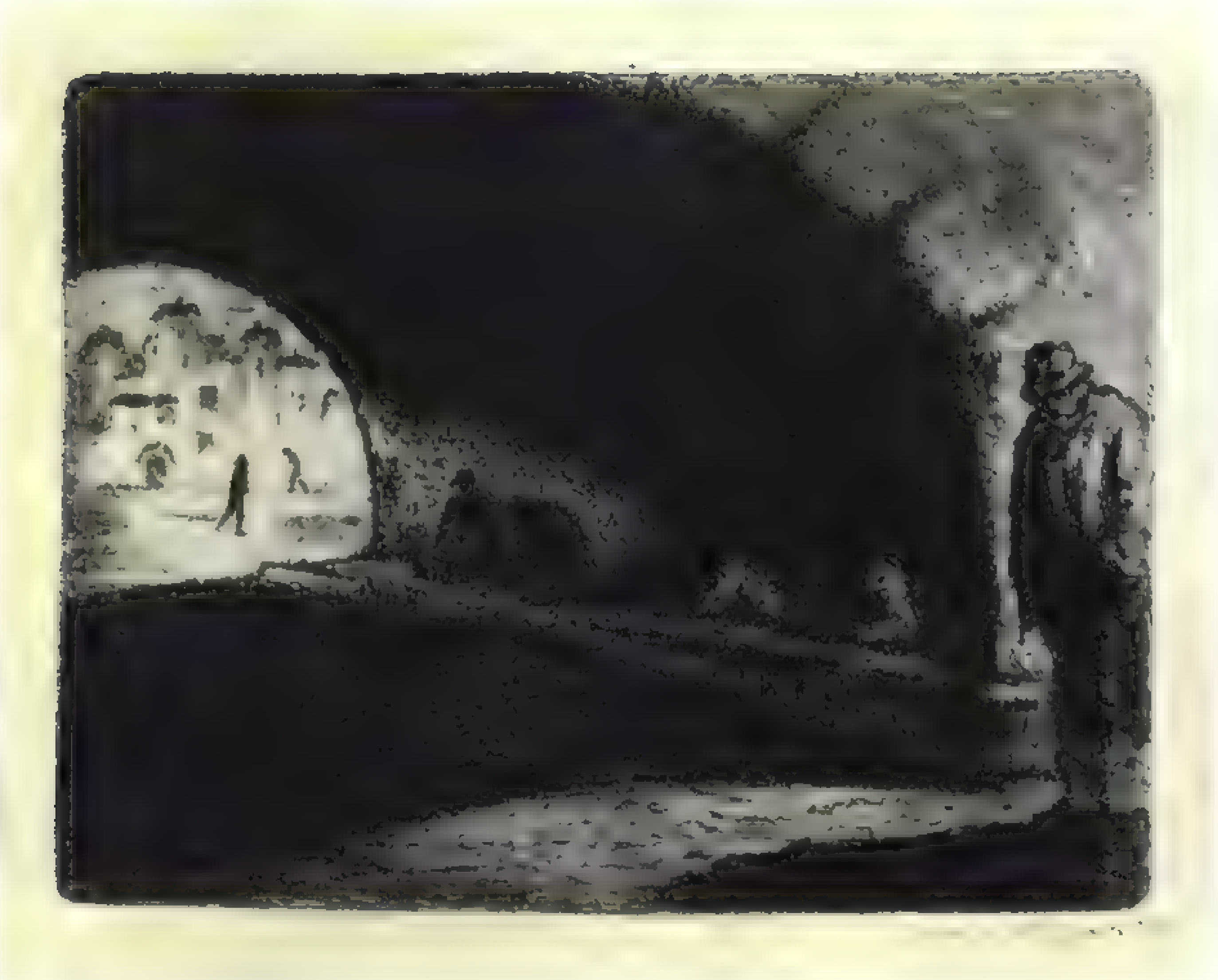
"DESPITE museum purchases, the winning of the most desirable prizes offered to American artists and a gallery vogue that puts a succession of checks into his letter boxes Eugene Higgins does not feel secure. He was hungry once, he may be hungry again. 'The only reason I'm not down and out now is that I haven't thrown money around.' A member of the National Academy, he doesn't feel academic and he desires to point out that he sold as many pictures before election to the Academy as he has sold since. He doesn't feel successful and arrived. Higgins is true to himself and to the poor, the hunted and the hounded whom he has always painted. He has not many loyalties but he clings to them tenaciously, and his greatest loyalties are to Michelangelo, whose sombre grandeur he loves, and to Millet, for whom he has the same affection as for his father. 'I feel I could be friends with him. We look for affinities in this world and Michelangelo and Millet are the only two painters of the past I'd like to shake hands with.'"



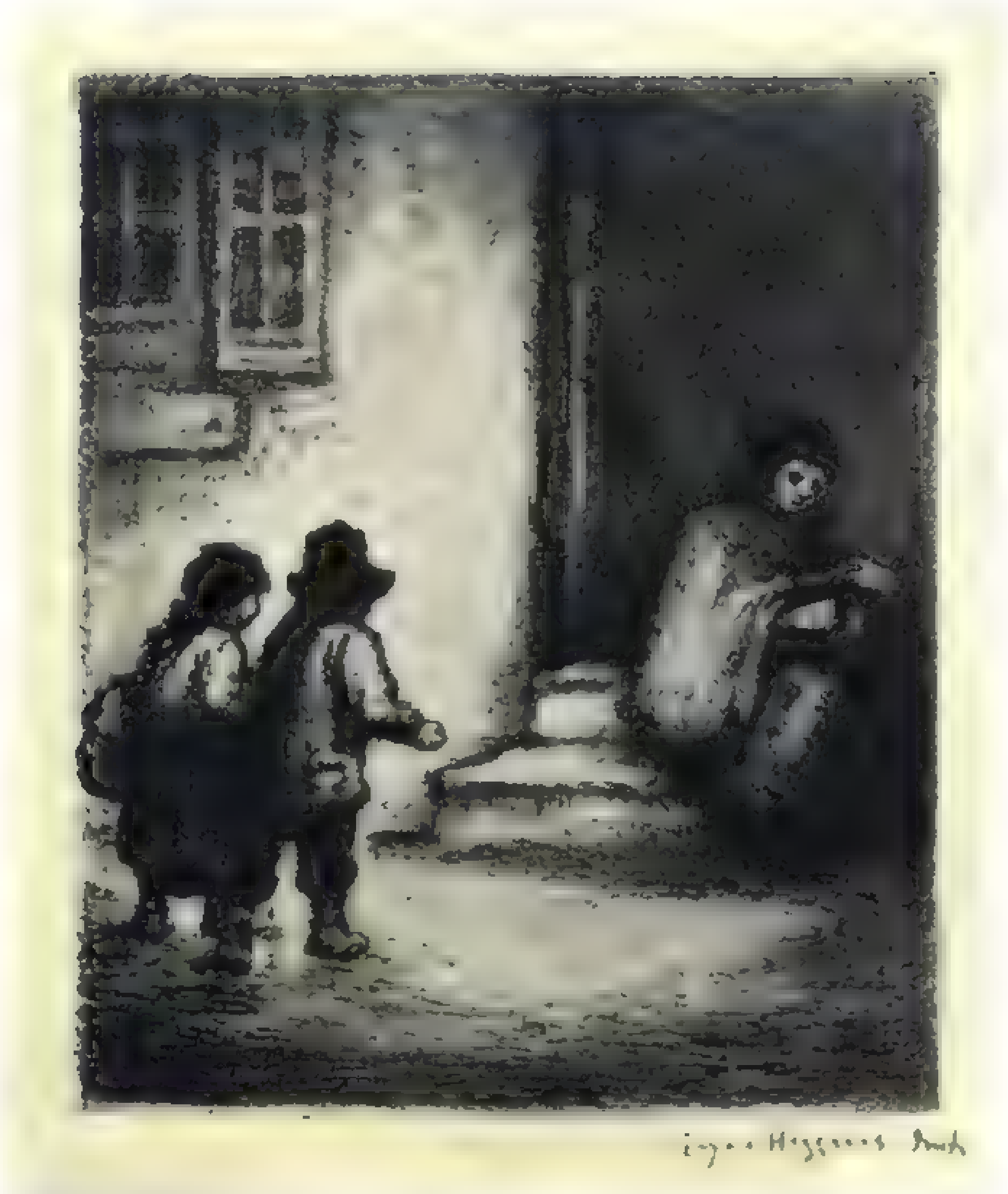
UP THE STEPS



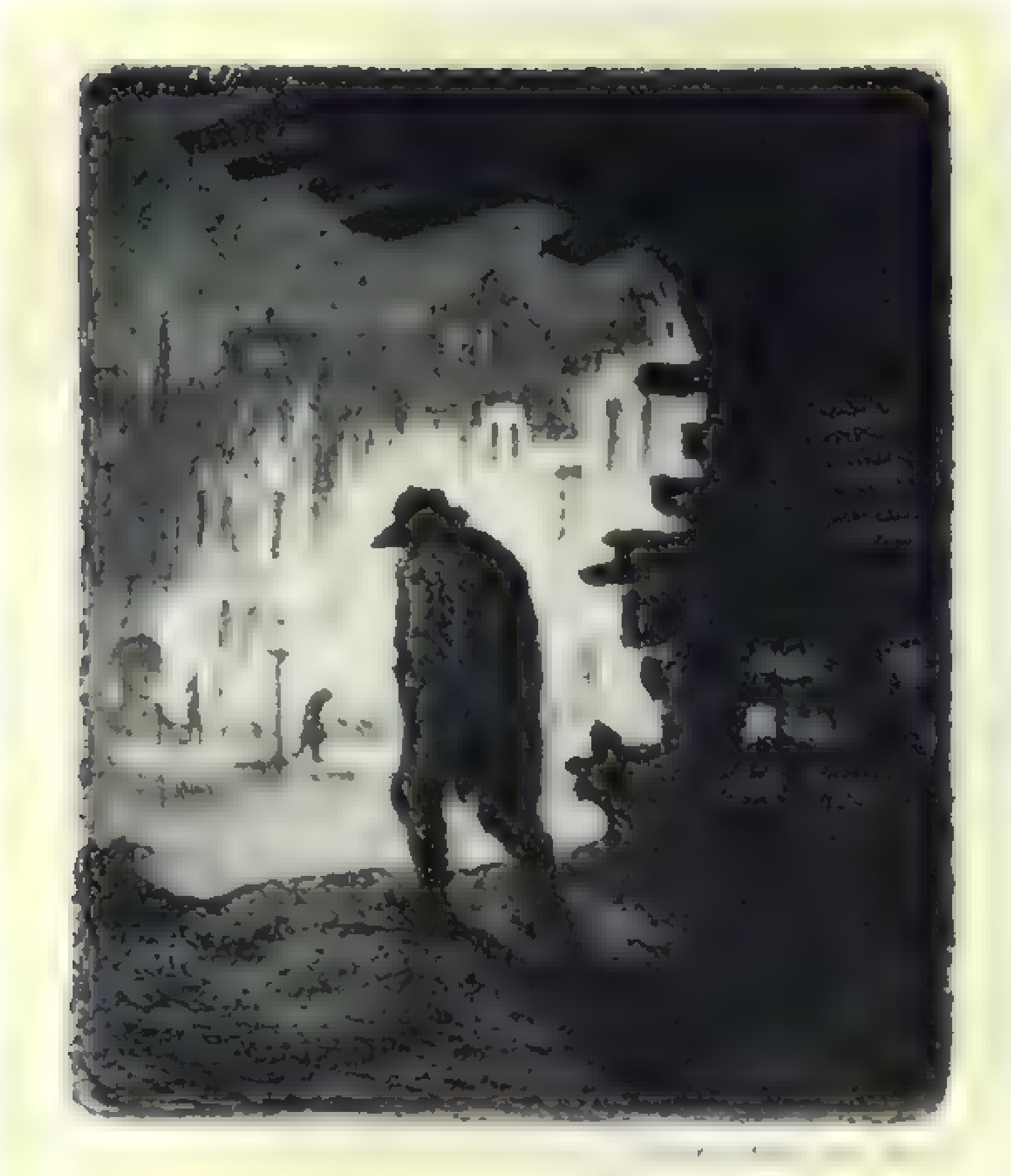
AFTER THE FLOOD



UNDER THE ARCHWAY

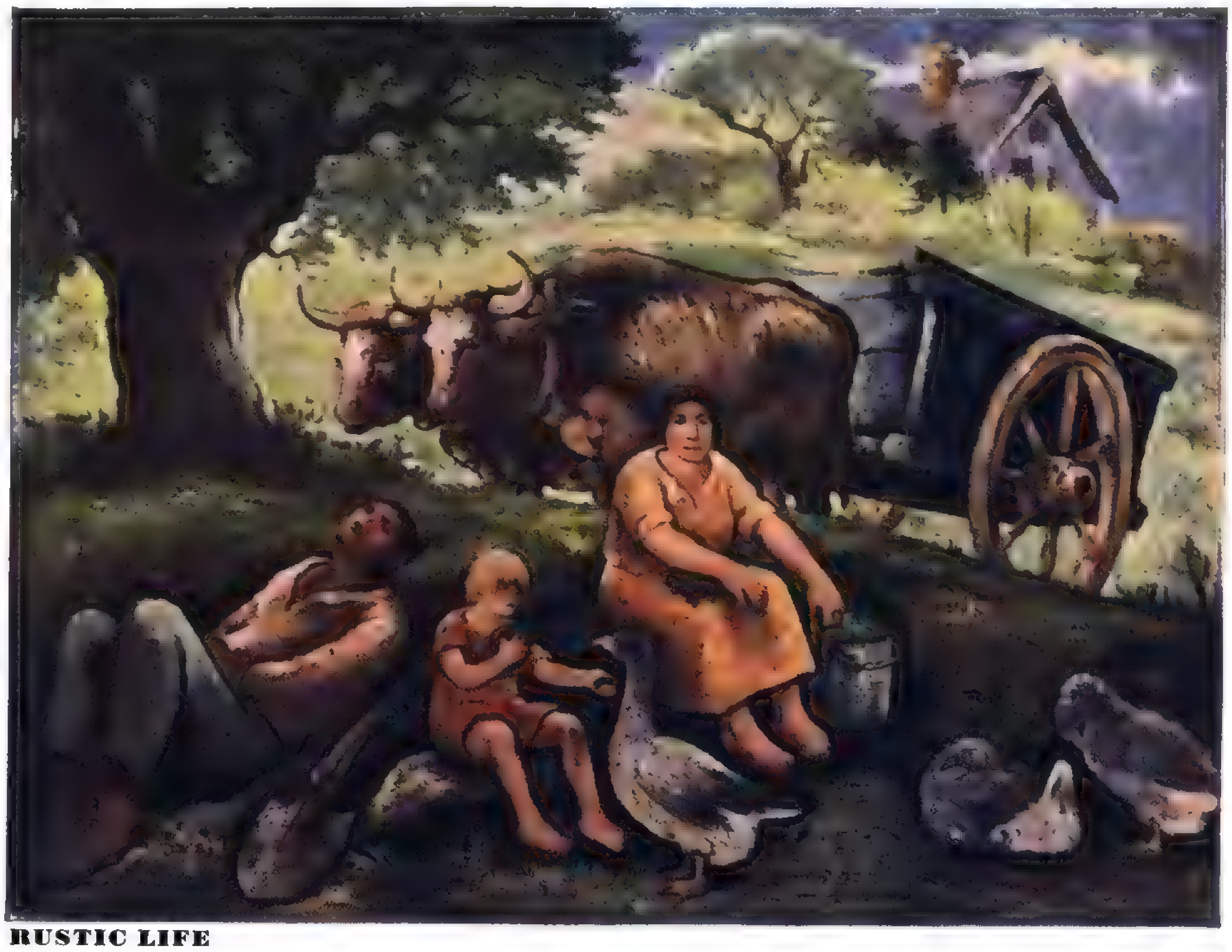


MOTHER GROLIOT'S DOORWAY

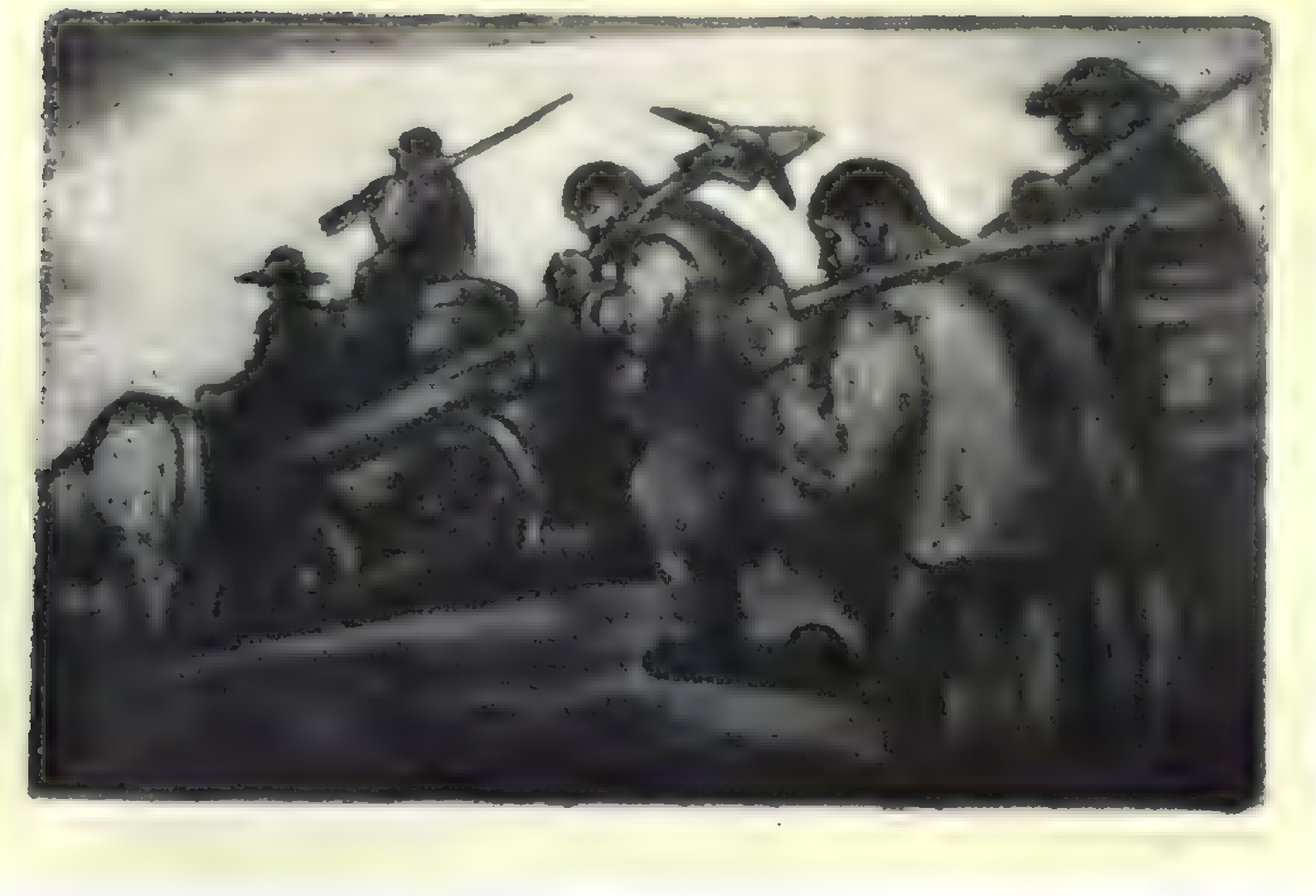


OUT OF THE SHADOWS

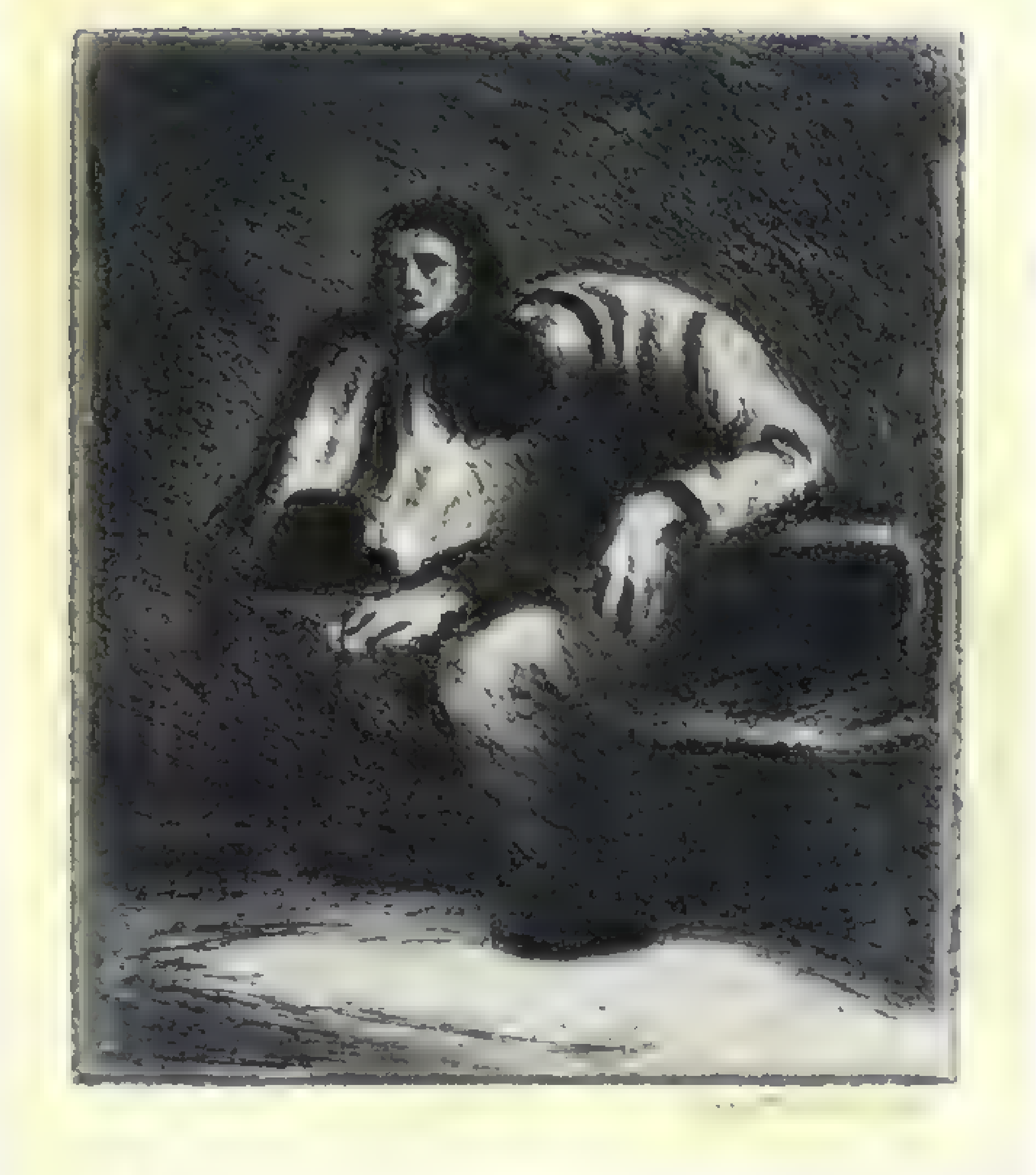
Paintings and etchings reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries, New York, where these and other representative examples of the work of Eugene Higgins are permanently on display and sale.



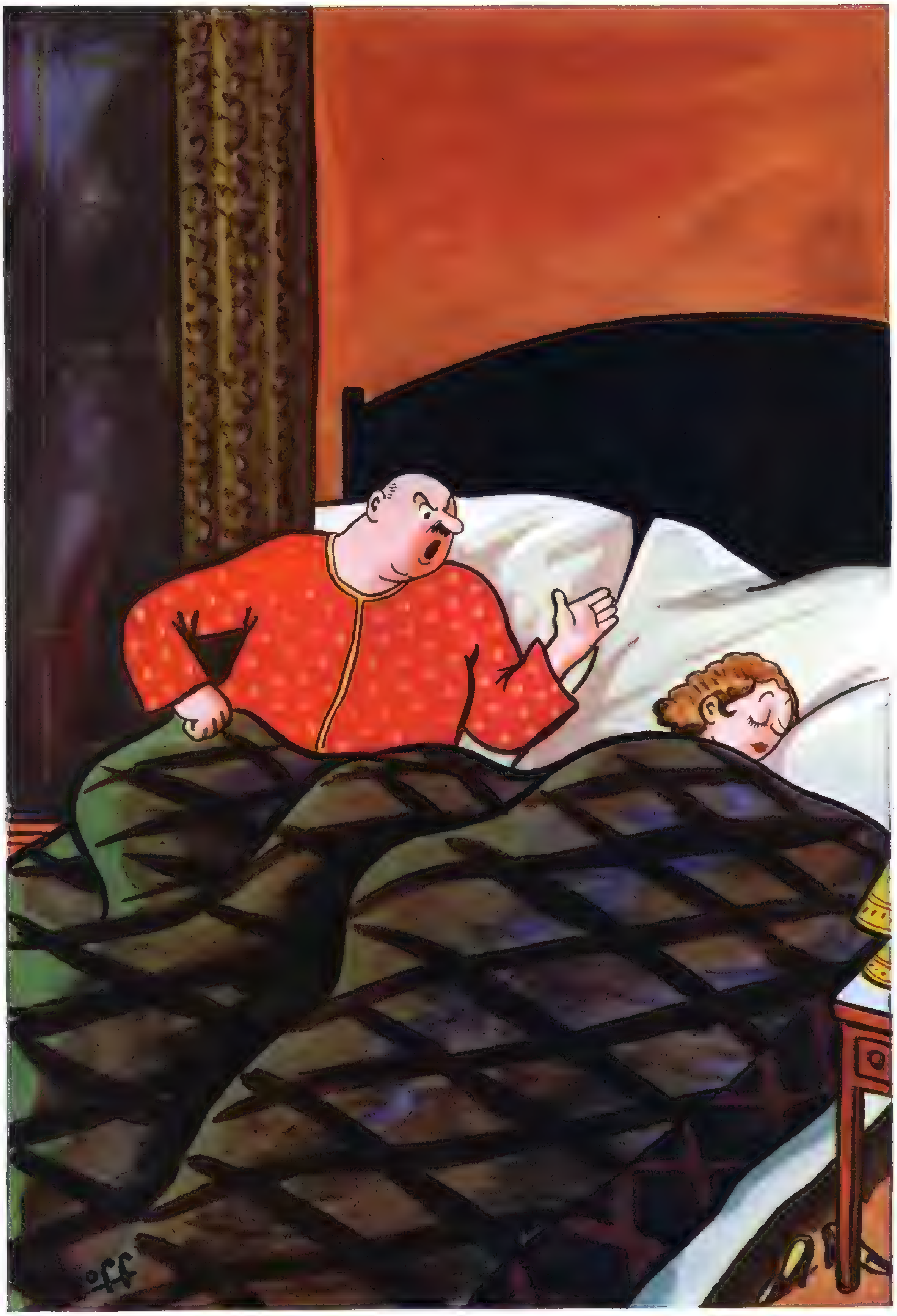
RUSTIC LIFE



CONVICTS AND GUARDS



IN THE PARK



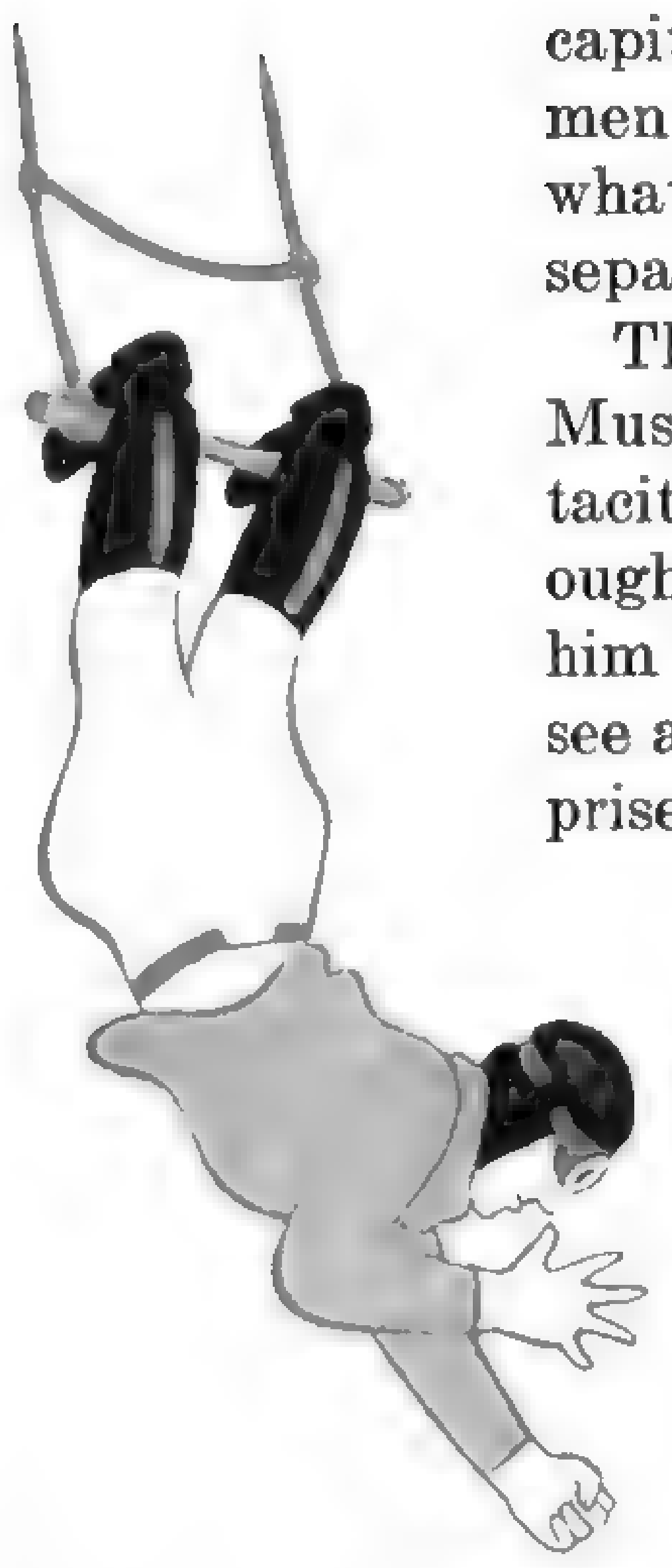
"So this, Mrs. Petrie, is matrimony"

All Glory Gone

Yesterday's aviation heroes who have landed on top are about as rare as the gnu

by J. D. RATCLIFF

▪ ARTICLE ▪



FLYING is a curious profession. It pays doubtful returns in some instances, none at all in others. One day a pilot rides up Broadway collecting a tonneau full of ticker tape, a key to the city; then come a lot of pretty compliments, vanilla ice cream, and *petit fours*. The next day he sits on a park bench, the stumble-bum beside him unable to recall either the face or the name.

Even the stock market doesn't treat its devotees so harshly. Yelp though they will, brokers somehow seem to turn up with a starched shirt and an aromatic Havana no matter what happens to Goldman-Sachs.

Today relief rolls are studded with once-glossy names: oldtime pilots who pushed the first mail through the soup over the Alleghenies, men who won endurance records, and even adventurers who flew the the Atlantic but failed to jell their lives into the magic Lindbergh pattern.

Airlines don't want them. The big transport companies are looking for fresh, bright-eyed youngsters who will take orders as a matter of course, who can adjust themselves to a severe routine and—in the sneering words of the oldtimers—become "glorified bus drivers."

So yesterday's heroes are kicked about, taking what pickings they can. As such, they don't make much better copy than any other down-and-outer. It is those who have survived aviation's revolution and managed to land on top that count. And they are about as rare as the gnu.

Two examples of this nearly extinct species are Capt. Edwin C. Musick, the man who is making aviation history flying Pan American's China Clipper across the Pacific, and Aron Krantz, ex-wing walker who pilots the New York Daily *News'* photo plane.

They are just about as different temperamentally as two men could be. One subsists on thrills; the other abhors them. One is solemn, quiet, almost gloomy; the other, pretty gay.

One — Musick — apparently anticipated the day when dependability would become aviation's greatest asset. Meanwhile, Krantz roared to a modest sort of fame by hanging from planes by teeth and toes, by riding flaming ships to earth, and by spitting repeatedly in the face of fate. Both capitalized on their training. To get these men in their proper perspective and see what made them click, let us look at them separately.

There is nothing legendary about Pop Musick. Everyone has always taken the taciturn, dimple-chinned pilot for the thoroughly reliable man he is. They don't expect him to fly when his squint, seaman's eyes see a storm in a clear sky. They are not surprised when he lands a plane-full of potent American publishers in a sweltering Brazilian harbor to bob about all night when they might be banqueting—as he actually did with Roy Howard of Scripps-Howard, Paul Patterson of the Baltimore *Sun*, Frank Gannett, and a dozen others.

Musick, now rated Pilot No. 1 on the world's longest airline, has spent five years of his life in an airplane. He started logging these hours in 1913 at Los Angeles. By the time of the war he was an accomplished pilot. Not caring to risk his neck—finished pilots were too rare in those days—the government assigned him to teaching, first at Wichita Falls, later at Miami.

In 1921 he joined one of the country's first commercial airlines—the Aeromarine Flying Service, which ran ships between Bimini, Nassau, and Havana. On this run he received invaluable flying-boat practice and started building his reputation.

Aeromarine's ships were painted white, and Musick kept them as clean as an old maid's kitchen. The six pilots under him he drove like a bunch of steers. If the planes weren't spotlessly clean, if their white paint didn't glisten, it was somebody's neck. Sometimes he carried this to an extreme: A native black, helping dock one of Aeromarine's big flying boats, tumbled into the shark-infested waters. Fins appeared from everywhere and the black, an ashen gray by then, scrambled up the side of the plane. Musick, watching the swift performance gravely from the cabin, leaned out and bawled: "Hey, if you climb up there, damn it, don't mar that paint."

The Fall of 1927, Juan Trippe organized a little ferry-boat airline to fly the 93 miles between Havana and Key West and gave it a resounding label: Pan American Airways.

The scrubby line needed a pilot who knew what a tropical hurricane looked like and also how to handle a flying boat. Musick got the job.

Instead of losing his hand, Musick got better as each new series of Pan American planes came out. Literally he grew up with the line—and became as fine a piece of machinery as any plane ever turned over to him.

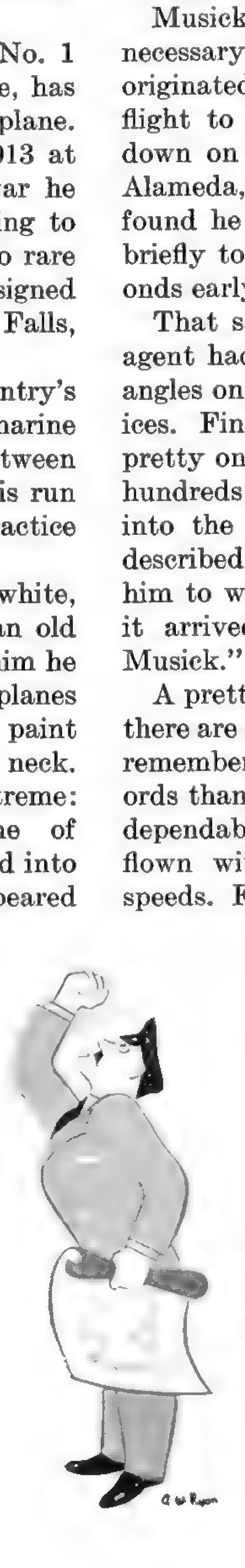
He has flown more than 1,100 round trips out of Miami for Latin-American ports, has never had a serious accident, has never lost a passenger. As this imposing record grows the flying Coolidge becomes even more taciturn, more slavish to regulations than he was in the old Aeromarine days.

If the rule book calls for a black string necktie and a pilot appears in a black knitted tie, Musick is distressed. Fancy socks or an unpressed uniform will probably bring on an apoplectic stroke one day.

Musick dislikes any folde-rol, any unnecessary wordiness. A couple of stories originated a year and a half ago on his first flight to Hawaii. When he put his plane down on the island, 2,550 miles from the Alameda, California, base, Pilot No. 1 found he was off schedule. He apologized briefly to his company for arriving 60 seconds early.

That same flight a Pan American press agent had a brain storm. He wanted new angles on the trip for the various wire services. Finally he had an idea—and a very pretty one it was: a description of a plane, hundreds of miles out in the Pacific, flying into the setting sun. Enthusiastically he described the story to Musick and asked him to wireless it back. He groaned when it arrived. The message: "Sunset, 7:58. Musick."

A pretty drab fellow you might say. But there are a couple of points about him worth remembering. He holds more aviation records than any other individual: good, solid, dependable records on certain distances flown with certain loads and at certain speeds. Furthermore, his subordinates idolize him. To them he is a benevolent top sergeant, trying at times, yes, but always making them do things that will be best for them in the end. Duke Krantz, on the other hand, is another story. His training was just about as unorthodox as Musick's was well regulated. He learned flying by climbing out over the wing into a cockpit and changing places with the pilot so he could get the feel of the ship before he went off the ground alone. The second time he took a plane up alone he looped it 33 times. On his job today he seldom lands on a well-lighted field.



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I Was, I Am, I Will Be, a Spy

An amazing account of an international spy who had all Europe, including himself, in a flurry

by DOUG WELCH

▪ SATIRE ▪

WELL, now that everyone else has written his experiences as a spy during the late World War, I think it is about time that I stripped off the veil of secrecy which cloaked my own faintly amazing adventures during that memorable period as an agent for the British, German, French and Austrian governments, and one or two other governments which slip my mind for the moment.

As the dreaded Operative X2 (and later as the dreaded Operative X2—Y) I stalked through Europe for the best part of four years, grubbing in people's wastebaskets and seeking involvements with the beautiful, exotic women spies of the enemy. In this latter respect, I am afraid I was not as fortunate as some of my brother agents. Most of the women spies I encountered were middle-aged stylish stouts with dishpan hands and shoes that fit too tightly. Lord knows, I tried hard enough to become involved with the other kind, but just about the time I would succeed in convincing some beautiful, exotic woman that I really was a spy and worth inquiring into, she would either be shot or transferred, or would give up the spy business altogether for love in a cottage with some second lieutenant.

On several occasions, I recall, I even arranged intimate little suppers in my apartments—dismissing the servants for the rest of the evening—only to have my intended victims plead a previous engagement or telephone they were in bed with laryngitis.

It was at the start of the war, when the Germans were sending spies into England dressed as English officers, and the English were sending spies into Germany dressed as German officers, that I approached the British War Office with a most startling plan.

Briefly, I proposed to enter Germany disguised as an *English* officer. But—and here was the beauty of it—I was to pretend that I really was a German agent. The very audacity of this scheme (Kitchener said it was "harebrained") quite took away the breath of the British War Office, and quite took away my own breath, too, for that matter. At any rate, when I had completely sobered up, there I was in Berlin, noting the troop trains as they departed for the front.

I must confess my dual capacity sometimes confused me, and I think it must have confused the Germans as well, because one day I felt a tap upon my arm and wheeled about to face the grim-visaged Oberst Heinrich Schmaltz of the German Intelligence Division, scourge of all Allied spies, but a nice enough fellow outside the office. Believe me, for a moment the world stood still.

"Why, damn it, Welch," said Schmaltz. "We haven't had a single report from you since you started to work."

I don't know how he knew my name was Welch. For weeks I had been passing checks all over Berlin under the name of Felix Hoffstader. But that was like the Germans. Nothing escaped them. A remarkable people.

So from British Spy, third class, I rose swiftly to German Spy, second class, with an increase of salary of better than a hundred dollars a month and a sizable expense account, which meant I could send my laundry out instead of doing it in the room. Of course I promptly sent in my resignation to the British War office, but I guess they never received it because, for the duration of the war, I kept getting nasty letters from them asking me what the hell I was doing.

"Welch," said Oberst Schmaltz one morning (I was going to say one *fine* morning, but it wasn't. There was a slight drizzle), "we want you to slip through the enemy's lines and get the data on that long-range French gun which has been shelling Berlin.

"Listen, Oberst," I asked. "You haven't, by any chance, got that confused with the long-range *German* gun which has been shelling *Paris*, have you?"

"Possibly I have," he admitted. Later Oberst Schmaltz turned out to be a French spy and was shot. In view of that, I think the foregoing conversation is significant.

Subsequently he assigned me to get into communication with Mata Hari. Lovely, talented Mata Hari, queen of all the foreign agents! Two weeks later in Paris I was feverishly calling her number.

"Allo," a voice answered.

"This is X2 speaking," I said, *sotto voce.*

"Don't speak *sotto voce,*" said the voice. "If you have got anything to say, come right out with it!"

"X2," I repeated.

"Ooooo?" questioned the voice.

"X2," I practically shrieked. "X2! X2!"

"It sounds to me like you're saying X2," said the voice.

"Listen," I said. "Oberst Schmaltz, weinerschnitzel, *unter den Linden, Deutschland uber Alles!* Get it?"

"You must have the wrong number," said the voice. "This is the Palace Cafe, Tables for Ladies."

The next morning I read of Mata Hari's arrest. I shall always treasure my association with that charming woman.

It was in the Fall of 1916 that I introduced myself into the French War Office, disguised as the man from the exterminators, and got away with the master plan for the great French November Offensive, and a box of paper clips.

It was a master stroke! Unfortunately, however, I left it in the pocket of my tweed jacket and the cleaner came one morning and took it away before I awakened. I found out later he was really a Russian spy and sold it (the plan, not the tweed jacket) at a fancy figure to the Italians.

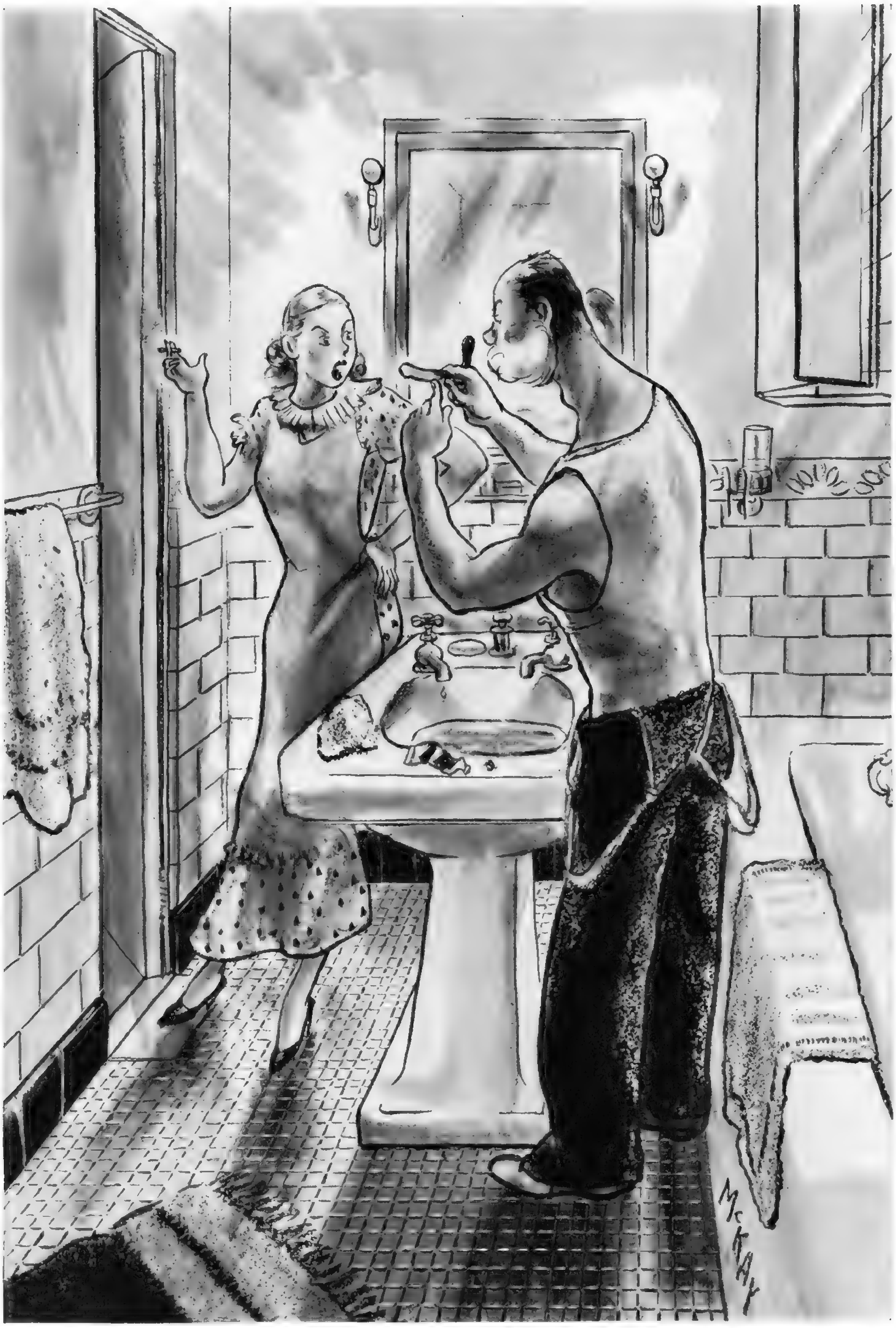
Not having the actual plan then, I had to make up one of my own to send to the Germans. It wasn't until about the end of December that they succeeded in deciphering my handwriting. By that time, needless to say, the plan was about as much good to them as last week's Sunday supplement.

I've forgotten exactly how I happened to get into the French and Austrian secret services, and I must confess there are times when I seriously wonder whether I ever actually was in the Austrian service. I had no sooner begun to send information to the war office at Vienna when I began to receive the most enthusiastic and cordial letters from the Belgian War Office, commending me upon my brilliant record and offering a decoration if I would but enclose fifteen cents to cover the cost of mailing.

The war ended suddenly (or "took a run-out powder," as the Belgians quaintly phrased it) and I found myself in arrears to most of the governments of Europe. Of some $10,000 advanced to me on my expense accounts, I could account for only $300 which I had given a beautiful young Bulgarian spy named Sonia, whose invalid mother required an immediate operation. Sonia, incidentally, later proved to be a Greek spy and was shot. Poor Sonia!

I sailed for America, as they say in the Balkans, "a sadder but wiser man." And when I got home I discovered to my dismay that they had continued to deliver the paper and milk throughout my absence. And I had also forgotten to turn off the hot water heater. The hot water had backed up through the neighborhood pipes and the family next door (the O'Reillys—he was really an English spy) had enjoyed free hot water the best part of four years.

Ah well, *c'est la guerre.* ⌗



"I don't know why it shouldn't cut your whiskers—it worked all right when I trimmed the linoleum"

A Coal Digger Speaks

Into the garbage can with cowboys, sailors, aviators, for a miner is the only man worth going nuts about

by M. V. BIGDA

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I'm damn sick and tired of hearing and reading of slick cowboys with their nice pants, of brave and handsome aviators conquering the air, and of handsome and immaculate sailors and of other highly fictionized men who are, in reality, in no comparison at all with the coal miner. I'm here to mouth fight, cuss or fight anyone or anybody if they say a word against a coal miner. Every time some writer gets a brainstorm where a miner is a character, invariably the coal miner is depicted as some dumb ox-like person. The hell with that sort of stuff! The miner is one of the best, most manly looking persons in the world. I'll tell you about the miner if you want to know so much.

Physically, the miner is in a class by himself. He stands so much stronger than the run of people that anyone seeing his first miner will immediately take him for a miner. Working eight hours inside on damn heavy manual labor is certainly going to make his chest and shoulders something to brag about. Indeed, if the coal miner goes to buy a new suit and he asks for a size under forty, the storekeeper asks him if he has a new baby in the house!

"I've seen," our foreman says, "cowboys and aviators and other types of men so skinny that if they swallowed a cherry they would have a pot belly."

There are no sickly miners. From the early morning they arise and go to work. Sometimes they have to walk a mile or two to get to the shaft. Oftentimes they get soaked to their skin, then they step on the "cage" and go down some thirteen hundred feet of hole to their jobs. Then for eight hours the coal miner works damn hard and eats his cold lunch from his tin dinner bucket. And he quits at the end of his shift and comes home. But he doesn't get sick or even sniffle once. I'd like to see some of your other laborers do that sort of thing.

Dangerous? You damn right it is. Gas, fall of rock or coal or anything might happen. You would be surprised how a fall of coal will cut and strip a man of his flesh. Rock fall will kill because it is heavy. Gas, of course, is sometimes dangerous. Black damp, especially; there is no way to detect its presence. A man just feels dopey and his senses go reeling. But other gases are easily detected by the fire-bosses who know the formulas.

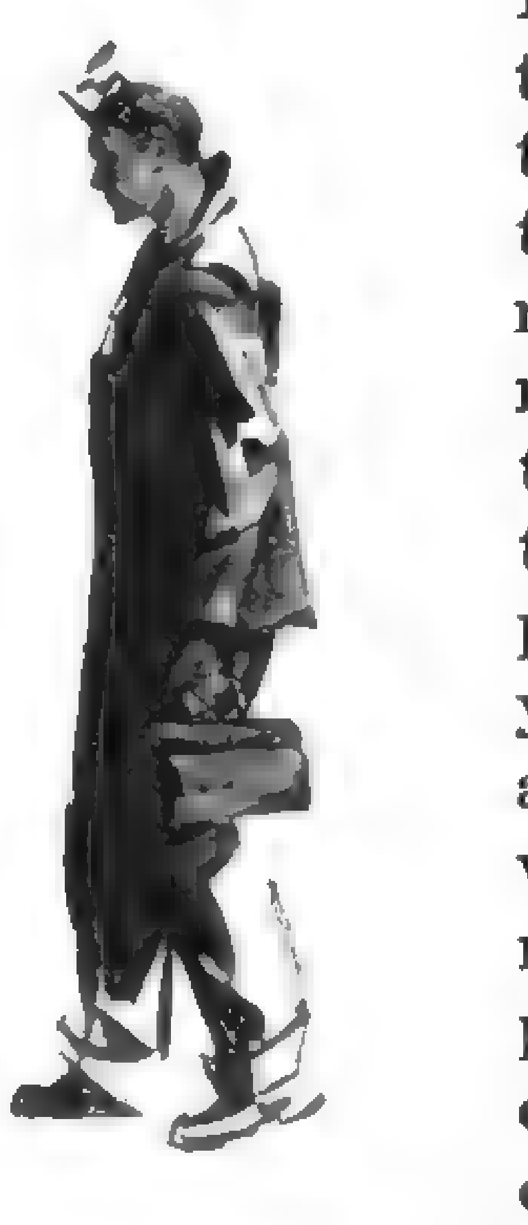
And think of working in the small light of a bug light. All other workers seem to enjoy the sunshine and writers go nuts about their manhood.

Just think of the cowboy who sits on his pants all day and shoots a rattlesnake once in a while: Just look where he gets his callouses! Aviators and sailors and stevedores! Yeah, the miner is just a weakling. Like hell he is!

What's so dumb about a coal miner? He certainly is not the ignorant person that people customarily believe he is. Listen. Almost seventy-five per cent of the graduating class of the local high school go to college. If you doubt my word, write in and I'll see that you receive irrefutable proof. A miner is dumb. Now take our bank, run by a former coal miner. This bank today is fifth on the national honor roll! And the schools are of such excellence that most colleges accept students without entrance exams. How about that? Can you cover that?

Then look back over the sports annals of the years and see how come that this section, around Wilkes-Barre, always has some man from this section on the All-American football team. Always, my goofy people, always. I could go on and give you a heck of a long string of names, all of them within a very short radius. All products of the anthracite region.

How about you pasty faced people who hold jobs in offices? All right, you quail when the boss comes in and gives you a sour look because he might have indigestion. What if he fires you? Do you have any redress? No. You just shrivel up and out you go. You can't do that to the coal miner. There must be a darn good reason for firing him, or else the whole works come out on strike. What's the answer? The miner is so dumb that years ago he knew the inestimable value of being organized. And another thing about the coal miner is the wonderful fact that he has no boss on his neck every minute of the day. When the miner comes to the fire boss's shanty in the morning, he pegs in and the boss tells him if his place is safe. O.K. He goes in to work and doesn't see the boss again until quitting time. How about your other jobs? Yes, mister. No, mister. Do this. Do that. Nuts!



I'd like to see anybody stack up against a miner who has worked in the mines for five years or more. His mental attitude is one of independence; he'll take no lip from anyone. Working in constant danger makes a man stand on his own feet. Should working conditions become bad . . . strike. The miner has starved for six months just to win his point. He has fought for it and died for it. So what?

Yes, and most of the coal miners today own their own homes. And they are not the shacks that people think they are. Nicely painted, modern furniture and all in all, a hell of a lot better than examples of supposedly modern communities I have seen. Where the heck did they get this idea of the miner being just a brawling drunk? It is a standing saying that every miner in the saloon on Saturdays or paydays has his house paid for. What if they do fight now and then? Next day they meet and have a drink together. Maybe they'll take a poke at the whole place just to feel better. You can't blame a guy for feeling his oats.

Ask any salesman who has travelled this section of Wyoming valley if this section does not hold the prettiest women. It's true. Or take a ride down here and see for yourself. You can see more beautiful girls here in an hour than you will see in a month in a big city. And don't get the impression that these women are dumb either, or you'll be seeing more college diplomas waved at you than Hitler's flags on his martial display.

Take some of our older miners. Despite the fact that they work in the dust, sometimes they can't see their hands in front of their face, these miners, nevertheless, attain a ripe old age. There are still some miners left who remember when they were only nine years old when they had to go inside and go "nippin' " (opening doors). At sixty years and better, these old timers are still doing a man's work, heavy work, too. They wear out, mister, not rust out like some fat bellied person who, upon reaching the age of fifty, looks around for some soft corner to pass the rest of his days.

Most young folks take responsibility early. They don't have to, mind you, but it is one of the inheritances of proud miners, that they do. That ought to speak eloquently in their favor that prisons and such are not for them. Practically all men who attain some degree of success, come from the mines, consequently they know

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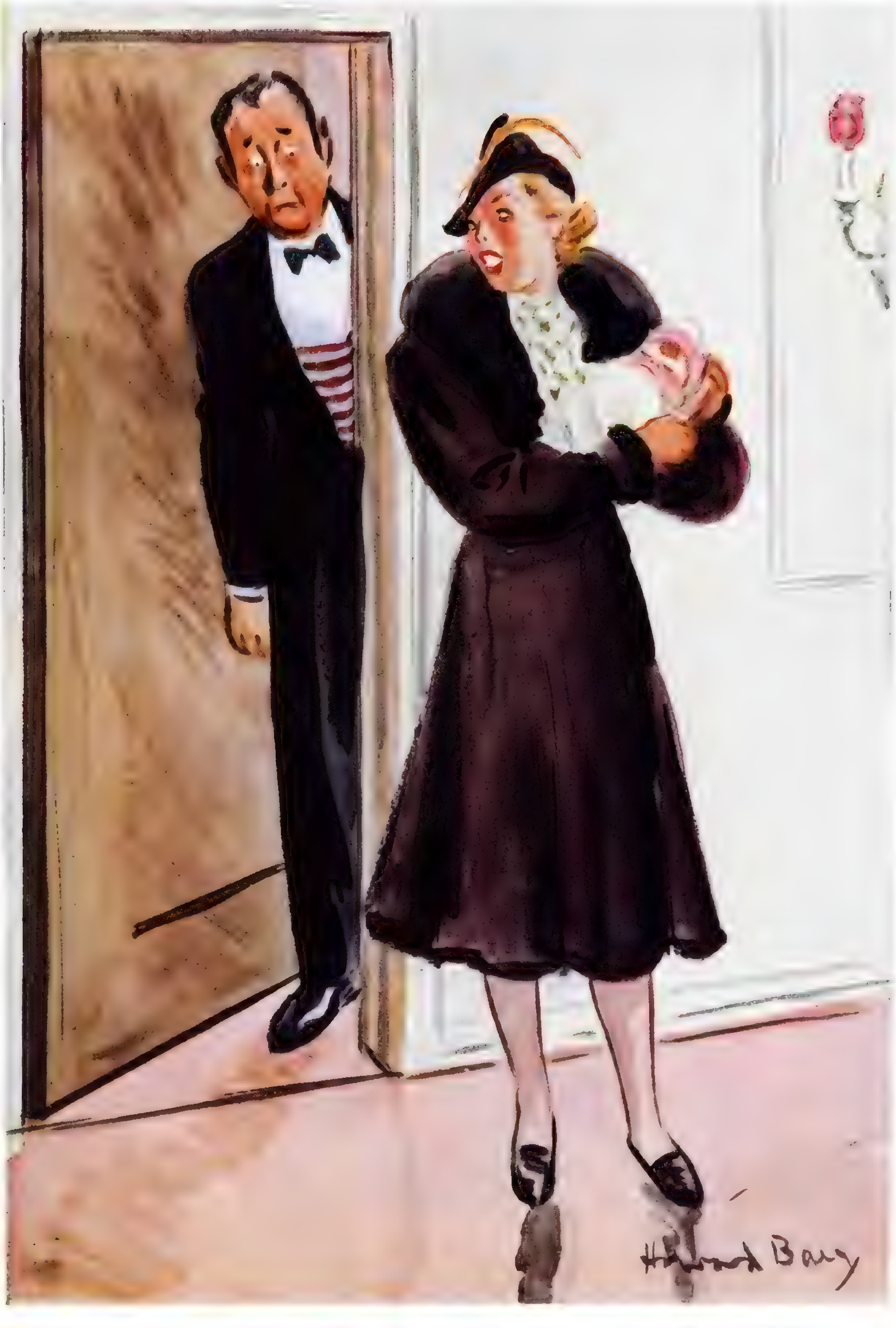
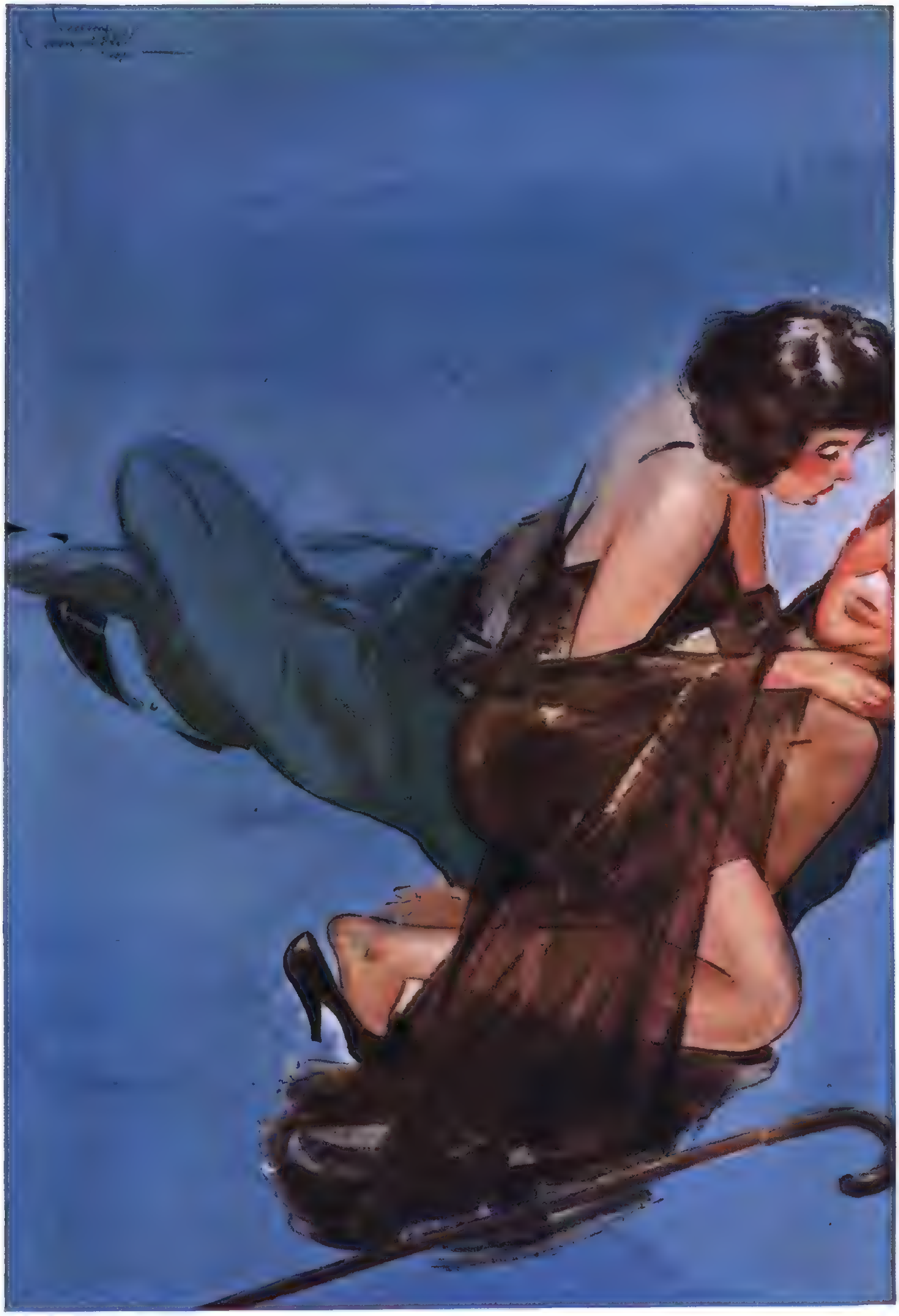

Howard Baer

"Oh—I have a New Year's gift for him this year"



"Speak to me, Mr. Bixby! I was only joking when I said I didn't want a mink coat!"

There's Something About a Boat

Yachting primer for the poor
landlubber who doesn't know
a power boat from a snipe

by GLEN PERRY

• SPORTS •

THEY were holding a race for small sailboats on Long Island Sound off the Larchmont Yacht Club one day last summer. Watching the event from the club verandah was a group of members, the majority of them racing men of high qualifications. As it happened, however, criticism of a certain maneuver by the leading yachts came from the owner of what might fittingly be described as a floating palace, two hundred feet of sleek luxury. One of the sailing men snorted.

"What makes you think you know anything about yachting?" he queried. "You cruise around in that sea-going apartment house of yours, with officers and sailors and stewards to do all the work, and you have the immortal gall to talk about sailing as though you knew something about it."

The wealthy owner grinned and pointed with the stem of his pipe at his yacht, moored out in the harbor. She was a beautiful thing, and must have cost a good part of a million dollars.

"See anything tied to the stern?" he asked.

The others looked. Bobbing pertly at the end of a line tied to the big boat was a sailing dinghy eleven feet long, her bright red sail flapping in the breeze. When new that little boat had cost her owner all of $225, and he had more fun in her than he ever had in his million dollar yacht.

Shortly thereafter the group adjourned to the club bar for further discussion, the wealthy man having, because of his liking for smallboat sailing, been accepted as a brother, and privileged to buy as many rounds of drinks as he saw fit. The subject for debate developed into the question of the scope of sailing. For inspiration, there was the harbor outside. Larchmont is a large and important club, and the number of yachts and pleasure boats, of all sizes, sorts and varieties, could not have been less than two hundred.

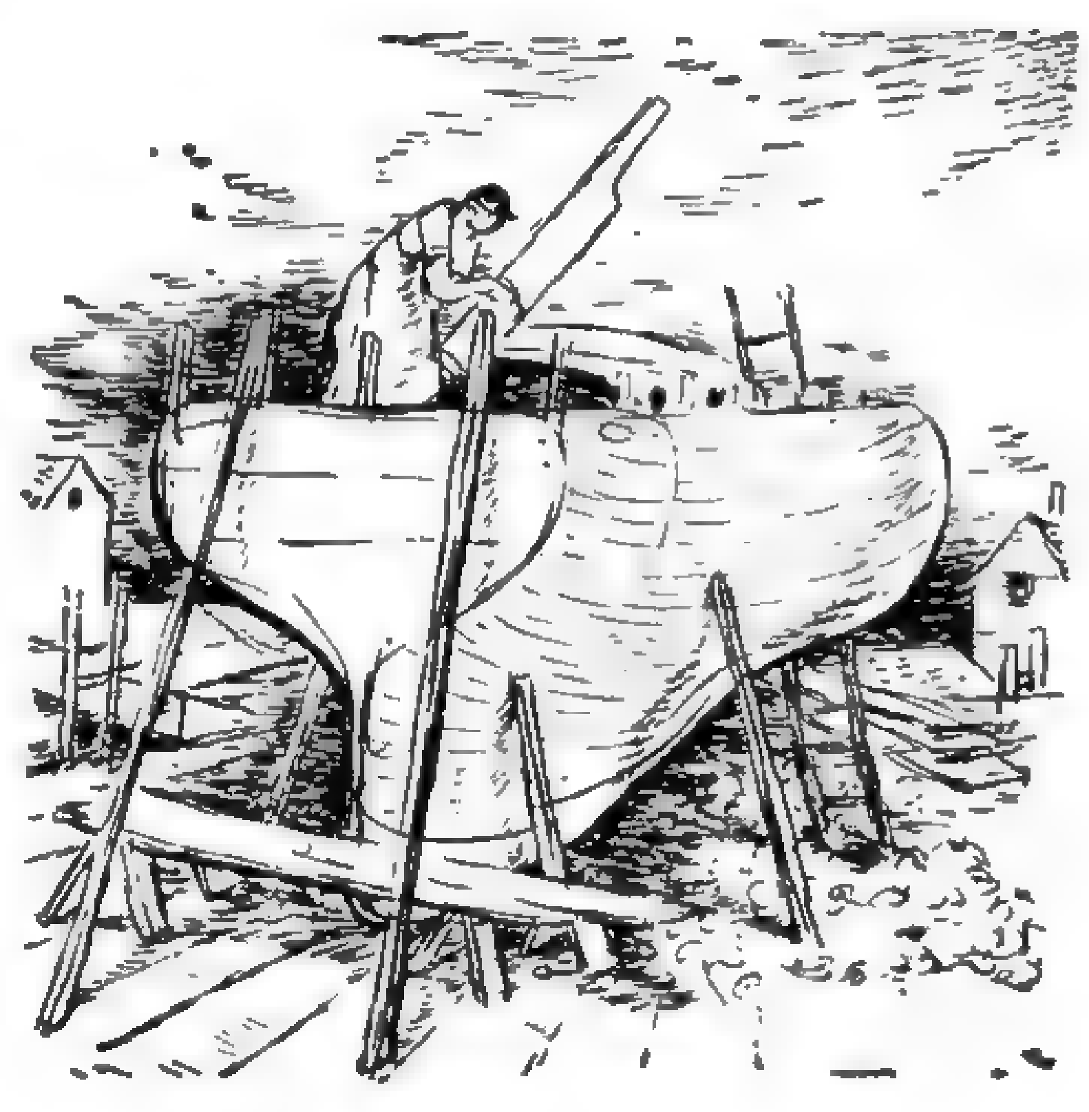
But that was to be expected, for this was yachting water, the paradise of the amateur sailor. What was interesting in the conversation was the experiences of the group. Their descriptions proved that the sport flourishes in places where one would hardly expect to find water, let alone yacht clubs, in spots a thousand miles from any of our three major seacoasts.

One man had seen more than a hundred small powerboats at anchor in the Hackensack River, an industrial stream if ever there was one, especially east of Newark. Another told of cruising on Great Salt Lake, Utah. A third discussed the matter of government registration of pleasure craft.

Powerboats, he explained, with the exception of those plying waters wholly enclosed by the boundaries of a state, must be registered with the government, and on June 30, 1935, exactly 311,236 of them were listed. Including sailing craft, he put the number of pleasure boats in the United States at something like 500,000, exclusive of canoes and rowboats. Some are listed at Great Falls, Montana, out near Shelby, where Jack Dempsey fought Tommy Gibbons in practically desert conditions. Des Moines, Galveston, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Omaha, Pembina, North Dakota, all have a number of yachts registered.

Another man brought up the Sea Scouts, a branch of the Boy Scouts of America, in which the minimum age limit is 15. This organization has grown enormously of late years, and now there are some 20,000 members, and 1,200 Ships, as the troops are called. Juvenile reaction is a sure indication of a sport's popularity, and these Ships, like yacht clubs, are to be found all over the country. Every year the most efficient unit is designated as the Flagship, and for two years this honor has gone to the Ship at, of all places remote from the nearest boundless deep, Topeka, Kansas.

The group concluded that the sport has come to be a national social factor. Beyond the sheer number of boats and enthusiasts lies the fact that yachting demands active participation. There is little entertainment or enjoyment in watching someone else sail, and Americans have found not alone that smallboat yachting is inexpensive and practicable, but that it is so much fun that the wealthy yacht owner more often than not prefers to join them.



The gathering included a man whose avocation was tennis. He was the guest of one of the yachtsmen present, and had therefore been invited, his game on the court concluded, to cool off. It was he who furnished the next point.

"I went to the motor boat show last January," he said, "and it all looked very impressive. But it looked darned expensive, too. Too expensive for me."

Any formal display of goods, such as a motorboat show, is a spectacle of industry on its good behavior. The place is bright with polished mahogany, with nickeled steel, gleaming glass. It *is* an expensive picture. But this year, with yacht brokers doing the best business in their history, before or since the depression, something new has arrived on the scene. It is a sailboat, a genuine sailboat, selling for less than thirteen dollars.

It's small, of course, being just six feet long, with what seems a ridiculously slender mast and a pocket handkerchief of a sail, but it is sufficiently large to start a child on the way to learning one of the most fascinating things in the world: wringing from the elements the propulsive power to take him whither he wants to go. And in such a way will the sport of yachting be introduced to thousands of youngsters in the next few years, furnishing a never-ending stream of recruits to the million Americans already active in the sport.

Nor is that all. It is surprising how much boat $300 will buy. It is a subject for amazement to note that the International Star Class, consisting of sailboats designed for the man of very moderate means, now has more than a thousand boats all over the world, that the Snipe Class, for people of even more moderate means, has almost twice that many.

Anyway, if a million people can and do engage in yachting, it is a logical deduction that this cannot, whatever people may think, be the exclusive rich man's plaything that so many imagine it. On the contrary, wherever there is water enough to float them, pleasure craft will be found in the United States, on lakes, rivers and ponds, owned and operated by men and women who have very little money to spend.

The tennis player, who had been taking all this in, looked perplexed.

"You've been speaking of yachts and pleasure boats. Is there any difference?"

It was explained to him that yachting is another word for pleasure boating, and that a yacht, according to dictionary definition, is any boat used for that purpose. However, in actual practice, the word yacht is reserved for pleasure craft thirty feet or more in length, whether propelled by sail, power, or by either at the discretion of the owner. Craft (a generic name for boats) less than thirty feet long are styled powerboats or sailboats.

With this firmly in mind, the tennis player expressed a desire to go aboard a yacht. One of the men present was the owner of a forty foot sloop, a single-masted vessel with an auxiliary gasoline engine, and the party broke up, the landlubber accompanying this man out to his good ship. When he had concluded his inspection of the main cabin, with

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A Parisian Idyll

It was a very simple thing that the woman of Paris wanted, the cost adding up to but a few francs

by F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

FICTION

This little adventure—believe it or not—happened to me in the Autumn of 1919. I was alone in Paris, revisiting it for the first time since the War. It had not been a very hilarious experiment. For me, there were too many ghosts about. However—! One evening, after a solitary dinner, I was sitting solitarily, with a coffee and liqueur, on the *terasse* of a famous café on the boulevard. At that time, the Avenue des Champs-Elysées had not yet replaced the boulevards as the parade-ground of Paris. All the chairs at the little tables outside the café were occupied, save the one next my own. Along the pavement streamed without cessation that curious human spectacle which Paris alone presents—middle-class French couples arm in arm, loitering for a few bars of an orchestra to be heard without cost, laughing strident voiced incongruously obvious foreigners seeing the sights for the first time, pale young would-be artists or intellectuals with precocious beards and cadaverous eyes under big black floppy hats, Arab rug-sellers draped with their wares, furtive vendors of pornographic postcards, children who offered flowers and newspapers, droves of vividly painted shamelessly brazen ladies of the oldest profession, caped and képi'd policemen among whom the specialist *agents des moeurs* were unobtrusively watchful for novices not yet registered and provided with a police-card, an *olla-podrida* of masculinity of all ages and all types from the four corners of the earth. What life histories there jostled! The stream went on and on, ever changing, ever the same. I watched it idly. There was no one in that throng for me.

Presently I noticed a young woman—she might have been about thirty, rather good-looking, modestly and neatly dressed, with an absence of paint that was almost conspicuous in this environment—detach herself from the promenaders, and pick her way through the tables toward the only unoccupied chair. It was the one which shared my table.

"You permit, *monsieur?*" she asked, with quiet ladylike assurance.

I raised my hat, and made space for her. She seated herself, paying no attention to me but watching the stream of saunterers that passed beyond the awning.

I could not quite make her out. She was certainly French, and it was odd for a respectable Frenchwoman to be sitting alone outside a café on the boulevard. On the other hand, she certainly looked respectable. Her face had not a trace of make-up. Her complexion was fresh and natural. In contrast to all the other solitary women in the vicinity, she made not the least effort to attract attention. She might have been a governess—had that not also been antecedently improbable. The waiter approached. I had been alone for days, felt the need to talk to someone. Brusquely, I made the venture.

"May I offer you something, *madame?*"

She smiled, quite graciously.

"Thank you, *monsieur*—a coffee."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more, thank you." A woman who knew her own mind, I decided. Perhaps she was just a little more than thirty, but not much. Her softly blonde hair owed nothing to dye. Yes, distinctly good-looking when one took the trouble to examine her—nice features, frank grey eyes.

DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

She sipped her coffee, contentedly, her eyes always on the passing throng. I did not know what to say to her; there was a hint of quiet purpose about her that made all my variously formulated but diffidently unuttered openings seem absurdly banal. So I said nothing.

Presently she smiled again at me—a pleasant smile, with no significance other than that of friendly feeling.

"I feel very happy today," she confided, "*très contente!*"

"I am happy to hear it, *madame* (she had too much dignity to address as 'mademoiselle')," I said, politely. "May I ask why?"

"You see, today I have definitely retired."

"Retired?" I envisaged some petty shopkeeper who had made her modest fortune in the profiteering days of the War.

"Yes," she smiled. "Today I bought a hotel at Rueil. Do you know Rueil, *monsieur?*"

Yes, I did know Rueil. It is the village adjacent to La Malmaison, and Joséphine is buried in the parish-church.

"It cost me twenty thousand francs," she said, with a touch of pride. Those were the old-time francs of 1919, remember. "Your compatriots paid for that, *monsieur*." Again she smiled.

"Indeed?" I was polite, and a little bewildered. "How so?"

"During the war, I worked in a house in Boulogne," she replied, simply. Even then I was obtuse, but her next phrase enlightened me. "I should have saved much more, of course, but a Canadian sergeant swindled me out of twenty thousand francs, and then always I had my little sister to bring up and educate. My parents are very poor, you know."

I did my best to be sophisticated. "Your—friends—were all superior officers, I imagine?" I ventured.

"*Non, non,*" she replied, in a matter-of-fact tone, "*c'était une maison ordinaire—à cinq francs.* I was there more than four years."

I was stricken speechless. It was incredible—this quiet neatly respectable creature! Then I began to do a little mental arithmetic. More than forty thousand francs—say four years and a half—three-hundred-odd days in a year—at five francs!

"You must have had many visitors?" I hazarded.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh," she said indifferently, "*une cinquantaine—une soixantaine—dans la journée.* Sometimes, of course, they would give me a little extra present."

Fifty or sixty a day! Phew! Was it possible? But those experiences did not seem to have touched her. She smiled at me as she finished her coffee, declined a second cup or indeed anything more.

I endeavoured to make conversation.

"Were you always at Boulogne?"

"No. I 'worked' in a house in Paris. *Aussi, j'ai travaillé à Hambourg, Petersbourg et Buenos Aires.* That was before the war."

Continued in center of page 156

In Praise of Games

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Croquet is suitable for the garrulous wives
Of retired English colonels, (husbands and wives playing as partners).
It gives the dull meek colonels their only gentlemanly chance
Of getting angry and answering back when their strategy is defamed.

Golf is excellent
For over-worked surgeons
Who desperately need to escape for a few hours
From the strain of delicately stitching intestines
And from the deadly stench of ether,
And breathe clean air and exercise the large ligaments.
Golf is also very good for tired business-men
Who need to escape from the smile of a secretary.

Tennis is a very nice game
For those who have the eye of a hawk, the legs of an ostrich,
The swiftness of a humming-bird, the arm of a gorilla,
And the mathematical ability of Dr. Einstein.
Football, also, is a good sport
In case the prospect of permanently displaced vertebrae
Does not displease you.
Boxing is nice: what does one want with an ear, anyhow,
Now that the politicians are talking over the radio?
Hockey is one of the best, since
Pensions for all the incapacitated are in prospect.
Aviation is a good game, for young amateurs:
If you get yourself killed now
They can't draft you for the next war.
As for *Rowing*, we will have to leave that out;
For it is not a game, it is penal servitude in a galley;
And if you don't believe me, ask the author of *Don Quixote:*
He knew.

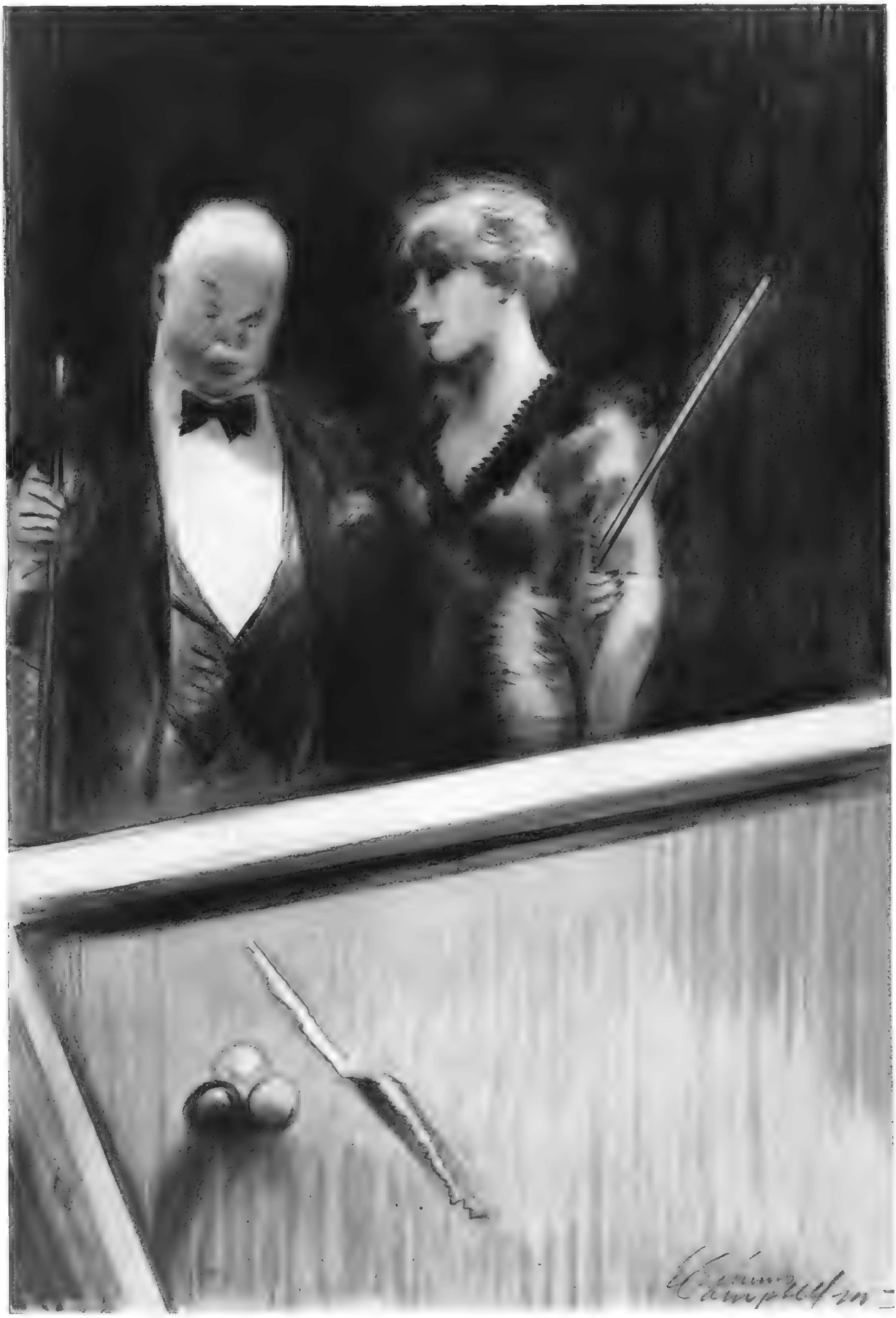
As to *Bean-bags? Bridge? Pinochle? Necking?*
Mah Jong? Polo? Channel-swimming? Solitaire?
Poker? Fencing? Squash? Mumbley-peg? Tag? Russian Bank?
All excellent! All recommended!

But chiefly there is recommended

Chess . . .
In this horrible game
There is no element of chance
Or of the past reputation
Or of the brawny arm or of self-esteem.
There is no possible escape here from your own idiocy.
There you sit, as if staring into a mirror—
And you watch yourself make a fool of yourself.
It is a pitiless game.
No grace of manner, no exquisite words of yours, no luck
Can save you. Face to face with yourself
In that appalling void
Alone, you create your plan, and take the consequences.
Here you learn precisely who and what you are—
And you will not like it.

It is a terrible experience—
Similar, in its quiet way, to what the Creator of the Universe
Must inexorably experience as, every day now,
He looks down.

TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN



"What do I do now, Major?"

Is It Thrifty to Be Smart?

Offering a few activities besides love as subjects for the smart cracks of our professional wits

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

THE Income Tax Bureau would correct me if I made any suggestion that the better wits have not done fairly well for themselves in the past fifteen years. Mr. George Kaufman can always get a job as a gag man, I am sure, and Dorothy Parker is hoping to pay off the mortgage on her new home without too much trouble; Cole Porter can buy a new suit every time he writes a new song and Robert Benchley might get along perfectly well even if he had to give up acting. If there ever was a prejudice against bright wit, I think it has gone now; apparently we are not as grim a people as we used to be. So the only question is whether all this quickness and brightness had not better be restricted to its proper place.

As for instance, the second-rate bit of whimsical dialogue in *The Call of the Wild* which took place among the snows of the Yukon and was spoken by Clark Gable and Loretta Young; or the desperately bright quarrel scene—also in the snow—between Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in connection with a sophisticated song, *Isn't This A Fine Romance?* Or Mr. Rudy Vallee's taking issue with Anatole France on a point of aesthetics. In fact the only field still entirely immune to the ravages of this sort of thing is the comic strip.

The principal objection, of course, is that in all these cases you get an imitative and rather synthetic wit. The stuff is not funny in itself, is not sharp and biting, is not done with any conviction. The second point is that even if it were good, the stuff would be out of place. Mr. Fred Astaire can put over a bright song, but the situation in *Swing Time* called for a delicately sentimental song and that is precisely what Mr. Jerome Kern wrote. But it is smart to have lovers razz each other or exaggerate absurdly as in *You're the Top* or *I Get a Kick Out of You*, so the words of *A Fine Romance* are bright and inappropriate. It's smart to be offhand and extraordinarily indirect in declarations of passion, so gangsters talk like the scenario writer's idea of Noel Coward's characters.

One of the brightest of the movies in the past few months is a thing called *My Man Godfrey*, which in spite of being mighty superior and sophisticated, turns human and humorous virtually every time Carole Lombard opens her mouth, and as she does this with great frequency, the results are very amiable. (Incidentally it gives Miss Lombard a whole new range for her talents and as far as I am concerned one superior to any she has tried before.) The authors of the scenario have the startling notion of having the young woman in love with the young man and being pretty desperately in earnest about it. It works very well.

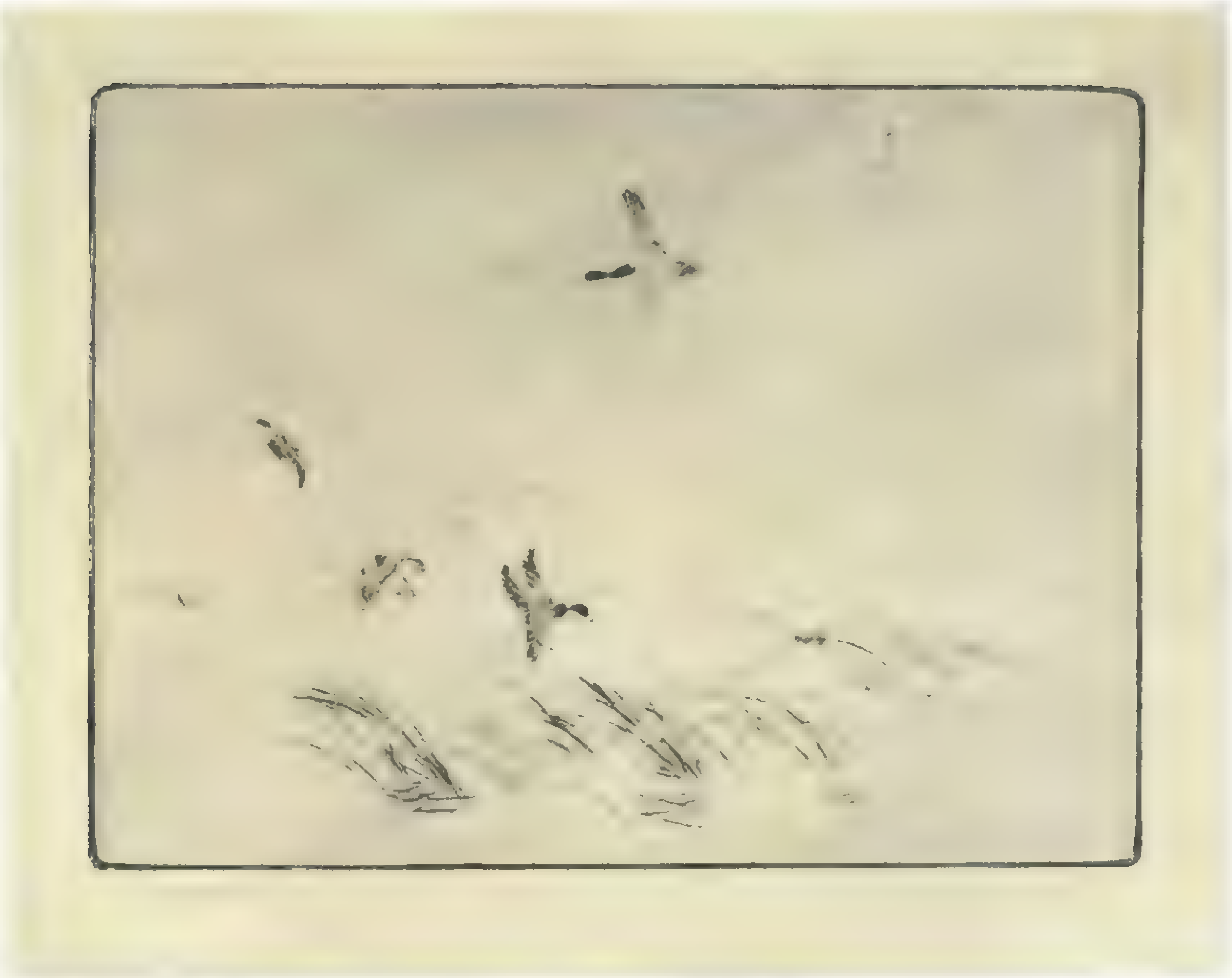
And that suggests that imitators of our wits had better make a profound study of their originals. The first thing they will discover is that while you may have wit without emotion, our sophisticated writers have usually succeeded by sticking to the principle of not having emotion without a little wit. Mr. Noel Coward, who is a formula-man, a writer of epigrams which sound wonderful because they are beautifully turned out, goes farther than our domestic talent in this regard because he is an open sentimentalist. *Cavalcade* is a dramatic tear-jerker and Mr. Coward's war play which, fortunately for him, no one seems willing to produce, is bathed in honest tears. (They are honest and some of the tears are for William Bolitho, who was a casualty of the War even if he survived it.) Mrs. Parker's laments are as poignant as her stabs of wit are sharp. No matter with whom he collaborates, Mr. Kaufman becomes partly responsible for some pretty deep melancholy about the destruction of youth's high hopes and the sadness of growing old. The whole theme of *Merrily We Roll Along* was a profound sentimentality—the idea that because a youth failed to carry out the promise and the radicalism of his high school graduating address, he betrayed his higher self. No fear of being called sentimental or melodramatic prevents Mr. Kaufman, moreover, from collaborating with Miss Ferber in making tragedy out of the suicide of a discarded old actor in *Dinner At Eight* and of an unsuccessful young actress in their new play, *Stage Door*. (The suicide of Tom Mix's horse may be expected in their next collaboration.)

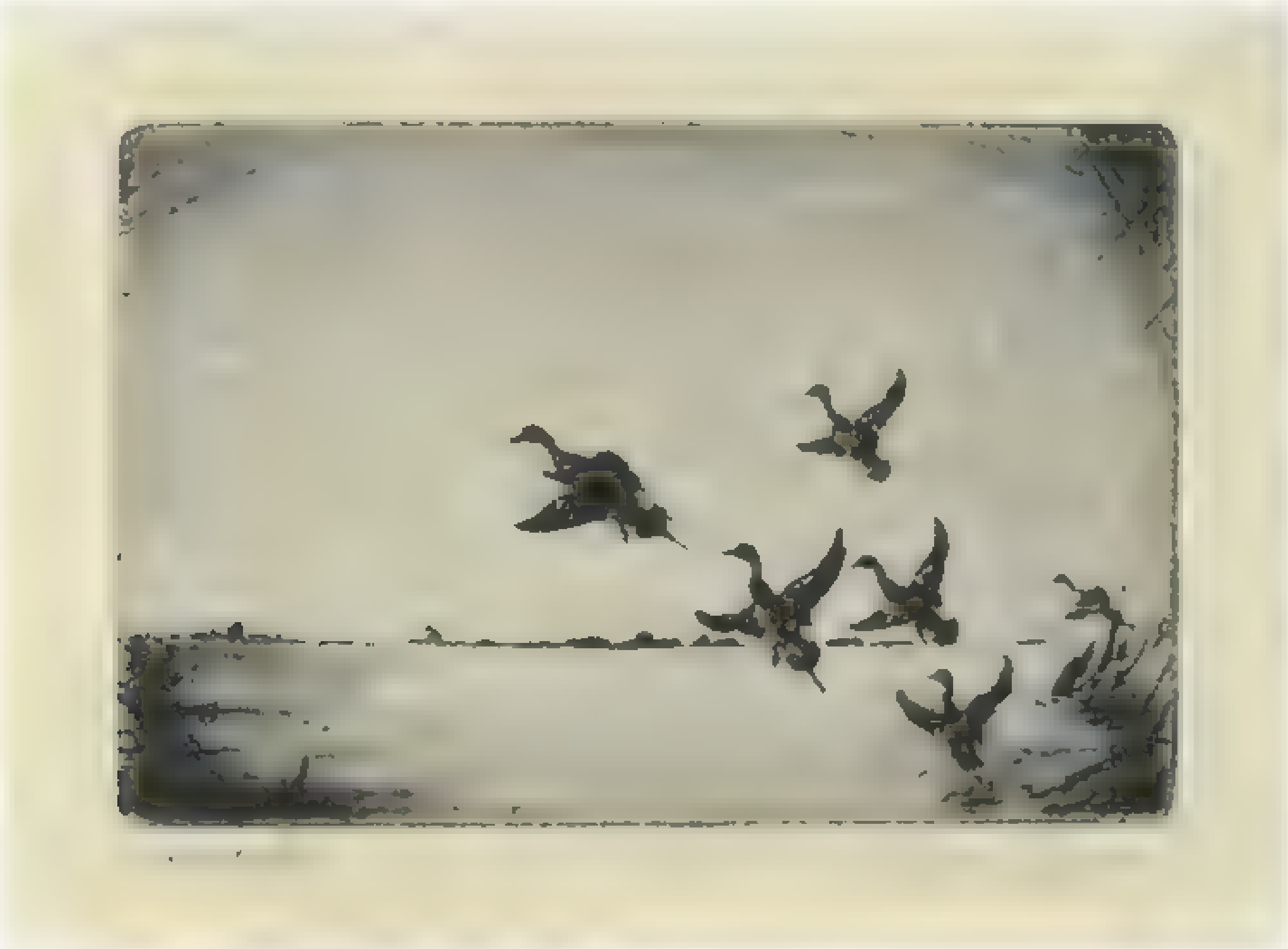
Our song writers and script writers can be sentimental enough, if they want to (and they want to). There is a little number now current which announces that you are an angel from heaven and inquires where you put your halo, when you lost your wings, which is, I think I can safely say, not exactly sardonic about the tender passion. There is good reason for this sort of thing: you cannot croon hard bright cracks. Mr. Bing Crosby occasionally surprises and delights me by a wink of the eye and a corresponding dig in his tone of voice which indicate that he is having a little good fun at the expense of his material. But for the most part love songs have to be straight and have to be sung straight. I cannot believe that the average American citizen and taxpayer considers verbal fireworks and a little cynicism as the proper medium for love-making. Only the writers have discovered that there is such a thing as smartness and that it pays some of the people who practice it.

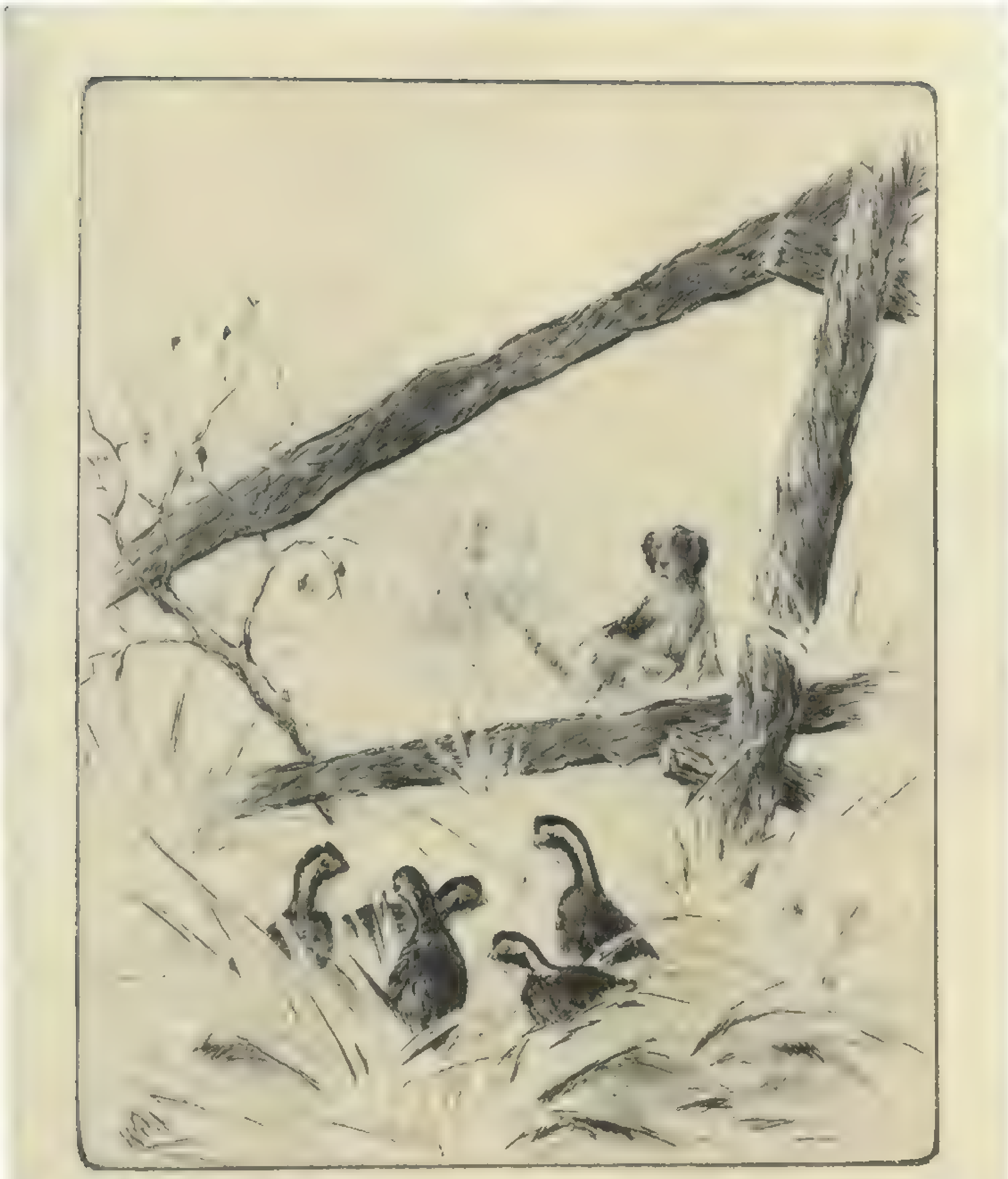
Every once in awhile the movies get smart in just the right way. *Rhythm On The Range* is a good example and so is *Sing, Baby, Sing*, in part. They laugh at secondary things which have been taken too solemnly before, such as the romance of the cowboy or the romance of the actor. A kind of hearty, knockabout fun pervades these pictures and you will find that nearly all of them are originals worked up in the studios or are developments of magazine stories—there is none of this sort of freedom when the pictures address themselves as they now so solemnly do to the translation of masterpieces to the screen. When they come to do *Boy Meets Girl*, you will probably find again exactly the right tone—I don't see how they can possibly miss the delicate and precise balance between sentiment and cynicism which makes the play so attractive.

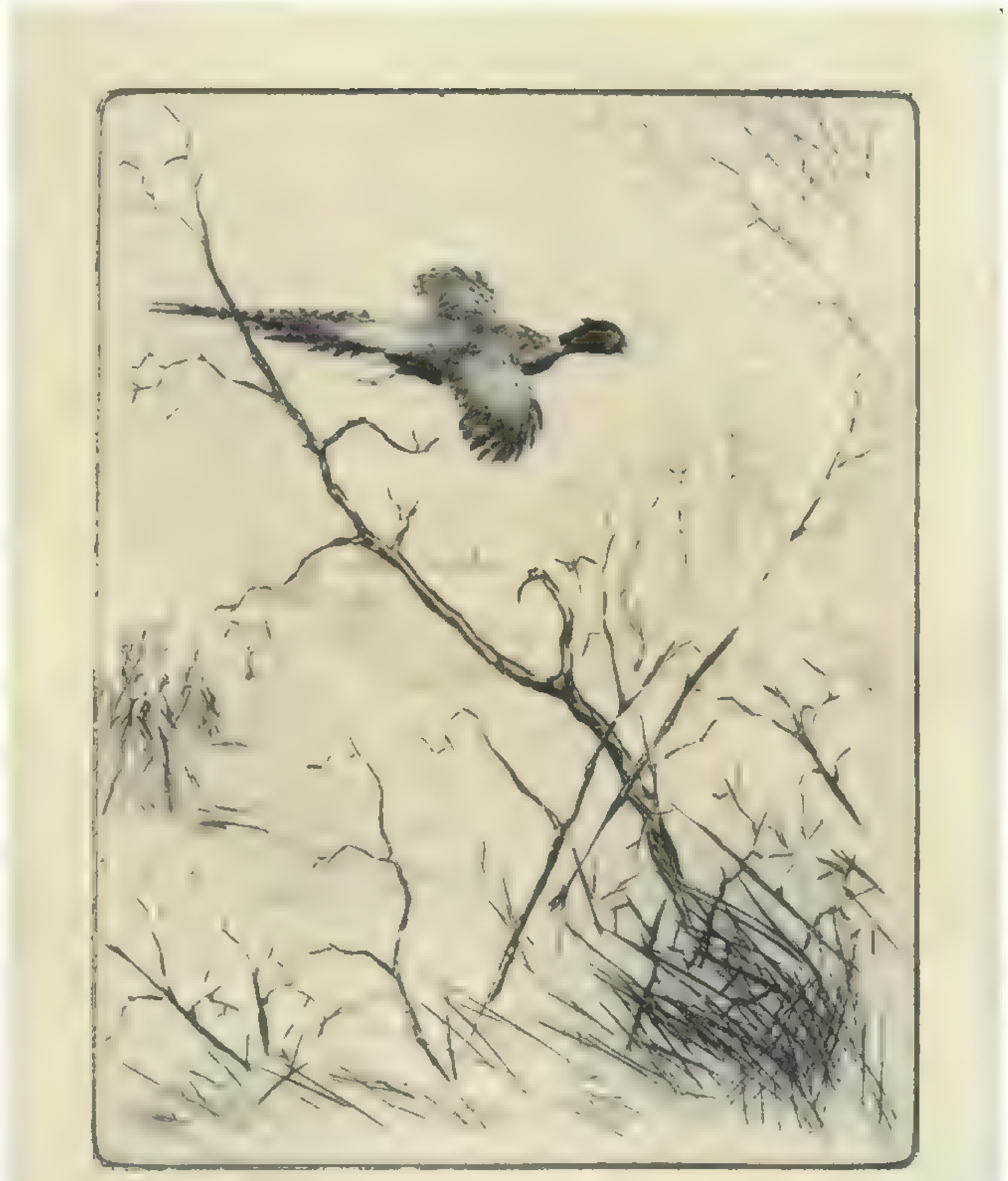
People have always laughed a little cruelly at the spectacle of other people in love and you can psychoanalyze this human habit to five decimal points without gaining very much by it. It would be interesting to know whether the great cynics about love have had much experience of it or much pleasure in it. But even that would not explain to a gag man why cynicism can sometimes be misplaced. It is fundamentally a kind of intellectual interference with the emotions—and that is why cynicism is so often expressed in epigrams which are a highly intellectual mode of expression. When a lyric writer who is not actually an intellectual borrows the form, you feel the strain and the result is displeasing.

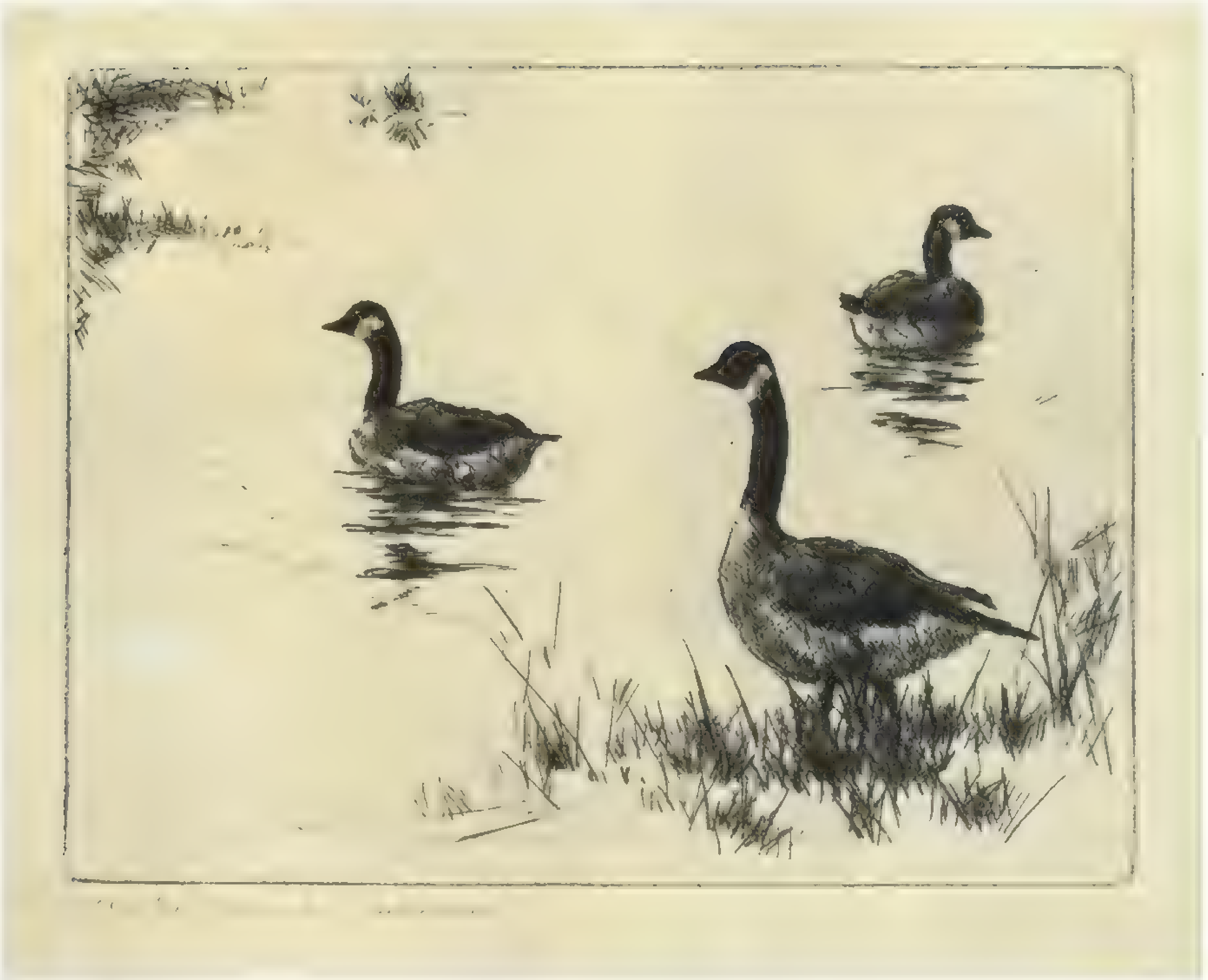
In the last ten years or so, politics has been added to love as a proper subject for cynical wit. If the song and scenario and radio script writers want to be witty instead of being downright funny, I would suggest that they abandon these two subjects for a time and go through a sort of setting-up exercise with baseball and food and golf and fan magazines and other such simple subjects for a beginning. The populace is attached to all these things, but I think would not mind a little sharp fun at their expense. The human race makes a spectacle of itself in a thousand different ways and it seems a shame to jeer at it for only one or two. That will leave us the real wits to correct our extravagances about love and will also allow our popular writers to be, as always, simple, sensuous and passionate. And while this is going on, the imitators of sophistication will discover that "so's your old man" and "*tu quoque*" are both retorts with authority and prestige behind them; but you have to be pretty sure of your ground before you use either and you cannot mix them up. ⧺









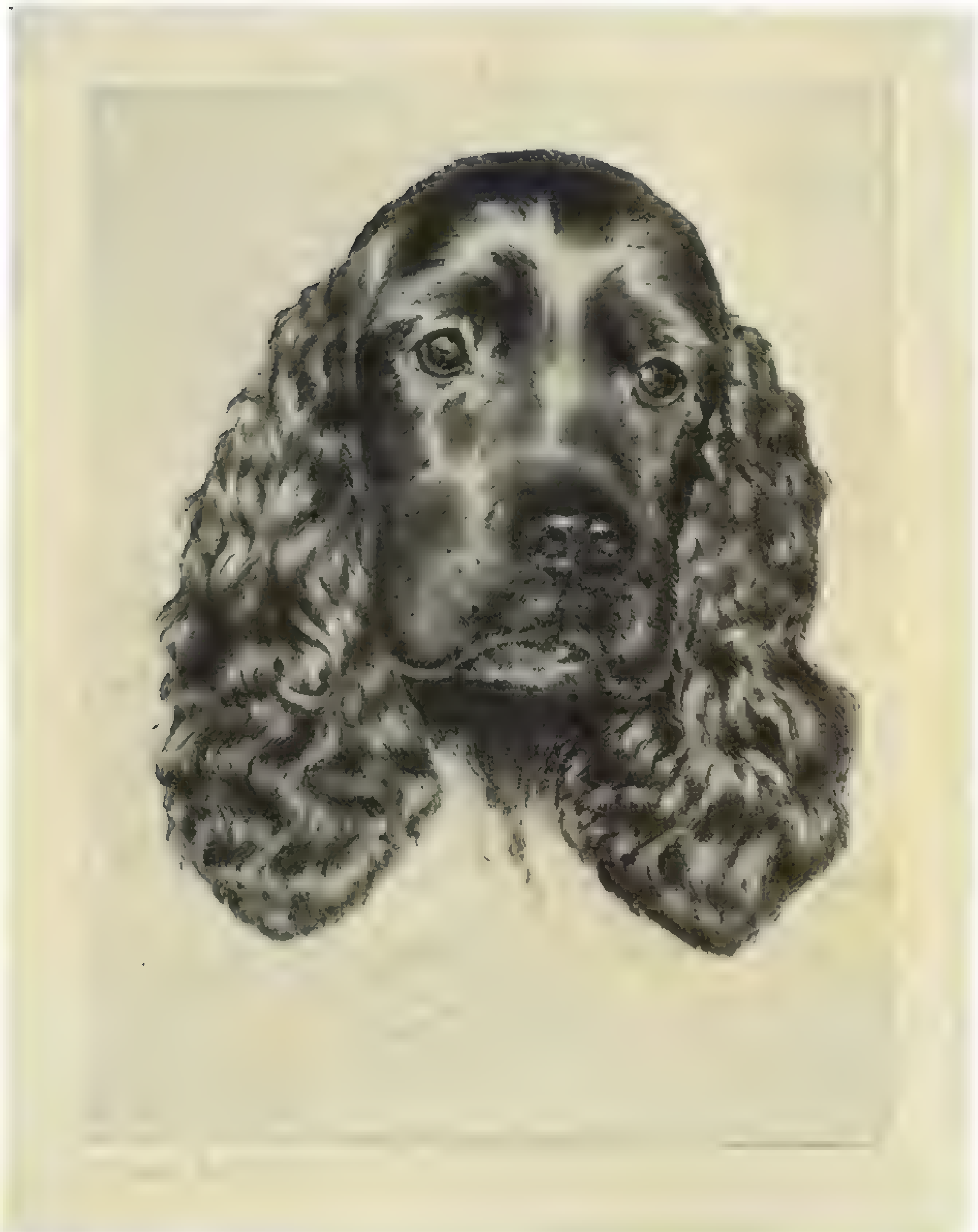


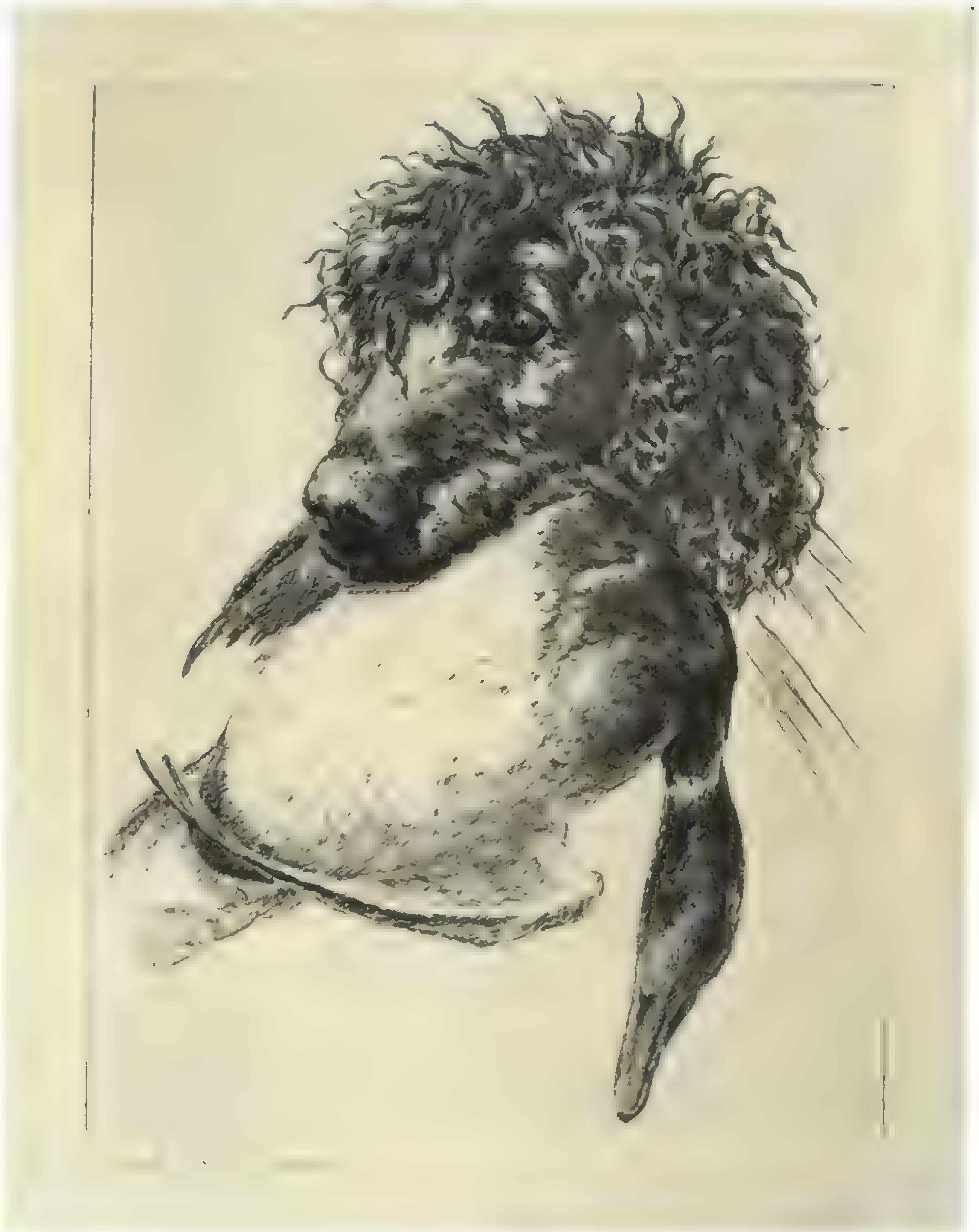
WILDFOWL: A Portfolio of Studies

by WALTER E. BOHL

FROM THE ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK: The duck studies were made on the estate of Edward A. McIlhenny at Avery Island, Louisiana. Our camp was pitched in a beautiful grove of live oaks just a short distance from several ponds where ducks and geese were plentiful. A blind was prepared in one of these ponds about 75 feet from shore where we concealed ourselves before daylight. As the first streaks of light appeared in the east, ducks could be heard winging in from surrounding ponds and feeding grounds. We had to be very quiet and make no movement in the rushes in which we were concealed. Once frightened the ducks would remain at the far end of the pond for some time before venturing toward our blind again. We saw mallards, pintails, ringnecks, scaup, shoveller, blue-wing teal, and canvasbacks. The geese observed were Canada and blue geese. The quail and pheasant studies are the result of a hunting trip in Illinois.

Walter E. Bohl





Old Wine for New Year

Thanks to the good Benedictine monk, Dom Perignon, we have the happiest of drinks, champagne

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

You cannot recreate a delight or expect to repeat the exact pattern of a joy, according to Fah Too Yung, Chinese philosopher. But there is no harm in trying and when the old year dies, your correspondent will whet up a fine thirst with a keen edge and go out looking for the trails he has followed in other years.

If he happens to be in the city of New York, he will dine at one of the better places that worry more about their kitchen than their cover charge, and then leisurely, around 11 o'clock, he will hit out for the northern end of Times Square. By midnight, with good luck and better humor, he will probably reach Forty-second Street, having made the three blocks in something less than an hour. After the ball has dropped on its mast atop the old Times Square building, he will mosey on toward one of the quieter hotels that know him. There he will sit and sip champagne, until his flat purse is flatter, gently contemplating time, tide and the complex threads that control his behavior. If he makes any resolutions, it will be but one—to make the coming year a better one for champagne.

If your correspondent happens to be in the capital of France he hopes he will be invited to the home on Rue Faubourg Saint Honoré for the beginning of the new year. He will sit for a while at Webers, pretending to drink hot grog but really watching the girls go home from work or he will find a chair on the sidewalk café, near the *brasserie*, of that ancient hotel near the Magazin du Louvre, to watch the amazing electrical pantomime set up for all the children. Then a dinner at Foyot, if he is lucky. And a long walk through the chill air to the house. Entering, he hopes he will be greeted by the *bonne* who will immediately hand him a cup of steaming mulled wine. That will take off the chill and a few more cups will prepare for the moment when we all go upstairs. There on a long table he expects to find hundreds of pâtés, salads and as many cheeses as there are provinces in France. And back of the table the man opening champagne, champagne and still more champagne. There will be no singing of *Sweet Adeline* and no paper hats or horns but there will be unlimited champagne. And like as not, your correspondent will consume three bottles and begin to talk about the good old days when he watched the New Year come in at Times Square.

All over the land the counterpart of that peculiar triangle (which is really Longacre Square but usually is passed off as Times Square) will see its milling crowds, shouting its glee at the passing of twelve rent days and happy with the hope that keeps the race going. It has been your correspondent's theory that these guests at the annual wake, are the best index of the country's mind. He has shivered in the sleet and snow of the night when the folks forlornly looked for Hoover's prosperity to sneak around the corner, he has watched the first signs of a new hope at the upturn and he has seen the frantic joy of a legal liquor New Year. In no one spot has he ever seen such cohesive mass mental action and reaction. It is recommended to business-curve makers and revolution-starters and practical politicians.

Wherever you are this New Year's, we all ought to stand up and drink a beaker to old Dom Perignon, the Benedictine monk who first had the brilliant idea of champagne. The vines that produced a fine wine have been around the Champagne province in France since the first century. But the bubble idea didn't come until the end of the seventeenth century.

The records say, and there is no one left to argue about it, that the old monk fell on the idea by accident, as is usual in great discoveries. It had been a very bad year in the vineyards and the wine in the cellar of the Abbé of Hautvillier was not so hot. So the good father mixed the wine from the better grapes with the wine from the less favored gardens. He figured, better a lot of medium wine than a little good and a lot bad. Then one night when he went down for his usual nightcap he found that all the corks had been blown out and most of the wine was on the floor. The monk saved what he could and lest some of the fermentation be lost added some sugar. Then he invented a wooden cork to replace the old system of straw dipped in tallow. Outside of a few refinements there has not been any change in the making of champagne since that happy day.

The higher price of champagne over still wines of ordinary age and vintage is due to two factors: the time necessary for the maturing of champagne and the high percentage of breakage due to handling. The making of champagne takes five or six years. And it is a process that takes constant care, whereas in making still wines very little extra care is needed.

There are many vineyards in the district and the quality of the grapes varies in each district. Champagne is made from at least three different vineyards, out of a deep black grape. There is a white champagne grape, the Chardonnay, grown south of the Marne, but very little of that is used in a blend. The grapes are harvested in September, usually. When the fermentation ceases along in December the wines from the different sections are blended in large vats and left until April. Then the wine is bottled with a little grape sugar added to start a second fermentation. This is a slow process and takes four years.

At the end of this period the bottles are racked with their corks down and for the next sixty days the sediment is worked down toward the cork. This is done by giving the bottle a quarter turn each day. The wine in the neck is then frozen suddenly and the cork removed taking the sediment with it. At this stage the type of champagne is determined. And this is something for you to remember. If the champagne is to be *nature* or *brut* nothing is added and the bottled recorked. If the product is to be a sweetened champagne, cane sugar, dissolved in old wine, is added, in varying degrees starting with *sec*, *demi-sec*, *midoux* and *doux*. The epicures prefer the *nature*, the sweeter champagnes usually selling better in foreign markets. America, notorious for its sweet tooth, has a difficult time liking the dry wines. In buying champagne remember that the better champagnes do not send up many bubbles at first pouring but will continue to effervesce for some time.

Champagne does not improve with age as is the case with fortified and many still wines. It is not marketed until it is mature, and the rest of its life it remains about the same until the sixteenth year when it is through. After that you will find it in the unscrupulous bartender's cocktails. From seven to fifteen years, then, are the safe ones for champagne.

The vintage year business seems the most difficult thing for the layman to grasp.

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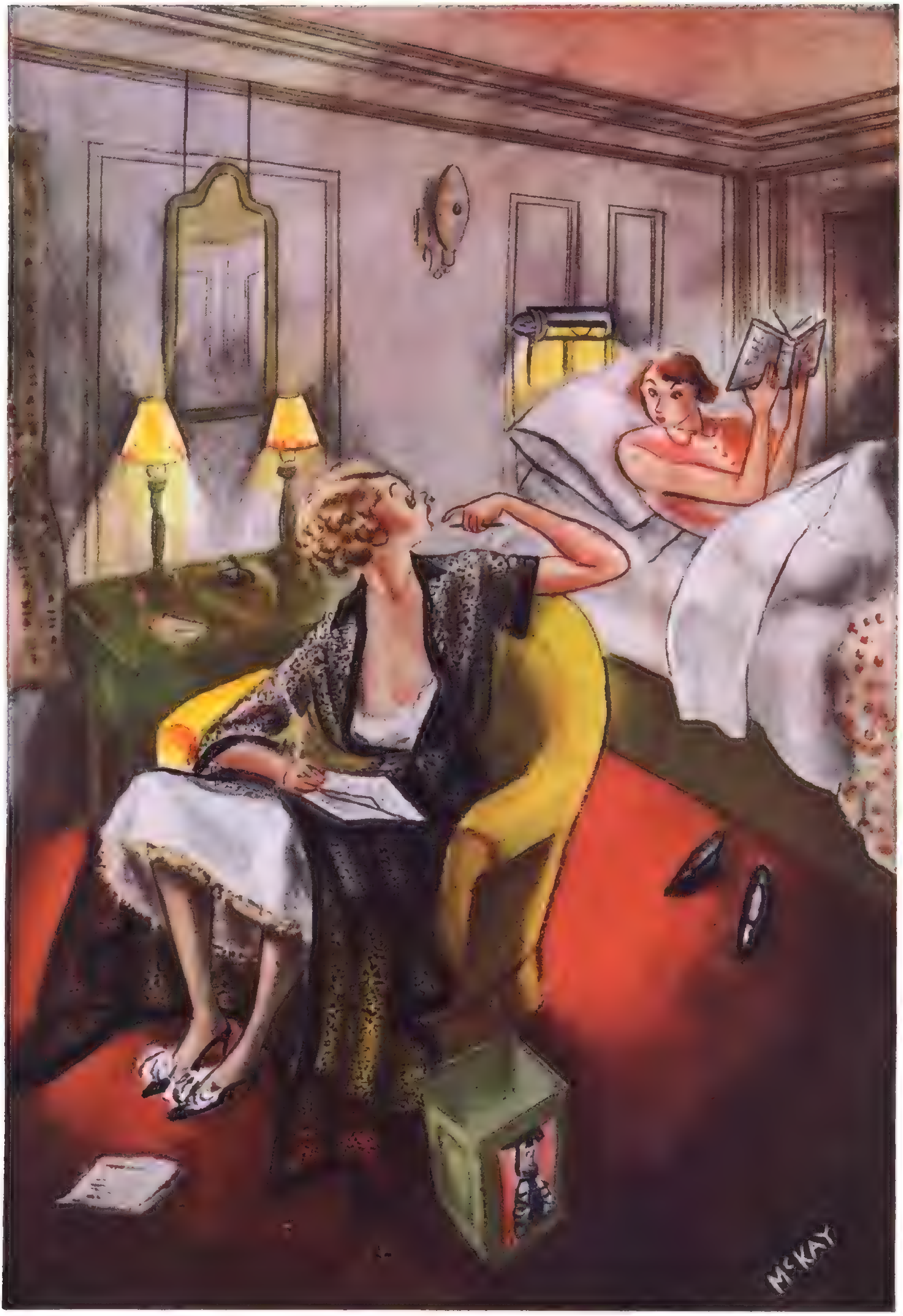
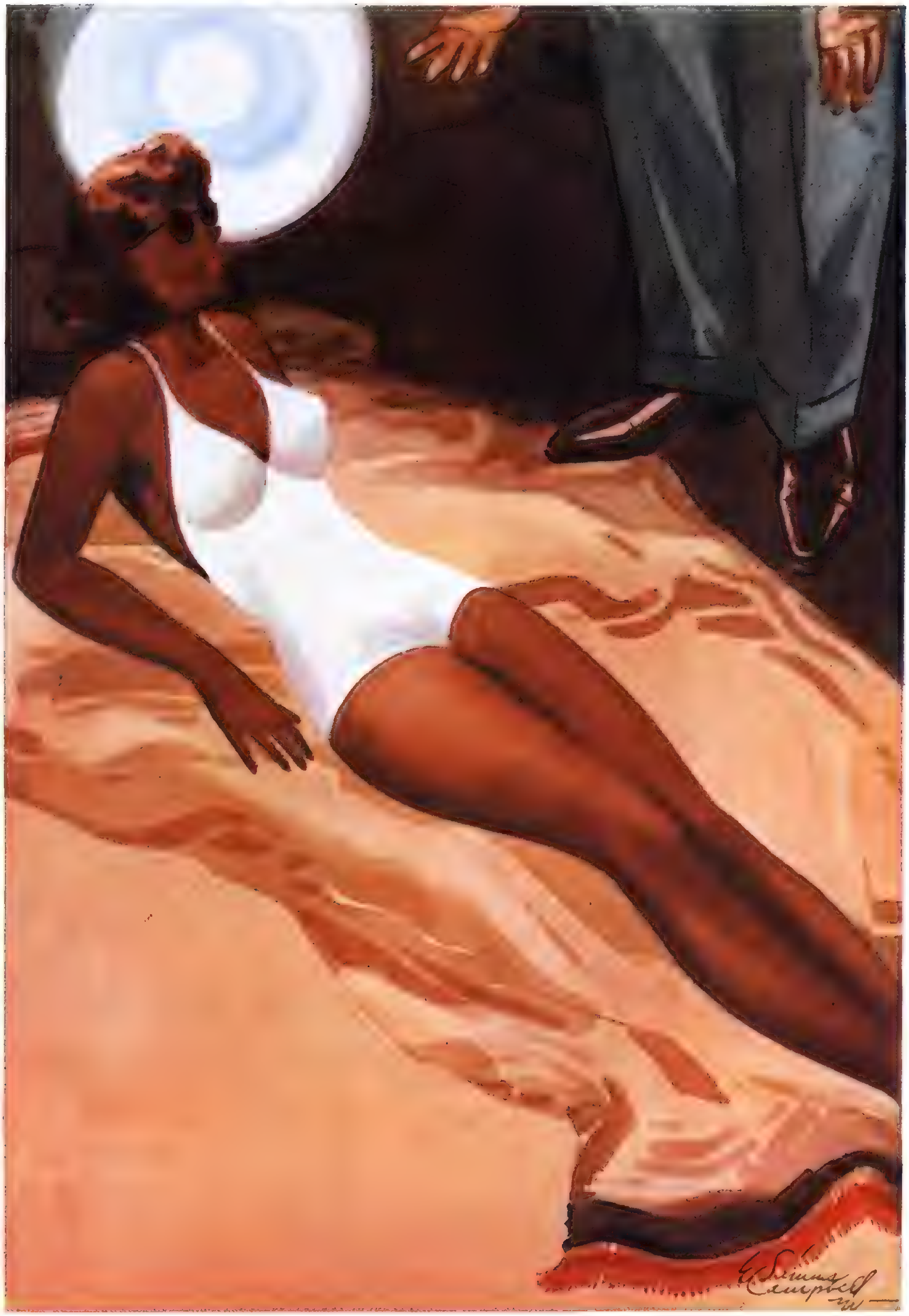


"I'm writing my autobiography—what's the past tense of virgin, bride and widow?"


E. Simms Campbell

"Please, darling, a little less tan—downstairs they've begun to wonder"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

In which a father says good-bye

by BURTON RASCOE

• PERSONAL •

The truth is so hard that we poor scribblers despair eternally, if we have conscience, to see how elusive is the truth and how far removed it often is from appearances or the "facts." Let those who read what I write know this, whether they approve of what I say or disapprove, whether they like or dislike me as a person as the sum of my being comes through in what I write: It is very rare that I write anything, even a sentence, of which I can wholly approve myself. I try my best to say things right and properly as it lies within my meager powers to express myself; but in my heart I know I am like the duffer who loved the flute and the music of the flute. He was eager to play the flute, because when it was played properly it carried so adequately all the warmth and meaning of what he felt about the world. He practiced. Hours and hours. He did his best. Still his pathetic conclusion was: "I blow in so sweet and the notes come out so sour." What I want to say is caught in a tangled web, so tangled that it is a surprise to me that it ever escapes. And when it does escape into printed words, it is so mangled and distorted that often I look at it only with pity and with sympathy and with regret. It seems to me also that I am perpetually like the man who could not utter a sound and felt ill-at-ease and embarrassed at a party but on his way home he had an extraordinary number of Dorothy Parkerisms come to him which he might have floored the gathering with. My afterthoughts are so brilliant that I can never read over that I have written (after it has appeared in print) without a palpable nausea. I write a good sentence, a true sentence, maybe once in a while. And that, I am egotist enough to admit, is a pretty fair average. I have read books in which there was not a single fact, not a date, not a point of accuracy you could dispute, and, still, everything in these books was (as I see truth) untrue.

Did you ever stop to realize what a vast difference there is between these two statements: "The man ran down the street" and "Down the street a man ran" and that a third way of putting it means something else: "Down the street ran a man"?

In the first sentence the definite article and position in the sentence gives the man importance: he is a tangible person engaged in flight. Your subconscious gives you an image of a particular man but only vaguely an image of a street. In the second sentence the man becomes unimportant: the feeling you have is that the man be trespassing; the image of a street becomes clear, the image of the man is indefinite and you have a moral judgment against him in that there seems to be some moral reason why he shouldn't be running down the street. This is emphasized by the conjunction of two stressed monosyllables, "man" and "ran."

The third sentence, "Down the street ran a man" is (from my point of view) the worst sentence of the three and still it is the most expressive in terms of time and space and, therefore, the sentence most likely to convey the greatest feeling of a meaning by conveying almost no meaning at all. In it both the street and the man are incidental; his running is only slightly emphasized; you know he is running and not walking; but the whole act is articulated as a generalization; as a poetic exercise of two anapests. The sentence is a caress, not a statement.

I am about to intrude a private tragedy into your thoughts. Please forgive me for this. On September 19, my son, twenty-two years old, left this world of his own decision. Specifically he turned on the gas of the cook-stove of our home in Larchmont on a Saturday morning while his sister was away in Evanston (having just entered Northwestern University) and his mother and I were in Newport, Vermont, on vacation. He was just under six feet in height; he weighed one hundred sixty-five pounds. He had poise, greater poise at his age than I have ever succeeded in achieving. He was courteous, kind, sensitive, forgiving. He loved people and he was profoundly hurt when tragedy came into the lives of others.

He was responsive to beauty. Once when he was a little boy, five years old, we were living for a few months in a tent on my father's farm near Seminole, Oklahoma. Prairie sunsets are often glorious—the most colorful in the world. We were watching the great pageantry of the sky one evening, breathless in the presence of so much splendor. Burton, Jr. relieved the tension, suddenly and spontaneously. When the sun finally dipped below the horizon, he clapped his hands and said, "Good work, God." I think that God will remember that tribute to Him.

Neither his mother nor I know why he chose to leave this life. Ten million reasons swarm through our minds, too many of them reproaches to ourselves for us to have, yet, any comfort. A legion of friends—more friends, kinder friends than I can conceive of my deserving—have given us respite from the plangent question, "Why" by telling us that it was an accident in which we were in no way responsible. And yet the irony of my own life is this, that I, try as I did, could not make a world my son thought was desirable to live in. Every father, who has any sense of responsibility, has one ambition in mind and that is to make life for his children easier, happier than he himself has known it. The father may, as I have, found life, with all its slight miseries, something glorious to experience and yet, he will want that child to escape all the rough spots, all the heartbreaks that he has known.

And that shows how little I know. For I did not even suspect the anguish that Burton Junior must have been experiencing. He was gallant, too gallant: he kept that from me, we know that shortly before his sister went away to college he suddenly began to feel those pangs of doubt, bewilderment and inadequacy which are concomitants of adolescence, and his had been a delayed adolescence, because not until about three months before his death had he begun seriously to think about his future, about what he wished to do in life. When his sister chose her school and gave her cogent reasons for choosing it and made preparations for leaving, it apparently came over him for the first time that to leave us, to get out on his own was something that he, too, must do; and he regretted that he had not taken the advantages we had offered him—he knew that he, too, could have gone away to college if he had shown a willingness and desire to do so. He enrolled in the Art Students' League and began to work fanatically, reading and drawing until two or three in the morning. He had already been to an art school and had been a student-instructor, so facile was he with pencil and crayon; but under Bridgeman whom he admired greatly at the Art Students' League, he seemed to expand vibrantly and to wish to absorb all technique and all knowledge quickly. His special admiration, like my own at his age, was Leonardo da Vinci, and he read the notebooks, Paul Valery's essay, Rachel Annand Taylor's *Leonardo The Florentine* and Merejkowski's novelized biography; he read Meier-Gaafe's *Life of Vincent Van Gogh* and the newly published *Letters of Vincent Van Gogh;* it would appear that he was reading Joseph Conrad's *Youth* the night he chose to die. He had gone under the knife three times, once to have his tonsils removed, once for empyema after an attack of double pneumonia and once for the removal of an inflamed appendix. He had, therefore, a great dread of operations; and when he learned that he had a slight hernia and the doctor told him that it did not amount to anything and could be remedied by a slight incision and sewing up of the abdominal wall some day when he had a few days to go to the hospital, it would appear that this small thing—so small that it meant nothing in comparison with the operations he had already had

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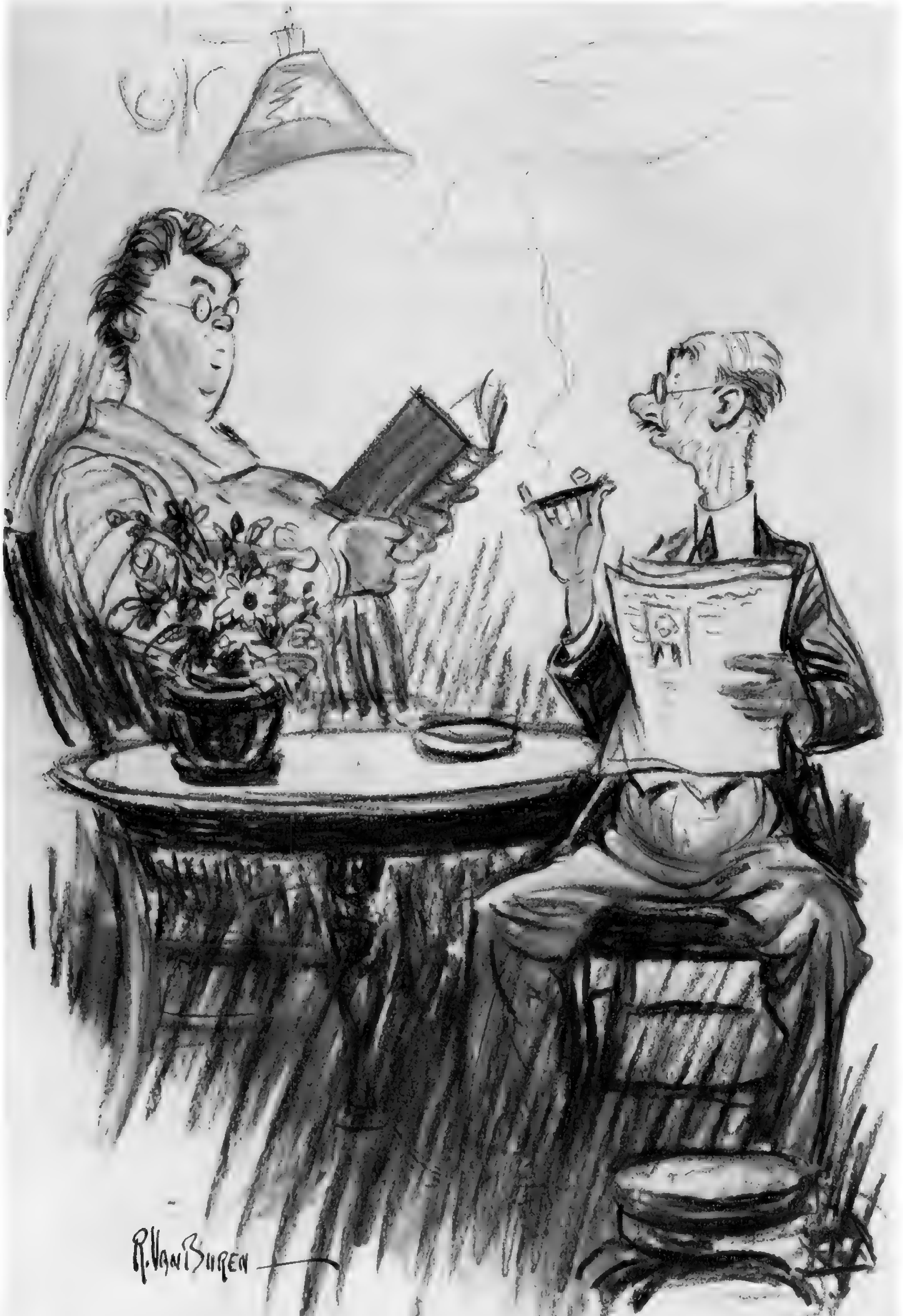

"I'm sorry we got these new glasses, we were much happier with each other when we couldn't see so well!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Concerning an intellectualized Hamlet and Ophelia whose madness explodes like a celluloid collar

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

As it is the ambition of most short, chubby actors who look as if they had dropsy to play Napoleon, so is it the ambition of most tall, lean ones who look as if they had tuberculosis to play Hamlet. Since Hamlet is clearly and specifically twice indicated in the text to be not lean and lanky but so fat that he himself is uncomfortably conscious of the fact, it would seem that the pretty beanpoles who play him either fail to peruse the text closely or deliberately sacrifice it to their own anatomical vanity. I have seen dozens of Hamlets in my time and of them all only two came anywhere near to looking the part as Shakespeare would have had it. The two were Alexander Moissi and Basil Sydney. And they were the only ones of the whole lot who were criticized for *not* looking the part.

Tradition has played many monkey-tricks with Hamlet. The actor mind, encouraged by various critics with minds of a kidney, has fostered the legend that the rôle is an intellectual one of almost unparalleled bulk and beam and that the actor who plays it well takes on the combined mental puissance of Confucius, Socrates, Kant and Dorothea Brande. The pure intellectual content of the Hamlet rôle is actually about two per cent per volume; there is little in it, for all its mighty eloquence and overwhelming beauty, that is much above the philosophical and ideological endowment and comprehension of a Swedenborgian or a literate bartender. Nor, surely, does it demand of the actor any particular braininess. A histrionically proficient bonehead, given a good director, can play it every bit as well as an actor with an intelligence above the cabotin rank and file. The role doesn't call for intelligence in the actor one-fiftieth so much as it calls for intelligence in his director. When they happen miraculously to be found in that ratio in the same person, as in the instance of Forbes-Robertson, we get a supremely sound and fine Hamlet. When they happen to be found in the same person whose actor self imagine itself superior in cerebral magnificence to its director self, as in the case of Henry Irving and, on a lower scale, Walter Hampden, we get a Hamlet for critical hoots.

The so-called intellectual actors who essay Hamlet customarily make the humorous error of confusing imperturbation with intelligence. It seems to be their conviction that they can best persuade their audiences of their intelligence in the handling of the rôle by playing it in an emotionally *piano* manner, elaborately abjuring any show of passion and sedulously repressing any manifestations of physical excitement. In other words, they hope to heighten the effect of intellectuality by the simple process of playing down all emotionalism. That intelligence and intellectuality, save in the case of men slightly unsure of themselves who ceremoniously take refuge inside their stuffed shirts, often expand themselves in a white and dazzling heat, they are seemingly, being posturers and blockheads, unaware.

John Gielgud, one of the several darlings of the London theatre public, has recently, in conjunction with director Guthrie McClintic, shown us his particular idea of the Dane. His idea, it turns out, is a Hamlet for the most part bogusly "intellectualized" out of its dramatic flame and fire and so full of a variety of interpretations (all as intellectual as hell) that Hamlet seems to be a completely different character at intervals of about every twenty minutes. It is as if Fregoli were giving, one after the other, a series of imitations of a half dozen or more actors who have variously played the role. In addition, Gielgud's delicate mannerisms and fastidious graces give the exhibit the air of a drawing-room version of the play. Along toward ten o'clock I could not resist the feeling that at any moment his Hamlet might be expected petulantly to smash a vase and thereupon to sit furiously down and play the piano. There can be little fault found with his clear-voiced recital of the rôle, but as to his acting of it, that is a different matter. His weakness and treble vacillation are not Hamlet's but his own.

As for the McClintic direction, usually so excellently commendable, it seems to me on this occasion to be often faulty. Take a single instance, that of Ophelia. Plainly modeling his course after the performance of the role by Mrs. Pat Campbell, which Shaw in a memorable review praised to the skies because of its frank knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out madness, he neglects entirely any approach to or keying of Ophelia's big scene, permitting it suddenly to explode, like a celluloid collar, from a character previously denuded of every trace of stage significance. The effect is much like that old revue skit in which the inmate of a sanatorium, after satisfactorily and at length convincing the doctors of his complete sanity, suddenly kicks a dignified dowager in the behind. What is more, the director has prudishly cut out the sexual flippancies which Hamlet addresses to Ophelia in the players' scene, thus making uncued and equivocal her sexual allusions in the mad scene. Under the circumstances, no wonder she goes crazy.

There is, it seems, no truth in the rumor that the Gielgud Hamlet is to be followed by Ivor Novello as Macbeth.

* * *

Give the English public a play in which the body or head of a murder victim is concealed in a chest or hat-box prominently visible on the stage throughout the evening, or maybe in more squeamish instances under the garden just outside the window, let the murderer be played by an actor whose interpretation of the histrionic art is indistinguishable from a prolonged bout with the pink elephants and whose stage comportment suggests a lesser affinity with the grim than with the Grimms, and the theatre in which the exhibition takes place may safely count on not needing another booking for a long time to come. Whether the play be *Rope*, *Payment Deferred*, *Night Must Fall* or *Love From a Stranger* or whether the murderer be Sebastian Shaw, Charles Laughton, Emlyn Williams or Frank Vosper, it is all one to London audiences. Just let the corpse be within smelling distance and the pathological protagonist hardly further removed and Keith-Prowse has to call in an extra force of clerks.

Here in America there seems to be less taste for these samples of Cockney Grand-guignolism. Their aroma of perversity, their neurotic impulse and their Iolanthean histrionics are faintly disgusting to us or, if not disgusting, at least irritatingly childish and alien. The two most recent specimens to cross the Atlantic are *Night Must Fall*, by and with the aforementioned Mr. Williams, and *Love From a Stranger*, by and with the aforementioned Mr. Vosper.

Mr. Williams, in an interview preceding the local unveiling of his play and in an effort to soften what he apparently believed was an ingrained distaste on the part of Americans for morbid drama, modestly compared himself on the morbidity score with Sophocles and Shakespeare and his play with *Oedipus*, *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*. As one who is always more than polite to visiting foreign artists, it pains me to hint to Mr. Williams that his play, despite his seeming conviction, is morbid not after the manner of his fellow playwrights, Sophocles and Shakespeare, but after that of such metaphysicians as Mr.

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Roulades and Cadenzas

They act like kids at Soviet operas, nudging one another, stamping, cheering and singing

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

Tough souls whose reason survives the madness of an attempt to understand Soviet culture usually come out of the unequal contest slightly bewildered. To unravel the contradictory facts and draw any deductions about such matters as freedom of artistic conscience or the degree of infiltration of good music among the masses is not possible.

It is easy enough to bump up and down the land under the auspices of that eminently bourgeois organization, Intourist, and make whatever random observations suit your fancy. You can express surprise over tipping and the inequality of first and second-class toilets . . . at the badges in every lapel and the number of honorary titles bestowed by a government that started out calling everybody *Tovarich.*

You can consider the fact that opera singers who wear swank—yes, swank!—fur coats must live two and sometimes three families in a room. In theatre lobbies you can smell the men's perfumes and compare the women's gowns—and read in the paper that at the opening of a new dress shop the "ladies of society" were called in to view the models. You hear that the Moscow *Daily News* is looking for a snappy social reporter, and is soon to start a women's page with fashions, beauty hints, corset photos, and what not.

You can ponder why every food store has its watcher sitting outside in the snow the whole night through . . . why each factory and railway bridge is guarded by a bayonetted soldier . . . why few people laugh in the city streets. You can write home that churches are open and Mass is still said for the faithful . . . that the Tsarist eagles were finally removed from the Kremlin last year, but that the highest objects to be seen above its walls today are orthodox crosses on the tops of its churches.

You can record that promiscuous sexual intercourse is now considered bourgeois decadence, that the fairies from the Marinsky ballet have been shipped off to Siberia, and that all good Soviet women make pregnancy and fruition an annual event.

You can mull over such unrelated subjects as when you'll be able to sit in the sidewalk cafés and drink a glass of water (well, you can *think* about it, can't you?) without having it boiled first . . . when the wooden barracks which so many call home, but which have no plumbing, no running water, no heat, and only a community kitchen, will be pulled down . . . why the old woman was sleeping on the bank of a Leningrad canal after the manner of our unemployed along the Chicago River . . . why an apple should cost you 30 cents . . . why the plaster is already falling off the apartment walls in the uncompleted Moscow Hotel.

You may decide for yourself whether Article 128 of the new Constitution means what it says, that the secrecy of correspondence is protected by law—or whether mail is censored, as it is in other European countries, including England. You may try to ascertain the truth about examples of favoritism and bureaucracy cited by American residents in the Soviet Union. You may lean over backward to be fair-minded and conclude that it is hard to inculcate a sense of social responsibility in all people—and even recall a few instances in the United States.

When you tire of this, you may make reservations for an air trip and, if some under-commissar doesn't decide to occupy your place at the last moment, you can take off in a flimsy plane to Kara-Kul or Troits Kosavsk, and have a look for yourself at the regeneration of the Younger Republics. You'll find workers who have never seen shoes or soap, and have yet to learn the world is round. You can wade through the mud and visit the squalid peasant dwellings, bump against the strangely muffled forms that move about in the dreary pall that covers the Siberian landscape six months of the year. In this primitive loneliness you will understand why *Minus Pyat* is a serious punishment for minor offenses. It means that the offender may live anywhere in the Soviet Union except in the five large cities: Moscow, Leningrad, Odessa, Kharkov and Kiev.

Of course, there is a social life elsewhere. In Erivan, for instance, they have been four years building a bulky social center that is rivalled on the landscape only by Mount Ararat. Oxen hauled most of the material. In Rostov-on-Don there is a theatre larger and more modern than any on the continent of Europe. Its front is enclosed in glass and it has a promenade large enough for all spectators. The Russians have a childish love for showing off. They are content with their part of the theatre, not minding at all that the architect failed to consult the *regisseur* or the theatrical authorities—so that all manner of mistakes have been made backstage.

When you return to Moscow, you can be glad that today, thanks to the execution of a half-dozen lazy officials, the trains run almost on schedule—about as in France—and be sorry at the same time that not even the crack *Red Arrow* carries toilet paper . . . that the railway station W.C.'s are replicas of those in New York subways.

You can marvel at the efficiency with which six hundred Theatre Festival guests are moved from Moscow to Leningrad . . . and blink at the electric street lights burning all during the day because some bureaucrat hasn't stamped the order which would turn them out.

You will be touched by the sight of an old Caucasian brakeman sitting on the rear of the train—poring over his book of rules, reading and re-reading, his mind obviously not grasping even the graphic illustrations—nodding asleep while scores of signal-men along the route wave the train past. You can see hundreds of peasants sleeping on knapsacks in every station along the way, eating hunks of black bread and hoping for the slow train to come. You can fight with hordes of other human beings to push on a streetcar, while Party officials ride by in Lincolns.

You can make what you like out of the fact that Russia has never had Communism and never expects to have it until the workers in every country unite . . . that the leaders admit they are running a form of Socialism, which looks more like State Capitalism under a somewhat benevolent dictator.

You can see that in practice the idols of Communism resemble those of religion. The workers parade enormous photographs of Marx and Stalin and other popular saints through the streets, as the priests formerly did ikons. The faithful crowd around the bier of Lenin—encased as it is in precious marble and containing, according to sceptics, a Mme. Tussaud wax model—as though it were the Holy Sepulchre itself. However, they get promises of better times ahead for them and for their children. No waiting on Paradise. They expect cash, not credit.

When you leave, you can keep in mind that the historic palaces of Catherine and Elizabeth are preserved as art museums, though it is not considered necessary to cut the grass around them . . . that Soviet citi-

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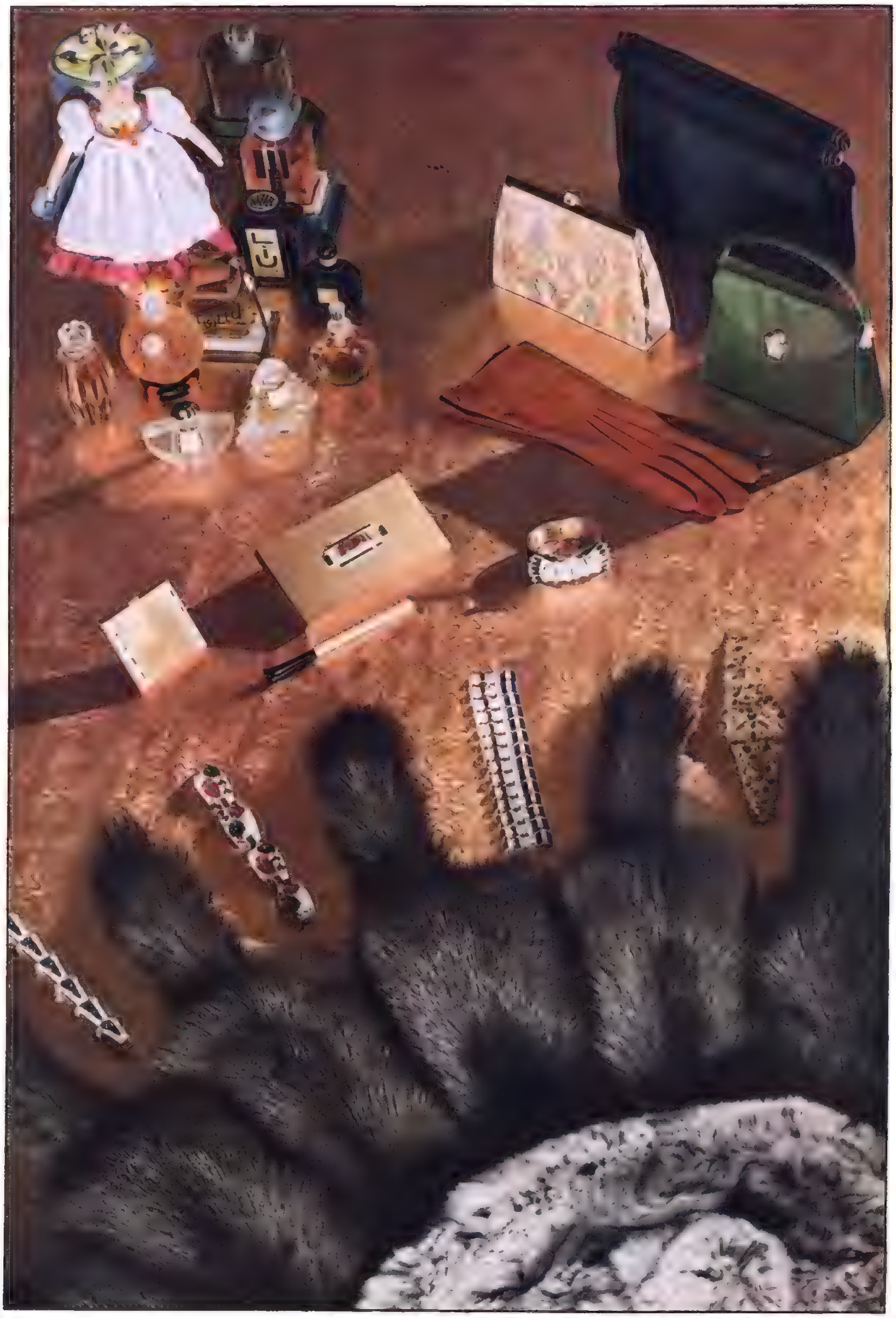
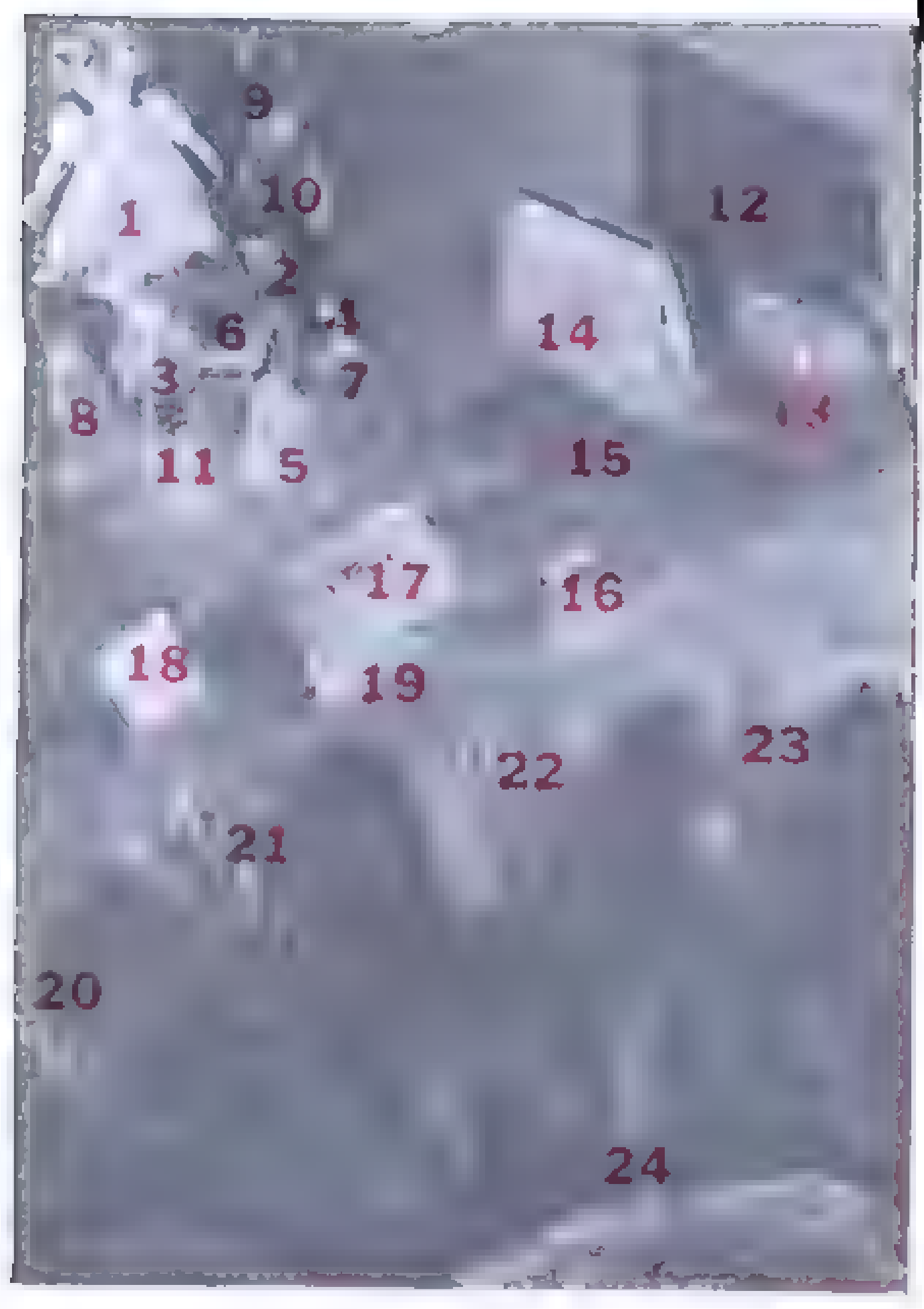
Something for the glamorous Mrs. Someone





Short of actual over-the-shoulder kibitzing at the point of purchase, it's hard to be very helpful with suggestions for a man about to buy a gift for a woman. There are general rules, but they don't mean much as long as they remain general, because the true test of a gift to a woman is its individuality. If you can elicit the delighted exclamation "How thoughtful of you to remember that my favorite color combination is so and so" or "that I'm crazy about thus and suches," then the bauble is a success, and you're good. But that's a personal problem. As a general rule, though, it's pretty safe to assume that the more useless a thing is by your own standards the better she'll like it as a gift. For instance, farthest point north in unsuccessful gift-giving was reached by a man who gave his wife a new garbage pail for Christmas. (His then wife, we should add.) His intentions were good, and it was a thoughtful selection because, as he explained while trying to get it off his head, he had heard her say that she needed a new one. So don't be too—maybe you'd better just stick to this page, at that.

1. Swiss peasant doll . . 2 to 11. Selection of perfumes as follows: 2. Liu . . 3. Asuma . . 4. No. 5 . . 5. Opening Night . . 6. Tweed . . 7. Town and Country . . 8. Presence . . 9. Gardenia . . 10. Blue Grass . . 11. Amou Daria . . 12. A severely plain black antelope handbag with a very smart scroll end top tipped with gold . . 13. A gay evening bag in bright green satin with a jeweled clasp . . 14. Brocaded evening bag with black enamel and jeweled clasp . . 15. Gauntlet type mulberry suede gloves . . 16. Very new fashion note embodied in the combination of black enamel bracelet and removable jeweled clip . . 17. A yellow gold cigarette case with jeweled decoration . . 18. A white gold compact with rhinestone border. A clever new springing arrangement opens it . . 19. Black composition and amber cigarette holder tipped with a diamond band . . 20. Simulated ruby, sapphire, and diamond link bracelet . . 21. Heavy bracelet of simulated rubies and diamonds . . 22. Wide bangle bracelet of simulated blue and white sapphires . . 23. Heavy gold bracelet encrusted with multi-colored stones . . 24. Tails of Russian sable crowned with chinchilla.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)

Last minute gifts that don't look it

1. Dinner jacket set of black onyx cuff links, studs, and waistcoat buttons . . 2. Monogrammed gold plated belt buckle . . 3. A key chain for slave drivers, with holder in the shape of a bull whip . . 4. Sterling silver belt buckle bearing a silver initial . . 5. Initialed tie clip . . 6. A pipe with an extra length bowl . . 7. Octagonal bowl pipe . . 8. Pipe with apple shaped bowl . . 9. A small pipe sporting the outdoor design usually reserved for larger ones . . 10. Black and white hound's tooth check tweed tobacco pouch . . 11. Billfold of crocodile leather . . 12. Shaving brush of badger hair bristles . . 13. Electric shaver for any current—AC or DC . . 14. Double edged razor blades—the new one piece razor hangs together for them . . 15. Imported razor with hollow ground blade—part of a set including automatic hone and strop . . 16. Foulard silk tie with grouped spot design . . 17. Club stripe rep silk tie . . 18. Cashmere wool tie with spaced madder figures . . 19. Spitalfields silk tie with an overall pattern . . 20. Fancy striped rep tie . . 21. Unusual design overall pattern silk tie . . 22. Bottle opener with stag horn handle . . 23. Cork screw with matching stag horn handle . . 24. Braided brown calf belt . . 25. Collar box of pigskin with saddle stitching . . 26. This travelling mirror is protected by a saddle stitch pigskin case for at least seven years . . 27. Jewelry box in saddle stitched pigskin . . 28. Monogrammed crocodile leather case with slide fastener . . 29. Buffed hogskin gloves . . 30. Yellow buck gloves for town and dress wear . . 31. Cape skin gloves for all-around wear . . 32. Hand loomed white wool Austrian hose for sportswear . . 33. Bright plaid braces . . 34. Smartly patterned blue and white all-wool hose . . 35. Braces in a favored green shade . . 36. Plaid designed hose . . 37. Suspenders in brown braided leather . . 38. Clocked wool hose . . 39. Argyle plaid wool hose . . 40. A black leather belt . . 41. Ostrich skin belt . . 42. Silk lounging pajamas . . 43. Striped broadcloth pajamas with an opened notched collar . . 44. The latest design in small cameras . . 45. Motion picture camera . . 46. A pleated bosom sage green shirt with French cuffs . . 47. A tie to match . . 48. Imported Norwegian gloves with Telemark pattern . . 49. Cocker spaniel puppy in imported glazed pottery . . 50. Hand carved wooden draft horse standing about ten inches high . . 51. Pigskin grip in a convenient size . . 52. Newly designed travelling bag of rawhide . . 53. Leather coat for general sportswear . . 54. V-neck Austrian stitch red cashmere pull-over . . 56. Turtleneck light weight wool pull-over in canary yellow . . 57. Knitted and tweed cardigan . . 58. Wool muffler . . 59. Another wool muffler . . 60. Button down collar attached shirt in the new spaced stripe pattern . . 61. Wine color heavy silk striped tie . . 62. Writing tablet finished in red leather . . 63. Canvas case with slide fastener boasting a "Thermos," a sandwich kit and a space for cartridges . . 64. Glazed pottery dachshund . . 65. Heavy weight blue glass ashtray . . 66. Imported porcelain figure of a wire haired Scotch terrier . . 67. Pocket size lighter in black and chromium finish . . 68. Red enamel and chromium flameless lighter simulating a lipstick . . 69. A stream lined silver-plated pocket lighter.

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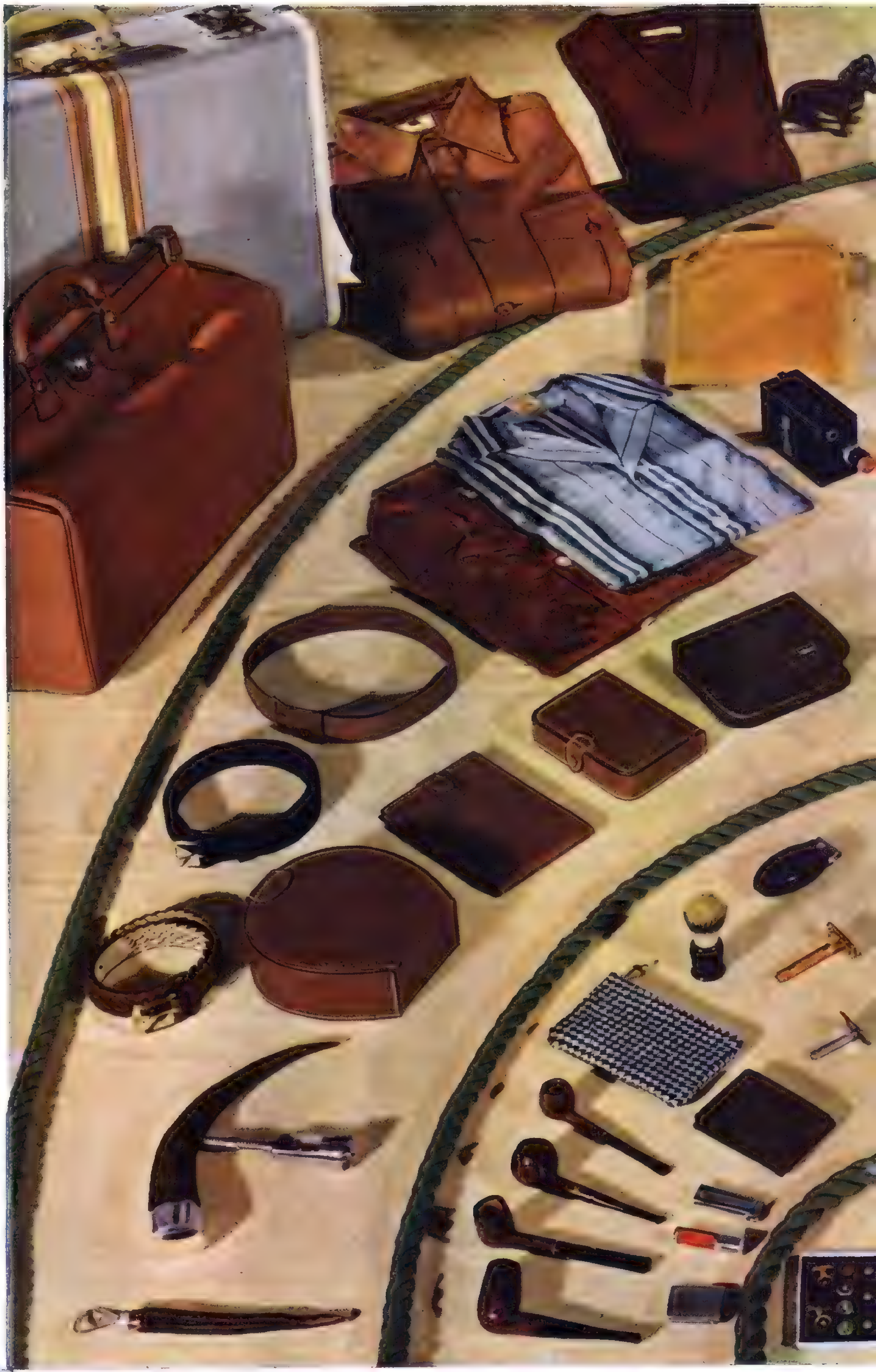
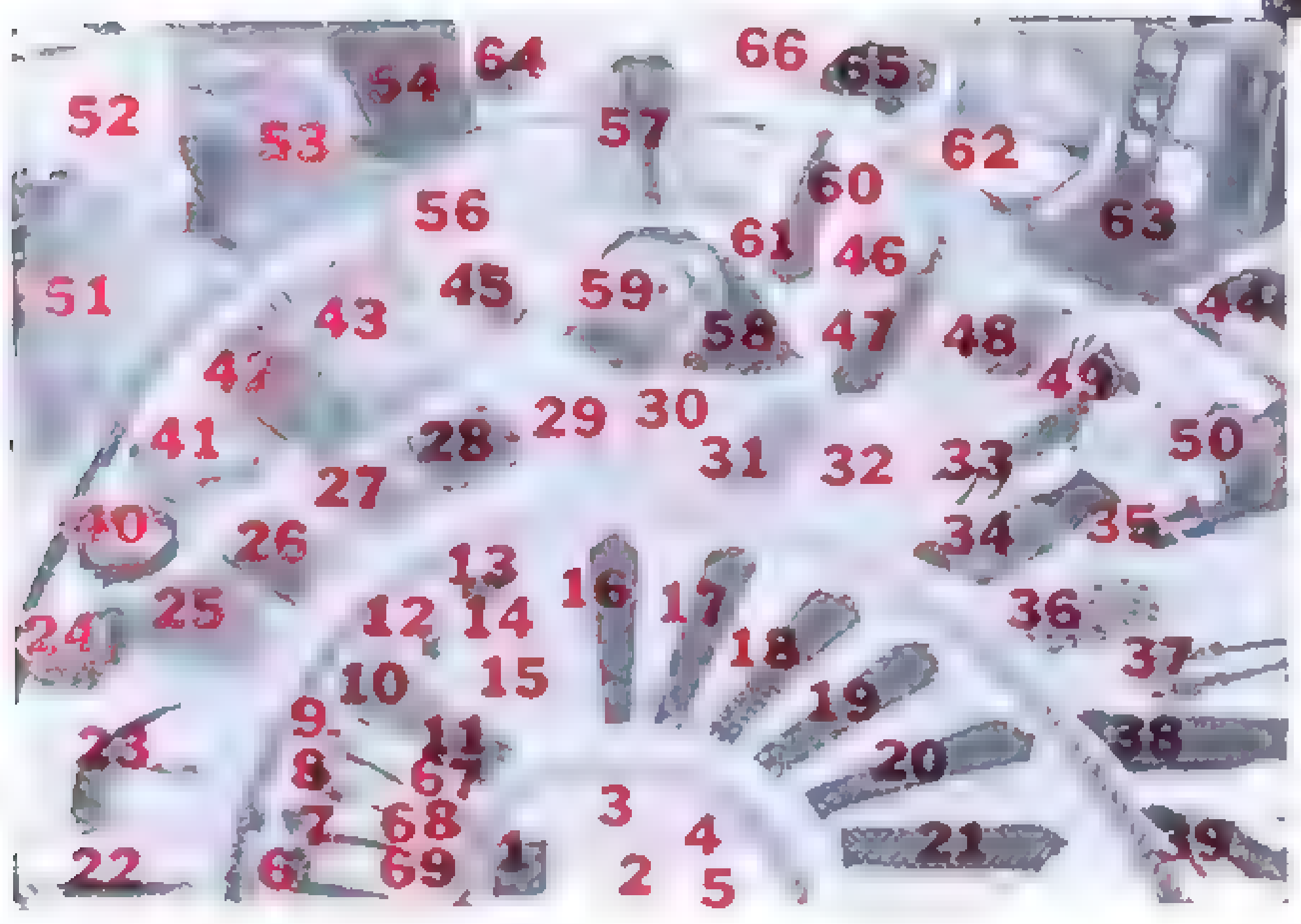
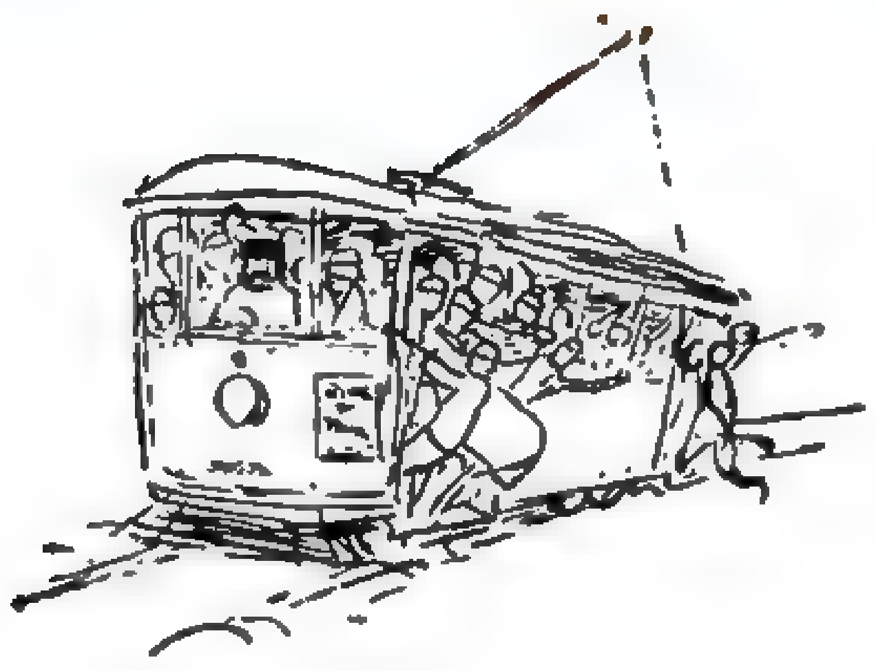


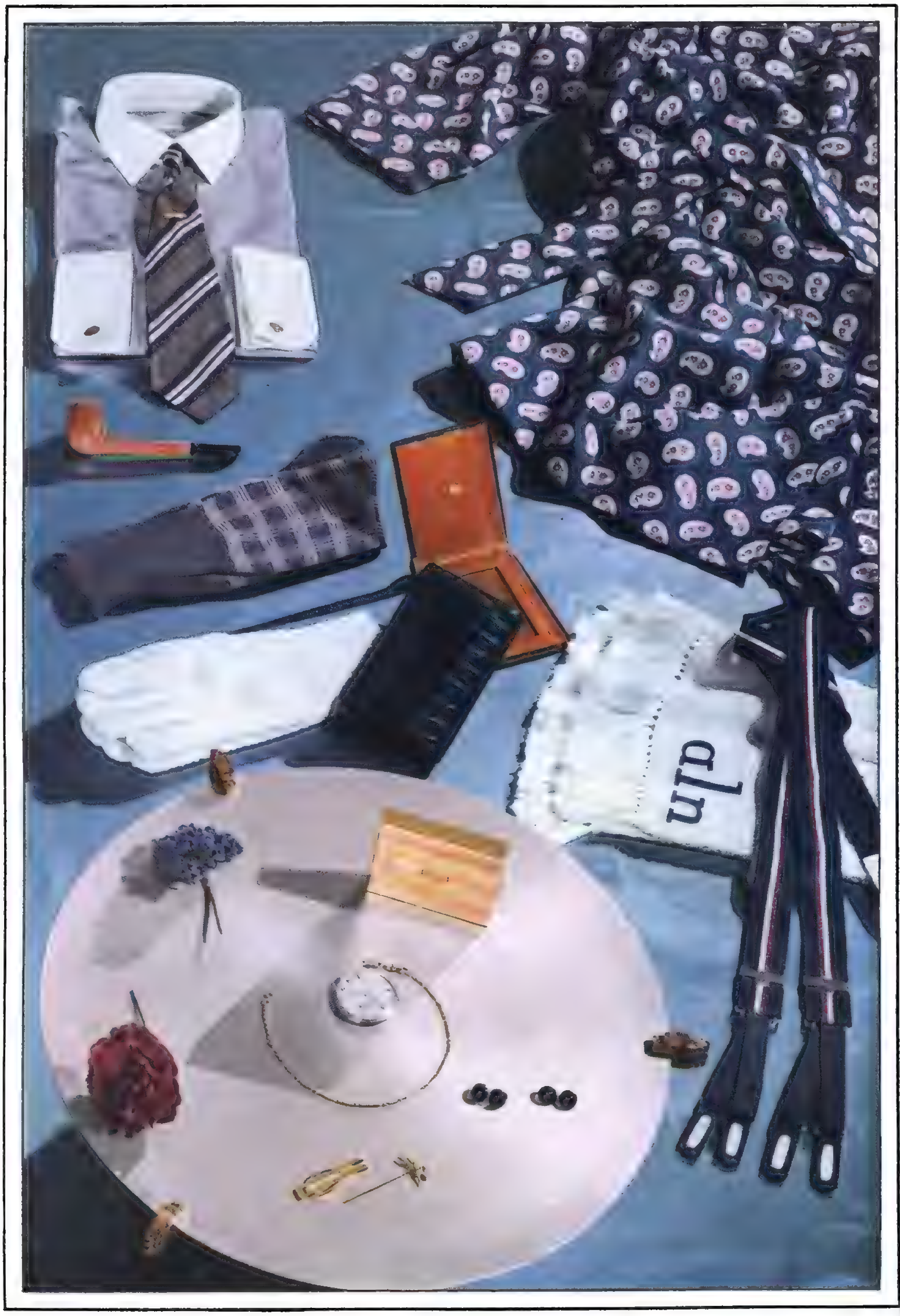
DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

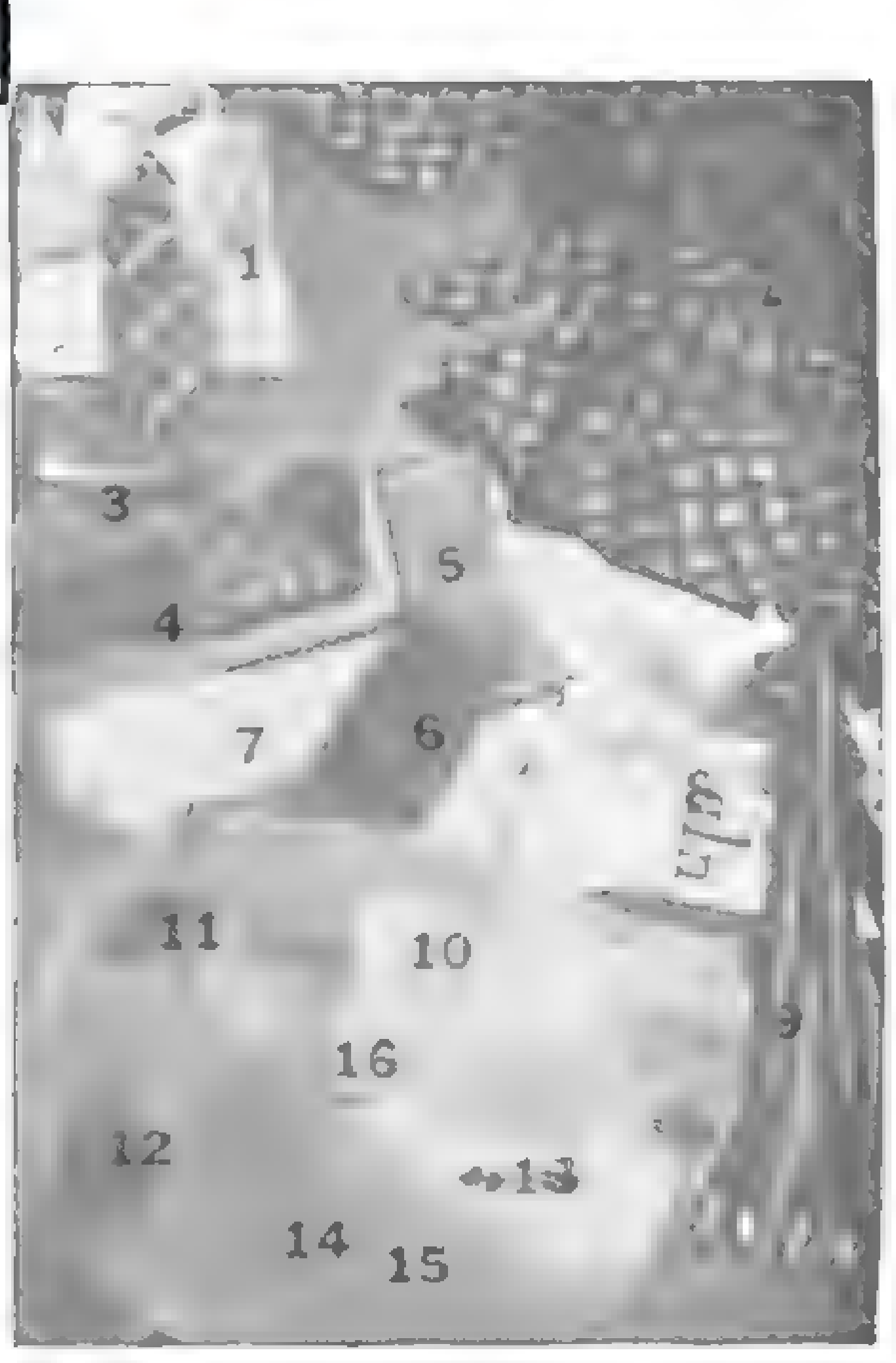


GIFT PAGES DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.



Something for the fastidious Mr. Somebody





1. A blue madras shirt with double French starched cuffs. The heavy silk rep striped tie is in white and several shades of blue, and is worn with the newer not-so-wide-spaced linen collar. Gold animal figure stick pins such as the one here tend to relieve the otherwise undue severity of the formalized appearance business men have adopted. The plain yellow gold cuff links have a cut out monogram . . 2. This fine foulard silk robe has a typical foulard pattern. The background of dark blue is enlivened by the twisted tear drop spots which are worked of white and lighter shades of blue . . 3. The shape of this natural, or "virgin," bruyere pipe is a staple while yet reflecting a later popularity in the short mouthpiece and long stem . . 4. Akin to powder blue the color of these socks is some shades darker than that erstwhile popular tone. The simple pattern of white stripes is extremely smart. The socks are English . . 5. Presenting a very gay wallet of blued crocodile hide lined with red leather . . 6. A companion billfold to the above wallet . . 7. String gloves, originally an exclusive sports accessory, proved so practical that numerous men wore them to business and to more formal occasions. Running the full list manufacturers heeded the tendency and ripened the practise to full blown formality. The plain white crocheted *silk* ones shown are escorts to your top hat and patent leathers . . 8. A knitted white silk muffler to match the above gloves. The blue monogram is an optional identification . . 9. Fine, basket woven braces from England. Against the deep blue background run white and red stripes. The buttonholes are re-enforced with white leather. The metal parts are nickel . . 10. An evening cigarette case of yellow and red gold, beautifully finished in a simple design . . 11. An artificial blue cornflower fashioned of feathers . . 12. An artificial red carnation fashioned of feathers . . 13. Plain cuff links, smartly conservative, made of blue stones in imitation of sapphires and backed by yellow gold . . 14. A neat gold tie clip. It may or may not carry a monogram . . 15. One of those popular sporting tie pins, this one of a jockey and his mount both studded with sparkling diamonds . . 16. An extremely fine evening watch in a plain platinum case.

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The Candid Cameraman

Psychological and sociological reasons why some people would rather see pictures than eat

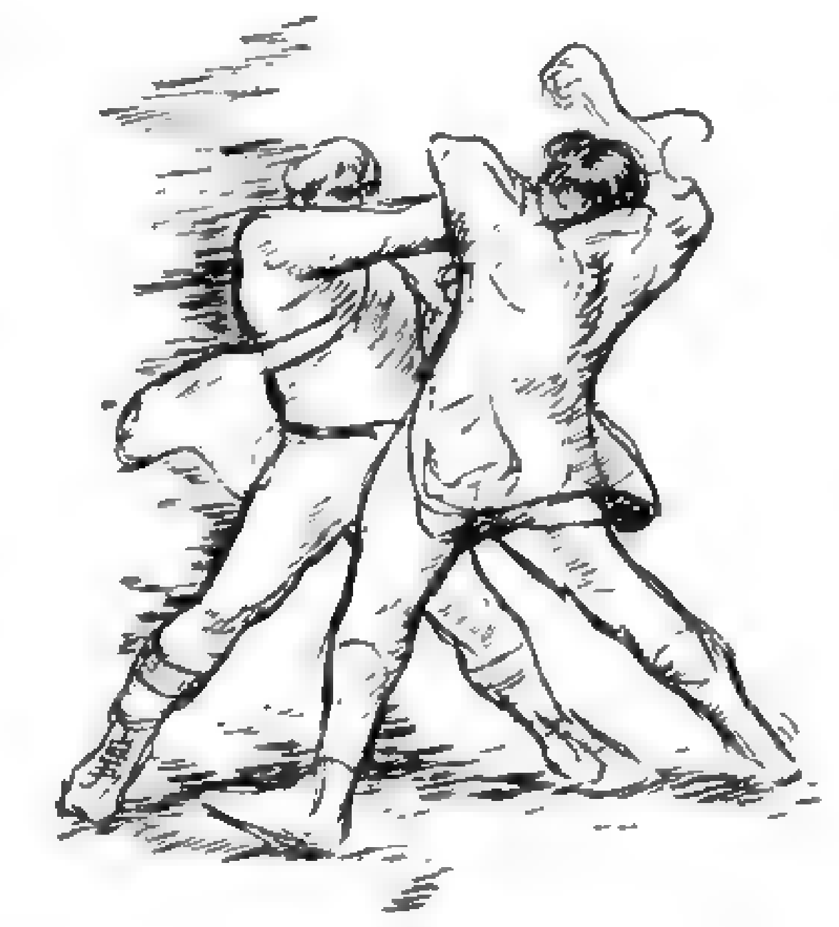
by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Come And Get It: The logging sequence in the early part of the film is truly splendid. When those great sticks go tobogganing down the snow-hills, leaping off cliff-jumps into the swollen waters, the picture becomes big, and American in conception. Edward Arnold is the perfect robber-baron type, but Walter Brennan steals the show as the Swede who wants to stay where he belongs—on the job. A saloon-smashing scene which tops all the saloon-riots of the recent rash of California epics. Long, full job of entertainment.



GO ALONG TO SEE

The Big Broadcast of 1937: The best of the variety-show films thus far; a successful job of stringing together a lot of specialty acts including Bob Burns, Burns and Allen, Stokowski and orchestra. The Stokowski build-up is impressive, and the montage job on his orchestra, while playing Bach, out Whiteman's Paul Whiteman,

The Big Game, Pigskin Parade, Rose-Bowl: As the football season is over I shall refrain from an intimate critique. Tom Brown, Bruce Cabot, and Stew Erwin make the Hollywood All-American. *The Big Game*, however, is something more than a football movie. The dialogue, by Irwin Shaw, the Junior Odets, has plenty of brass, and the whole tone of the picture is unusually McCoy. This show brings out the simple, realistic attitude of professional amateur footballers without posing as an exposé. *Pigskin Parade* also contains some nifty Americanisms. Stuart Erwin's portrait of the hillbilly melon-passer has just the proper amount of side. And the Yacht Club boys add verses to their wow song about why they want to stay in college, because what could they do outside? Tied to this, the gag about the campus radical is doubly funny.

The Garden of Allah: Here is a film that definitely would be less than mediocre without color. But with the natural tone layout of the desert, and bronzed Arabs, it holds interest, and often becomes sensually effective. The delicate pallor of Marlene Dietrich is beautifully translated by Technicolor, and is effectively contrasted against blocks of primary color, throughout the film. Charles Boyer does some triple-strength emoting as the Trappist monk who goes out into the world. And the censors will rarely see anything so obvious as the dance of lust performed by Tillie Losch. Joseph Schildkraut's witty impersonation of a poetic oriental guide several times saves the picture. Only the poor story, with its banal religious note, keeps this from being a top-notch film.

A Woman Rebels: Hepburn is typed in this one, wearing those ponderous costumes in which she is supposed to be most charming, and being the prototype of the modern independent woman. Too talky, too many shots of the beautiful Hepburn mouth opening to reveal the beautiful Hepburn teeth, and fluttering shut and open, around a tremulous Hepburn emotion. Good period details.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

All-American Chump: An easy to take program picture about a bucolic lad who had the gift of numbers, and became a bridge champion. With Stuart Erwin.

Carnival in Flanders: Every once in a while the New York critics go overboard about some foreign picture, without apparent reason. They've been raving about this one, and the sophisticates flock to it, but I guess I'm not sophisticated. It's just a drawn-out gag about the men of painter Breughel's time, wearing bloomers.

The Charge of the Light Brigade: Bengal Lancers Under Two Flags. See the main review.

The Magnificent Brute: Some nice steel-mill shots in this MacLaglen epic, but all the steel workers worry about, in pictures, is breaking the production record.

PLEA FOR THE PUNK

There is something fundamentally soothing about an everyday punk picture. It is in the punk picture, the quickie, the dual, the programmer, that the basic, almost hypnotic effect of the film upon the human being may be studied in its purest form. The effect can be physically felt. Maybe a Dr. Watson will some day demonstrate that there is a sympathetic nervous response, of a very special, drug-like nature, to the unrolling of the moving scene.

We all know people, and bright people, who go to movies unselectively. They will come out of a theatre unable to give a clear report of the picture they've just seen. In fact, they have been in a sort of trance.

I think I once saw it reported somewhere that Einstein is such a picture fan, and I know I have seen confessions on this point by several geniuses in the musical field. It is too easy to explain this predilection for punk movies on the score of inattention, relaxation. But the movie-trance state is not one of inattention. Some creative people insist that they go to punk movies because they are stimulated; they suddenly get ideas for their work, totally unconnected with what is going on upon the screen; yet they are not thinking about their work, and they are in fact watching the movie. In more obvious parlance, their unconscious creative powers are free to roam, while their surface attention is fixed by the film.

Let me confess that I, too, am fond of punk movies. I do not pretend, by this avowal, to rank myself among the great creative minds, but rather to show how the great minds share a psychological reaction with the common people. The intelligence factor, questionably involved in the judgment of even the best of movies, is certainly not a part of the reaction to the program picture. A comfortable, lowest common denominator of entertainment, a kind of soothing spinal rub is effected by the punk picture. Anybody can get to like it. One can even become addicted to it, as to a drug.

For instance, people are continually commiserating me upon my enforced daily attendance at the movies. It must be like working in a candy factory, they say, you must be sick of the stuff. But this is not true at all. Sometimes I think I can detect, in myself, a craving for the daily dose. When the screening hour comes around, all my faculties go into an expectant daze, and as I slide into my seat, I fall into a state which I can only describe as partially hypnotic.

I rarely walk out on a picture, and never want to walk out on a simple program picture. It is only the more pretentious cinema efforts, the ones that try to be something besides just another movie, that may stimulate me to walking out. Such pictures attain a kind of individuality, and if it happens to be the kind of individuality that rubs me the wrong way, the spell is broken and I want to walk out. But even in the most obnoxious picture, I can feel the basic, physical hypnosis of the medium. I want to sit and let the thing roll on and on, but there is the conflicting desire to get up and out of the room invaded by the personality of some actor, or by some idea I dislike.

Now, I know I'm not alone in feeling this hypnotic, habit-forming need for the movie. Sociologists, through the activity of social service workers, have, in the past few years secured

Continued on page 187

A Soldier Goes to Town

Continued from page 60

luxurious presidential armchair will be either too small or too big for him. The officer finishes his report:

". . . yes, still in the business center, but it's spreading. Right now they are looting the 'Schloss.'" (The ousted king's residence.)

Kommissar: "Well, what of it?"

Officer: (swallows something and continues) ". . . shall we march? Post-office and Telegraph buildings were taken half an hour ago and here comes a message, they're storming Central-station."

K.: "Come, come."

O.: "Beg pardon, Sir? . . . our informers estimate the rioters at seventy to eighty thousand."

K.: (softly) "Why have spies?"

O.: (ignoring the remark) ". . . and more to come after dinner."

K.: "They seem to be good-natured so far."

O.: "They won't be when a few agitators get working on them for half an hour, and they are bound to come. The riot's only three hours old."

K.: "Well . . . send one company of infantry under one officer, but . . ."

O.: "Good God, man—pardon, Sir—that isn't enough. They'll never come back."

K.: "I said one company and one officer, but I'll give you a 'Kommissar' of the 'Council' as arbitrator."

O.: "And that's final?"

K.: "It is."

O.: (hanging up), "Christ," and after a second's staring into space, "God help 'em."

Shortly the "Kommissar" arrived, simply oozing confidence. He had swayed the masses before with his booming voice and his florid tripe and he would soothe them again. We all stood at the gates, as the men filed out, the open touring car of the politician rolling slowly ahead of them. If they'd only keep distance from the rioters, they might come through, but with that speech-making fool in front of them there was little chance. Whatever happens, never envisage "Mob" as a mixture of 95% of harmless and 5% of harmful ingredients. That may be correct for a "crowd," of which 100,000 can be persuaded by 100 policemen. The same number of a "mob" is a compact unit, a thing without reason, with all the destructive senses and rapacious cruelty of an insane beast run amok. It still stands that 95% of its quantity are onlookers, sucked into it through curiosity, idleness and the desire to be thrilled and excited, but the very contact of body with body, the very heat of their blood that seems to flow through them and connect like electricity one with another, makes them one with the 5% of dangerous elements, whose minds are filled to bursting with loot, blood and a sweeping urge for unlimited freedom and anarchy. The age-old dream of the oppressed, sudden power, hovers above them, it seems in their grasp, and with this raging fever they carry the innocent along. And the innocent become "mob." Only thus can you explain why they walk trancelike, unheedingly into machine-gun fire, why one sees even women with perambulators rush into the furnace instead of away from it.

"Innocent victims" sounds revolting and you as executioner of the law are always the favorite target of these outcries of press indignation. It is an excusable humane reaction, but it is false. Everyone who lets himself be drawn, armed or unarmed, into the cauldron, is guilty.

Your only hope, colleague of the shimmering sword, lies in keeping the beast at arm's length, which means firearms, never under 100 yards, or, as our lieutenant-colonel said "God help you"—which at its best is a rather unstable assistance.

Well, the inevitable happened to our little troop. Reaching the source of the fire, the double-chinned raconteur climbed on to the hood and boomed "Comrades." The mob crowded round the car and the soldiers. What an audience for the conceited ass on the car hood. His big moment had come. (The officer behind him shrugged his shoulders and looked despairingly at his men.) From the car hood; "We have come as friends." A howl went up. Honestly, I would have howled too. Before this patron of the people could bellow another dozen words, the flood had squeezed between the ranks of the company and submerged the car. Like mud it oozed around each soldier's shoulders. The opportunity to check them had gone long ago. Now an order to fire would have found the soldiers unable even to raise their rifles, which were squashed against their bodies. Where it started, no one knows, but ten—twenty hands at once reached, grabbed, snatched at each one of the 120 rifles. A few seconds only lasted that somehow subdued scuffle, like the worrying of a crazed dog, before the soldiers were stripped of everything. The mob foaming at the mouth with triumphant fury tried its new toys on twelve of its captives, the rest escaped beaten, bruised, half naked, their officer, hammered to pulp, a prisoner, while a very sheepish looking "Kommissar" without hat and coat stood some minutes later before the locked doors of the House of Parliament, begging admission.

The remainder of the troop scurried like rats, utterly ashamed, sobbing with rage, through side-streets back to the barracks. A prisoner of war is never a pretty sight, but a soldier pommeled and raped by a filthy mob of his own countrymen has gone through the depths of humiliation. Allied and German antagonism in the last war was a candlelight compared with the scorching flame of hate and frenzy that flares between brother and brother in civil war. A foreign enemy's sabre cut will heal, the mob's bite festers.

Our beaten friends—if they aren't yours, call 'em something else—have after their return, which they managed through back doors of the barracks (to escape the acid jokes of their brothers-in-arms), immediately re-equipped themselves and joining the regiment, that, having been alarmed, stands in marching order on the barrack square, beg the commander with tears in their eyes to be honored to bear the brunt of the attack. Request granted, they form the head of the column.

As a last minute surprise came the arrival of the people's "Tribune," Mr. Mueller, the ex-brakeman, trailing a cloud of dust and glory. Evidently, to say a few appropriate words before we went into action, but the real reason was probably, that he felt safer in the barracks than in his "palais." He with his "suite" strutted shortlegged into the open square of the lined up troops and greeted us:

"Comrades." (A raucous guffaw from the ranks. They seem to have heard that before.)

"We all are born free and equal." (Stony silence. Mr. Mueller felt he wasn't going over big and shifted his feet. He sadly missed the clamorous applause of his public meetings.)

"The revolution has given freedom and peace to our people and country . . ." ("We noticed that," from the ranks") . . . but we, the people's advocates, too have pledged ourselves to guarantee law and order" . . . (voice from a limber "You don't say." In American it would have been "Oh Yeah?") He was now completely flustered and steered to the finish with some hectic drivel. His aides too were scenting something hostile in the air and huddled together like five old hens.

Soon we thundered through the arcades of the gate down-hill into the city, 1100 warriors, 6 heavy machine guns and two field-pieces. The rioters by then had approximately swollen to 250,000. As we swung over the river's bridge and our deployed advance-guards appeared on the huge City-square, a roar went up from the multitude. "Bloodhounds." The call of the mob. It takes a brave man to hear that bestial bellow without shuddering.

For formality's sake a herald with a bugler stepped out of our formation and sang out that the third bugle-call would mean: "Disperse and evacuate the Government buildings—or we fire." (I wonder if the congregation heard it.) Invisible snipers from house-tops began to take pot-shots at us.

"Tat—tara—taa," went the bugle. Dramatic silence. The human wall crept towards our line like lava. A dozen sniper shots rang out like whip-cracks.

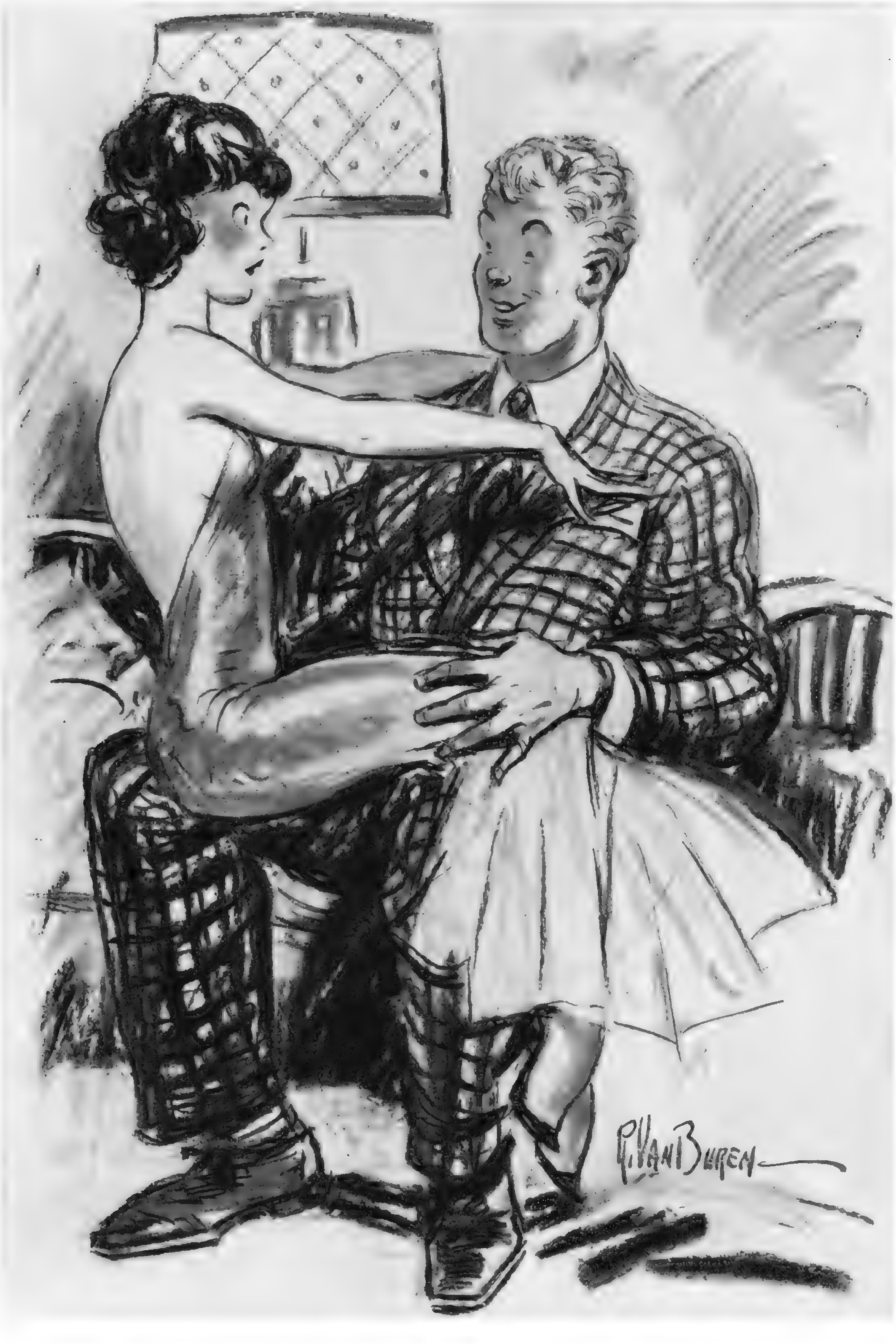
"Tat—tara—taa." Lava still flowed slowly. It was uncanny. A barked order and a clatter in one of the side avenues. The guns were ready. Good old guns. Two men kneeling near me suddenly groaned and slumped down like sacks. Blow, bugler, blow.

"Tat—tara—taa." A yell, "Fire," from the half-battery, trilling whistles from the machine-guns. We were off. Two shrapnels point-blank, that smashed all windows and left the fringe of the lava a writhing mass of forms. 6 M.-G.s rake like scythes. It's 16 years ago, but that head-splitting cry of mad fear and fury of the mob still rings in my ears. It took us long painful seconds in that frightful din to get our men to stop the massacre. Like a tidal wave the screaming masses broke against the house walls of already choked side-streets and finally "dispersed," vanished. Law was "enforced," the city subdued, and the grocers and shopkeepers hauled down their red flags and decorated with national colors. As I said, they always fly the flag of the ones on top.

Yet, our rebels were game, they had learned their lesson and soon took up the gauntlet we threw down, with the result that the next month saw my corps jogging along in a troop-train with its own train-crew—the railroad men refused to serve us—bound for a near county with mining and heavy industry, to quell not mobs and riots but the real thing, organized rebellion.

T'would lead too far to relate all details, but let me give you a few timely warnings. Your side may have the advantage of leadership, disciplined training, cool professionalism, superiority in arms and perhaps a smouldering fire of revenge in the hearts of your men for having been goaded to the point of despair and for being loathed as a hangman is for doing his duty, but that is well balanced on the other side by a supreme voluntary spirit, fanatical enthusiasm for an idea and overwhelming numbers. Just watch them with us from our observation post in the bell-tower of the County University. With our high-powered glasses we can see over the tops of red-tiled suburban homes and blooming chestnuts right into their headquarters, the race-course. There is feverish activity, a steady coming and going of messengers on bicycles and orderlies on motor-cycles. You'll notice their staff is wearing side-arms, swords with flamboyant red ribbons tied to their hilts. The melodramatic touch. They hate soldiery, but they still like playing soldiers. There are lines of women and girls filing across the wide, emer-

Continued at top of page 112



"But I promised the coach I'd be in bed by nine o'clock!"

A Soldier Goes to Town

Continued from pages 60-110

ald green turf, carrying food, water and ammunition to the trenches and barricades. The scene has a busy and optimistic atmosphere.

By now the rebels have probably gotten away with one or two of your arsenals. They are sporting M.-G.s, which are manned with "returned men" and consequently, their shooting is better. Yes, you'll be surprised how many of your ex-comrades are in their midst. The game at times tends to get bitter and heart-breaking.

Talking of women in the fighting line, beware of them. They are your bitterest enemies, though their aim may be atrocious. Once I watched a group of feminine hyenas fusillade an M.-G. of ours, stationed on a balcony. They pockmarked the front of the building, 300 feet long and 80 feet high, from end to end, but when the noisy and ricocheting shower was over and the dust cleared, there was the balcony and our nest, without blemish. It's enough to make you weep. But don't let that numb your vigilance. They'll slice you with a knife, if they get close enough; so forget your chivalry and don't have any scruples in blowing their beans off. Besides, it usually isn't a bean worth looking at. All I've seen were indubitably hags.

Make short process with looting hoodlums, who abound and thrive on civil war. My own men once found opportunity too tempting. It's a tragi-comical sketch of crime and punishment. While mopping up a business section we were under fire of a couple of heavy trench-mortars from a barricade. One projectile of the "minenwerfer" brought down a church steeple, 400 years old, with our observer in it. The second one went astray and smashed a row of shop-windows of a prosperous hatter. In a flash my braves had retrieved the civil and pacificatory head-gears, rolling around on the sidewalk, and went into battle bedecked with bowlers and top-hats, only to discover too late that their ornaments of the capitalistic system became a hotly disputed target of the defenders of the communistic faith. With relish were shot off containers and contents. Moral: keep your tin-hat on.

If you are lucky to release the hotel quarters of the town before breakfast is spoiled by a suitcase and pocketbook plundering mob, you can be sure of a generous tip from its wealthy guests, which may work out nicely at so much per head of the deliverers. That too goes under "spoils of war." But if you should get there after the requisition, don't expect any remuneration.

As a finishing parable to the futility of the macabre game and its liability to backfire I remember a little incident. When feeling ran high our embittered warriors, their vindictive spirits usually severely checked, treated themselves to the royal and ancient pastime of "running the gauntlet." Every prisoner coming in had to go through that human funnel, emerging at the other end thoroughly shaken up. An escort had just brought another batch of culprits shoving them into the gauntlet, when at the same time the guard at the gate appeared with a middle-aged man, who carried a small parcel. He too with astounding promptness disappeared into the grinder, all the time protesting most violently. At the outlet the old geezer was still protesting strongly and wanting to see an officer. Finally a well-booted member of the staff was called and the following dialogue ensued:

Officer: "What is it?"

Man: (pointing at two black eyes) "I've been ill treated."

Officer: "Were you caught red-handed with firearms on you?"

Man: "Certainly not. I just..."

Officer: "Are you a member of 'Spartakus'?" (A communist organization.)

Man: "Wouldn't know it, if I saw one. I tell you . . ."

Officer: "Well, how did you get here then?"

Man: "You fellows are too rash altogether, dammit. My son is here in the 2nd Battalion and"—(he spat out a tooth), ". . . I was bringing him his underwear." ⧺

Home Is Where the Trailer Goes

Continued from page 57

to build one of this kind yourself from second-hand running gear and first-hand outfitting for as little as $200.

The cost of a license is so far negligible, usually being computed on the same basis as that for a car, but trailers face a future of sizable license fees to make up other tax revenues not paid by owners. In heavy traffic areas restrictions are also beginning to be put on them. Some of the Long Island and Westchester parkways already prohibit them, and the trailer must take to the back road.

The two newest things in trailers are the all-steel body and the tandem four-wheel running gear. The two go hand in hand, for steel construction, if adequate insulation in the walls is retained, adds to the weight, and four wheels, though giving smoother riding qualities to any trailer, are actually not called for in outfits weighing less than 2,000 pounds. Most above this weight still get along on two wheels, even the luxurious craft in the maid and chauffeur class.

The two most annoying problems of outfitting still remain to be solved successfully. These are the toilet and bed problems. What is delicately referred to in the trailer world as a "commode" is an awkward and not too sanitary contraption, consisting of an air-tight container half full of water in which a disinfectant is poured. Although this is used only in emergency, the task of emptying, cleaning, and preparing, is not inviting. As for the beds, no trailer double bed has yet been devised that does not have one side against a wall, requiring you to climb over your lady, who has chosen the outside, if you go to bed late or want to prowl in the night.

Trailers have made astonishing progress from the time, only a few years ago, when they were rickety, ill-balanced, clapboard cottages on wheels, but the perfect trailer remains to be put into blueprints. Ultimately, this will probably be a light, all-metal, air-conditioned, streamlined coach along the lines of a land-going yacht with every comfort of a modern house.

The development of trailer camps, for those who do not wish to find their own isolated parking places by the roadside, has not kept pace with the growth of the life. In Florida the camp exclusively for trailers is well established, and in California it is also widely known, though there camps are more usually combined with cabin camps. In other parts of the country the trailerite is almost always taken in by the cabin camp, but he must search extensively for a camp for trailers only.

The trailer camp, like Trailertown, has established a new kind of American community. The municipal camp at Sarasota, Florida, the largest in the country, is an example. Here thirty acres, laid off in plots along formal streets, can take care of 1,000 outfits. It has twice been filled to overflowing, with more than 3,000 trailerites present.

Here one dollar a week pays for the rental of your chosen spot. A slight additional charge gives you electricity. Water, placed at convenient intervals over the grounds, lavatories, showers, washtubs, are free. There are a store, a postoffice, shuffleboard and horseshoe pitching courts, and a main building for entertainment and dances.

Most of the national parks provide space for trailers. One privately operated camp for the upper bracket trailers has already been established at Miami. Here the charge is from $3.50 to $5.00 a week, for which you get exclusiveness, an outdoor swimming pool, tennis courts, sidewalks, and first-class shops of all description. In such a type of camp, as in the regular camps, it is planned ultimately to pipe each trailer plot with water, which can be run directly into the trailer, with gas, and provide a sewage system.

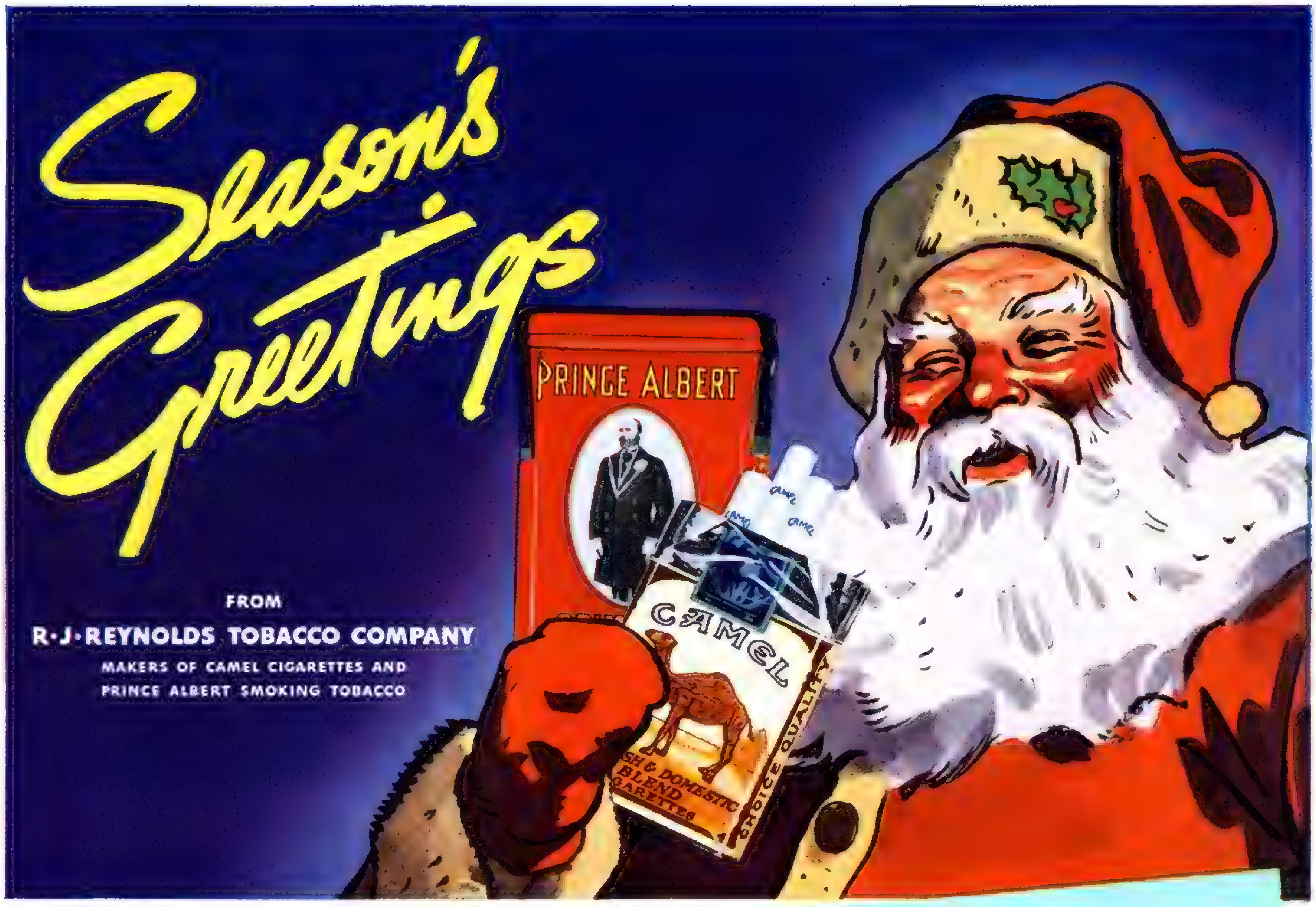
There are two trailer associations, the sixteen-year-old Tin Can Tourists of the World, which has 35,000 registered members, and the two-year-old Automobile Tourist Association, which has 5,000. *Trailer Travel* is a sixty-page magazine published in Chicago, dealing with the life and the industry, both of which promise to become one of the largest interests in the country.

Countless local guides are published listing trailer camps, usually obtainable at a passing gas station. The A. A. A. puts out three map directories of camps in three sections of the country, which are available at any of its offices even though you are not a member. The most complete national lists are those published by the Conoco Travel Bureau, Denver, and *Brown's Tourist Directory of U. S.*, Oak Park, Illinois, which lists over 1,600.

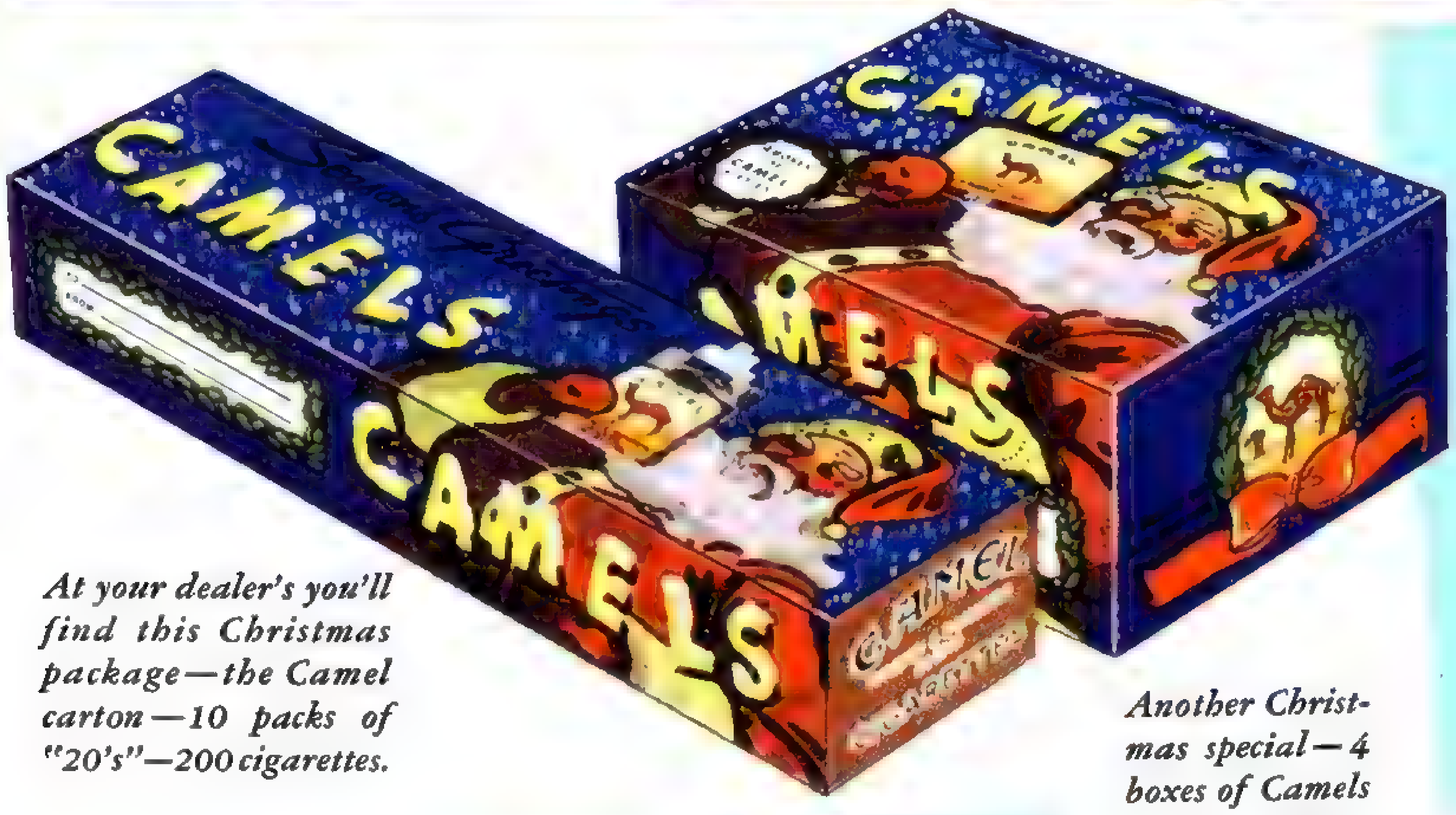
The purposes, in addition to living and traveling, for which trailers are put to use, seem almost endless. They are used for mobile salesrooms, bookstores, and professional men's offices. Movie stars are using them for portable dressing-rooms and quarters while on location. One artist carries his studio around with him. Authors are taking them up, turning the dining-nook compartment into a work room. One man is prospecting for gold in a trailer.

The government uses them as dental clinics on the Indian reservations, and for the coast guard and lighthouse services. They are used for traveling hot-dog and carnival concession stands. College students live in them to escape dormitory rents. The police of Nassau County, New York, have a portable detective office and laboratory for their homicide squad in a trailer, which goes directly to the scene of the crime. A music teacher and several others have pianos in their trailers. Trailers entered politics in the presidential election when both parties used fleets of them to carry their appeal to rural districts.

The passion with which trailer life is lived is well expressed by Mr. James A. Smith, a former Royal Chief of the Tin Can Tourists of the World, who says, "I wouldn't take the best room in the best building in the best city in the country if they gave it to me for nothing. Living in the open, going where I please in my trailer, that's the life for me." He is even better than his word. Mr. Smith and his wife, who come from Deposit, New York, still have a nine-room house there. They go back to it every spring to look after it, but while there they park their trailer in the yard and live in it instead of in the house. ⧺



FROM
R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO



At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

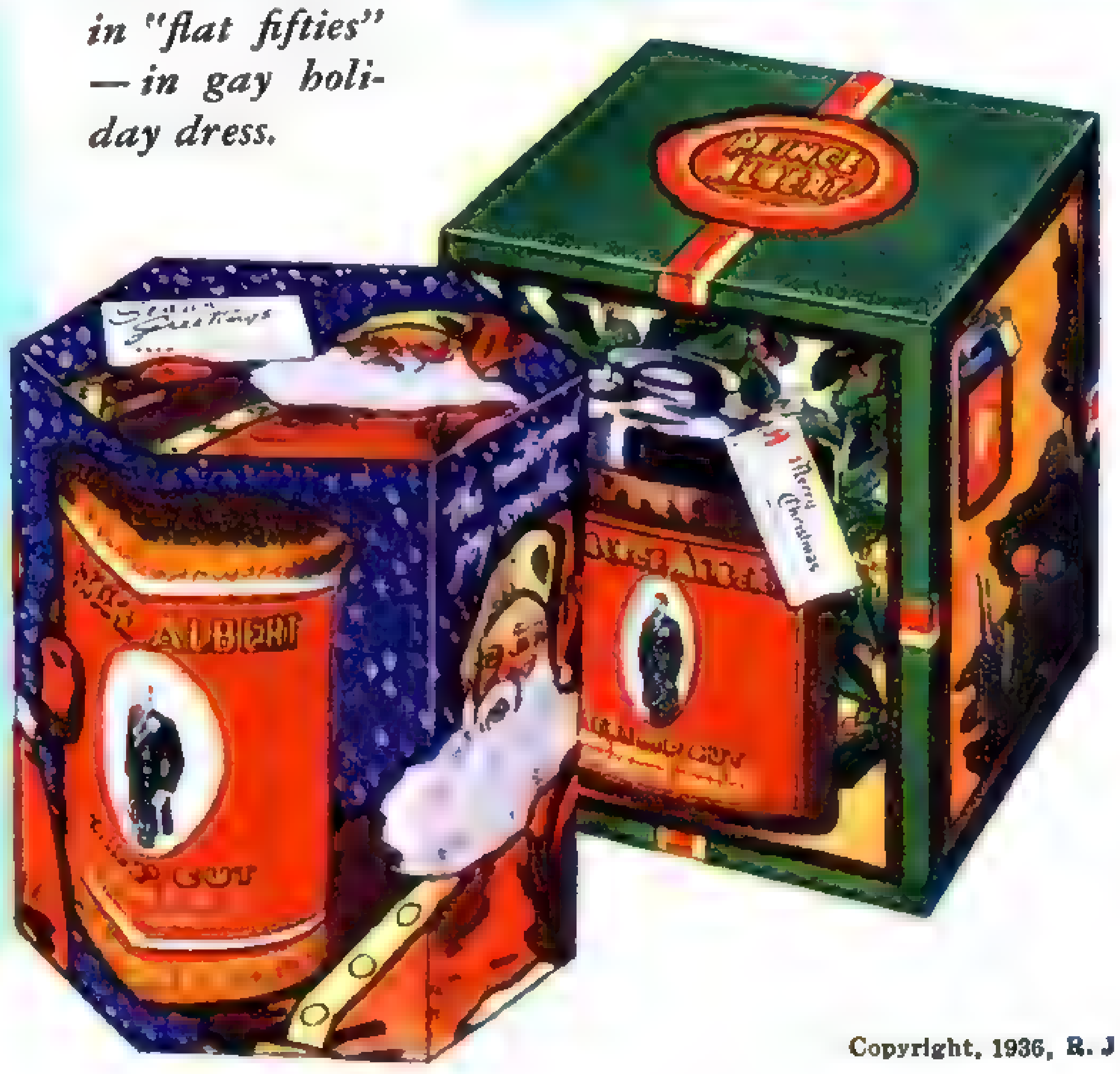
Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.

Camels

There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to *your* gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And *enjoyed!* With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas-tide. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! And they don't get on your nerves. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Prince Albert

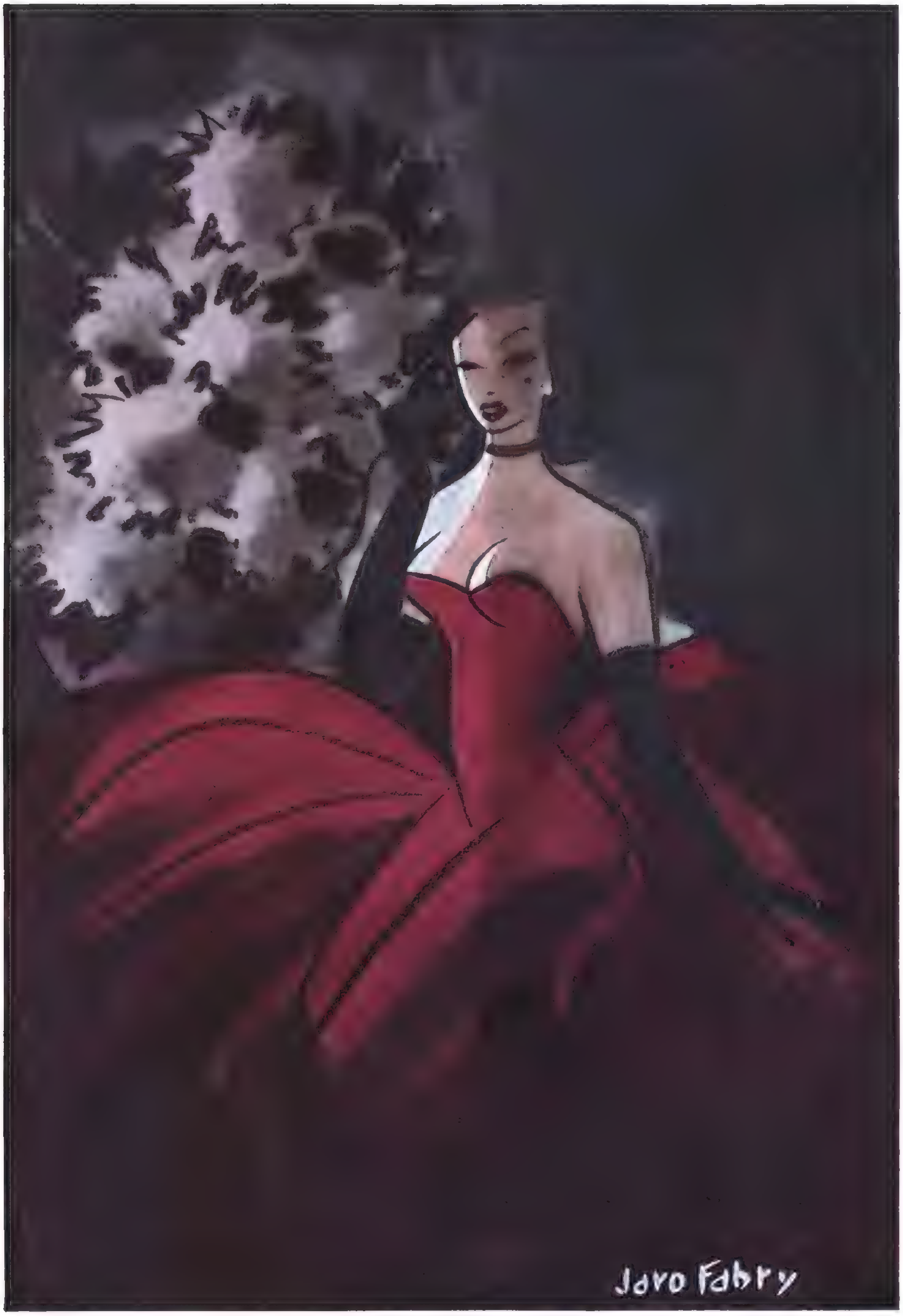
It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for *themselves*—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning...to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. {far left}

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. {near left}

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



"I don't think I'll go—my husband always stays sober and makes a fool of himself!"

The Peasant in Art: Eugene Higgins

Continued from page 81

the crowd knocks at his door or passes on to the painters of fads and isms and to the painters who bow from the waist and kiss the ladies' hands. Maybe ten years from today he'll be outdated, but he'll be Higgins and authentic. You'll never find him standing on his head to catch the crowd. Ten years from today he'll be turning out Higginses with a slow and steady and unhurried rhythm which he seems to have borrowed from the seasons. Maybe he'll have no surprises for us, but the whole range of his work, in oil, in water color and in etching constitutes a satisfaction of a deep, serene and abiding nature.

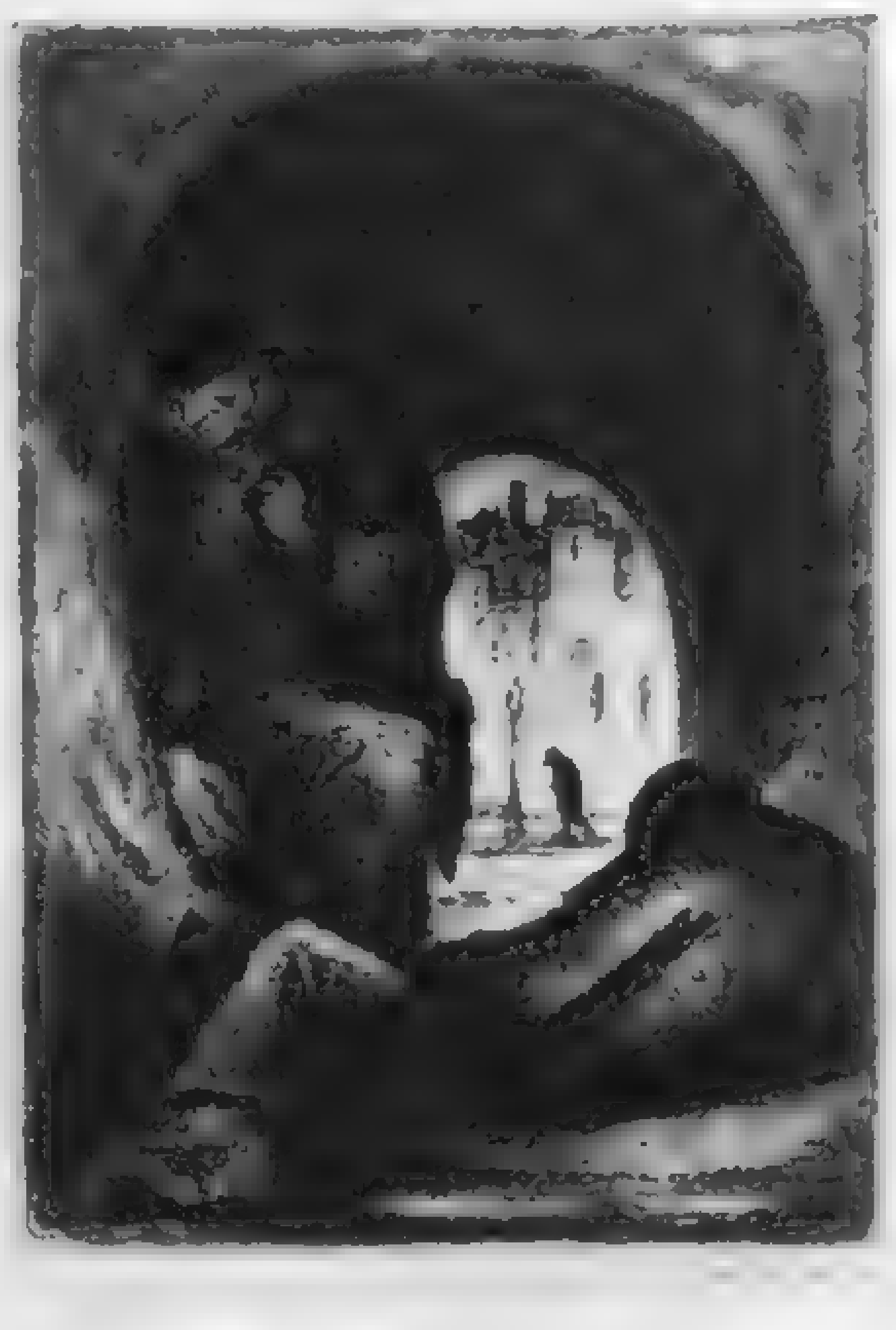
He didn't seem to be keen on an interview. He said I might call on him if I wished, but his gruff manner promised a minimum. He explained that many writing people had called on him and had struggled with him and had got nothing for their pains. For two afternoons Eugene Higgins told me the story of his life as he probably has never told it before and then wondered, parenthetically, at his own garrulity. It wasn't like him at all. "You have a way of making me open up," he said, not meaning to flatter. There was no self-dramatization, no self-pity in the story of Higgins, as told by Higgins, just the story, dramatic and poignant enough in itself. He has suffered good days and bad days and told about them in a calm, matter of fact tone, almost in a drone. Sometimes he would smile at the recollection of a triumph in art or salesmanship or doggedness, but the smile was fleeting, and the simple story went on. The two afternoons might have been tripled and the story not have palled, but Higgins broke the headlong flight of recollection with "You have enough now, I think"—and here it is.

Eugene Higgins was born in Kansas City in 1874, the son of Thomas C. and Norah O'Flaherty Higgins. His father came from Ireland in the late fifties as a boy of fourteen and was a stoneworker for a contractor who helped build the Central Park Mall and Jay Gould's house. He was among the first to answer President Lincoln's call for volunteers, serving in the Irish Regiment. After the battle of Fair Oaks, in which he was wounded in the thigh, he lay for two days in the field, barely escaping gangrene before he was picked up. He remained in New York until the early seventies, when he went West, establishing himself at Kansas City, where he married. Eugene's mother had literary inclinations and wrote a song, the son tells me, which was popular among Union soldiers during the war. Eugene was the second eldest of five children. When he was six months old the family moved to St. Louis. Between his fourth and fifth years his mother and the three youngest children died, and the father, fearing he might lose his daughter Katherine and Eugene, shipped them back to Kansas City to live with a grandmother, an aunt and two cousins in a frame house atop a hill, while he continued running a stone yard at St. Louis. It took ten days then, because of the sand bars, to make the journey down that comparatively small part of the Mississippi.

Those were the days of enchantment and budding observation. From his grandmother, who spoke only Gaelic, he heard a bookful of Irish folk tales and he himself learned to speak in that ancient tongue. He has since forgotten it. From the hill which rose above the one on which their house stood, they could look down upon the Missouri River and in springtime when it became a raging flood, they saw houses and debris, cattle and human beings floating helplessly down the stream. He recalls terrible night cyclones when all rushed into the cellar and there prayed devoutly until morning broke and the storm ended. They were good Catholics. Above their hill was a deep forest full of wonder to Eugene, a forest which he peopled with the ghosts and hobgoblins of Grandma's tales. Sometimes he would see older boys digging caves but he did not join them.

He saw many things he wasn't supposed to see and what he did see did not pass away, like the thin smoke of a straw fire, but stayed with him and deeply influenced him, as man and artist. "I often go back to my childhood when I paint pictures. In spite of yourself you remember the past." Having no children of his own and seeing very few youngsters, he clings the more tenaciously to his own childhood, which he recalls better than his manhood. Below the house in which he spent his early years there was a shanty occupied by a wastrel drunk called Maher who used his nine-year-old daughter Lizzy as household drudge and, when it suited him, as punching bag. One night Maher came home particularly drunk and set the house afire, himself perishing in the flames. But for 'Gene's aunt, Lizzy might have shared his fate, but she rushed in and rescued the girl. Another time 'Gene saw a man, in a drunken rage, rush after his wife, grab her by the hair and dash out her brains against the picket fence surrounding the house. Ah, memories! The first picture he remembers seeing was a cheap colored chromo, *The Deluge*, which his aunt had bought of a travelling peddler and which was kept in a trunk out of the children's sight. But when visitors came it was brought out and 'Gene might then snatch a glimpse of it. He himself began drawing soon after, when he was about six. Most of his early masterpieces were done on the evanescent surface of a slate, but one study, a huddle of chicks drinking out of a pan, was done on paper and liked so well that he was given a lead pencil for it and commanded to show it to the neighbors.

When he was seven, his aunt, whom he remembers as a magnificent Juno of a woman with the strength of two men and the authority to run an encampment of gypsies off the hill, went off to Texas and the elder Higgins came to take Katherine and Eugene back to St. Louis. Katherine was sent to convent school and Eugene lived with his father in a succession of boarding houses. While father was at work 'Gene was on the streets. He didn't like school and he didn't like study. At the school of the Christian Brothers all he ever learned was to fight, if he learned that. The boys fought every day. He spent his spare time making pictures but his drawing was looked upon as child's amusement, not to be encouraged. Then one January morning, when he was about twelve, he saw in *St. Nicholas'* an article about Millet and the Children, of how Millet, coming home from Paris, drew for his grandchildren simple pictures of pigs, chickens, cows and peasants and of how he would use as brush a clean twig dipped in a pot of ink. The article was illustrated with about two dozen Millet drawings and paintings and it kindled in young Higgins a desire to make pictures as good as Millet's.



TUNNEL DWELLERS

But the fire burned low, not rebelliously. He was a good and an obedient boy. To please his father, who wished him to acquire useful knowledge, he enrolled at a commercial school when he was sixteen and undertook to learn about bookkeeping, banking and business practice. He was good at arithmetic and solved by stubborn application over a day and a night a problem which had baffled both his father and his teacher. That solution gave him the idea that he had the stuff in him and would come through if he'd stick to it.

He has always been proud of his doggedness. At the same time he was drawing and, a little later, painting. At sixteen he had enrolled in a night class at Washington University, drawing from life and the antique, but he became tired of this after two seasons. He would help his father in the stone yard, carving caps and carbles, Renaissance leaves and eggs and darts. At seventeen Eugene painted *The Three Ages of Man* and his father liked it so well that he had it framed, which was his way of saying a thing was good, but at the place where pictures were chosen for the annual exhibition, they did not like it, which made father so mad he wanted to go back and lick the judges. Even in those days Higgins was not without encouragement. He recalls painting a portrait of a stonecutter's mother and father for $50.00 and selling paintings for sums down to $3.00.

But these sales didn't make a career or the promise of one and father didn't want 'Gene to end up in the poor house. When he was eighteen father put him in an architect's office. The son went to his work obediently enough but after a time the architect protested, insisting that Eugene was an artist, not an architect. "You can't make your son do anything but what he wants to do. Better give in to him." It was three years before father allowed Eugene to go to Paris to study, the money being raised on a loan which the son had to pledge himself to repay. Between Paris and the architect's office he busied himself by decorating houses which his father was putting up. (The crookedness of a contractor for whom the elder Higgins had gone bond had made him a building speculator.) Eugene decorated the halls and front and back parlors and put flowers and other ornaments on walls and ceilings, as his taste dictated. He hoped that his brush strokes helped to sell his father's houses.

In 1896 Eugene Higgins set out for Paris. For two years he studied at the Julian Academy and then at the École des Beaux Arts. At the latter school his teacher was Gérôme, who predicted great things of him. He attended night classes. He listened to lectures on anatomy and costume. He copied for hours in the Louvre, in the Luxembourg not at all. Strangely enough he never copied a Millet. There was nothing of the café trifler about him. He wandered the streets at night, choosing the poor and dangerous sections of town. His companions were not gilded youth, but "just some poor devils like myself." The wonder is that he knew enough French to go through the day with. When the money with which he had come to Paris gave out, he had a bitter time of it.

Often he would live for a week on one franc's worth of vegetables and a meat bone bought at

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The Peasant in Art: Eugene Higgins

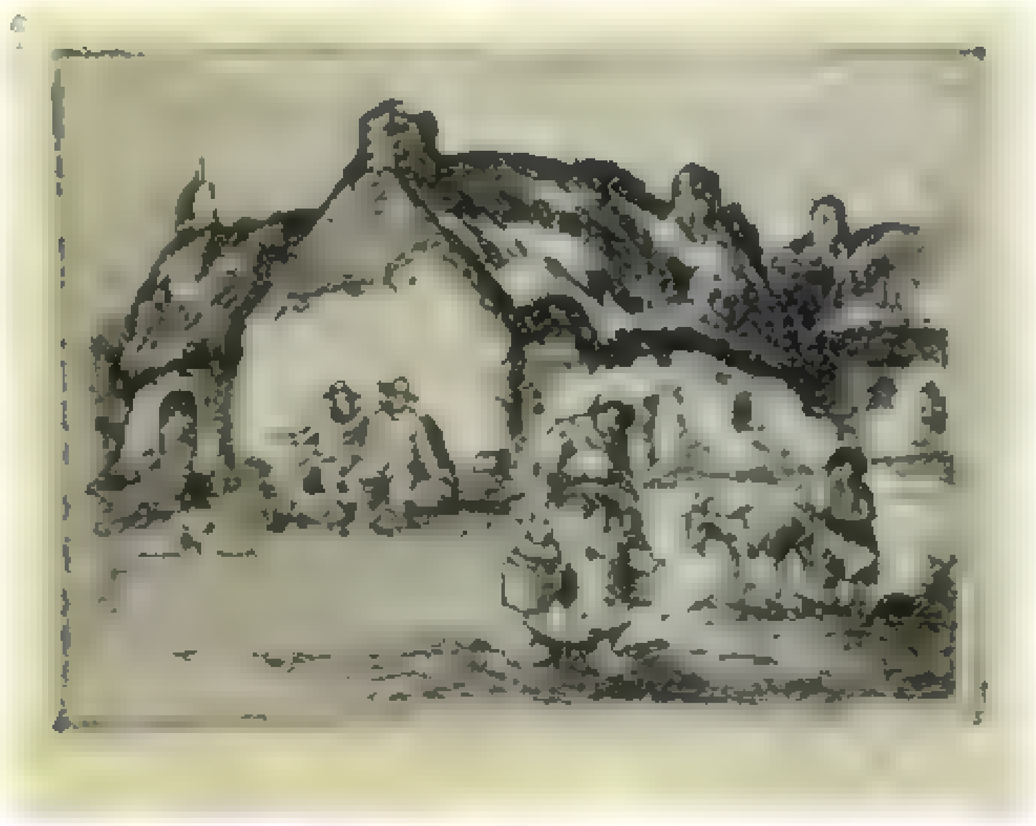
Continued from pages 81-115

the open stalls and cooked as a soup over a fire of newspapers at which he would warm his own bones. At the sixth or seventh cooking, the meat bone looked like chalk and the taste of the soup was indescribably pallid, if not actually revolting. Once he earned a week's subsistence, if not more, on the sale to an old clothes man of a pair of shoes and a pair of trousers too large for him. At the beginning the old Salon refused to hang his pictures but around 1900 one of his things was hung at the American Art Club and later both the old and the new Salons hung him. Someone bought the head that Gérôme had praised and paid him the equivalent of $4.00 for it. That meant vegetable soup for a long time.

There were other gleams of light. On the afternoon of the day he had sold the shoes and trousers, a man named White called and bought 150 francs worth of pictures. Another time an Italian from South America came to seek the Latin Quarter's hungry geniuses and to buy their works. He bought every picture ranged on the floor of Higgins' studio at the rate of 10 francs, or $2.00 a canvas. Hearing some time later that this purchaser was returning, Higgins partly concealed his best things atop a shelf. The ten-franc Lorenzo the Magnificent returned. Rumor had it that he had made an art dealer's profit on his earlier Paris purchases in South America. He bought everything on the floor at the old rate; then, seeing the canvasses on the shelf, asked "How about those?" Higgins replied that he couldn't let them go at less than 50 francs apiece. The Italian took ten of those and as he was leaving nudged Higgins. "Don't tell me you artists have no business sense," he said. Higgins relishes that anecdote.

Before returning home, he went with a companion on a walking tour through France, Switzerland and Italy, sleeping under the stars and in caves. They visited galleries, churches and museums, Higgins' carefully kept notebooks being packed with architectural mementos of that tour. He saw the Raphaels at the Vatican and was looking for Michelangelo's frescoes, which he quite despaired of seeing when, late one afternoon, he walked through an open door into an apparently deserted place of worship. Then he looked up and saw, through the dim afternoon light, the sight of a lifetime—the Sistine Chapel frescoes. It is hard for him today to tell how stirred he was at the time.

He came home, to America and to St. Louis, in 1904. With the proceeds of a sale of two pictures to a real estate man (they didn't call them realtors then) he set out to conquer New York. He rented a studio on 24th Street near Sixth Avenue and took his pictures around to the dealers. Kraushaar, Macbeth, Knoedler and Durand-Ruel turned him down. So did others whose names he can't recall. They were not interested. He was desperately discouraged. Then someone told him of a little dealer named Louis Katz who had a shop on Columbus Avenue near 72d Street. Higgins called late one afternoon with ten paintings under his arm. Seeing another artist with a batch of pictures, Katz said, "No, thank you." He had enough artists and was closing up for the day and could spare at most only a few minutes. But the moment Higgins displayed his wares, Mr. Katz found that he didn't have to close shop so soon, after all. He was grateful, in the first place, that someone was doing figures and not landscapes and he was grateful, in the second place because these were pictures that struck an original note. Yes, Mr. Katz, no poker-faced dealer but an immigrant boy who had started life in the New World as a metal worker and had become interested in pictures, was pleased.



THE CLADDAGH HOUSE

Next morning Higgins returned to the shop to find his ten works standing side by side on the floor and holding the interested gaze of a semi-circle of collectors. "You know," Katz whispered excitedly to Higgins, "I've sold three to that man." "That man" was Charles Street. In a week the ten were sold and Katz was asking for more. Higgins painted hard and Katz sold everything he brought to the shop. This kept on for a year or more. Collectors were turning to American artists, at least so it seemed to Eugene Higgins. Paintings exhibited and praised in 1936 date from this period. But painting was not enough. Higgins called on editors and illustrated stories for *McClure's* and *Everybody's*, for the latter a story called *Among the Down and Outs*. He would receive up to $350 for a set of such drawings, but he was not particularly successful as an illustrator. He had begun etching in St. Louis but his work did not please him. Katz offered to buy the first three plates outright if Higgins would try again and advanced $25 toward the purchase of a press, which Higgins brought home in sections over a two-day period. He had bought it for $20. The first three plates were *Midnight Duty*, *Outcast* and *Little Charge*, but Katz didn't like them well enough to buy more than a few impressions from each plate, which was fortunate for Higgins in the long run, for they are among his best sellers.

After awhile Katz's clientele was exhausted and Higgins had to find other pastures. Mary Ford of the New Gallery gave him an exhibition and sold his things to E. H. Harriman, among others. Other members of the Harriman family bought. The Whitneys came to look and stayed to buy.

Higgins made money but it went fast, for he had married and one is led to believe that the first Mrs. Higgins might have spent Eugene Higgins' money a little less heedlessly. Poverty and the first Mrs. Higgins seem to have been the artist's chief difficulties. He became ill but had to keep on working and selling. One day a friend of the Whitneys, one David Gray, observing his plight, took from him a portfolio of drawings and etchings and brought back $1,000, with which Higgins went off for a year to an upstate sanitarium. He returned cured of tuberculosis.

"I've been through so much poverty, such terrible poverty that if there's holding on to money I'll hold on to it. Sickness is a terrible thing but sickness and no money are more terrible and the two go together. I will never be poor again if I can avoid it." Higgins is not an eloquent man, not in words anyway, and his passion lies implicit in his memories, rather than expressed in words, for his vocabulary is a workaday one, and he has the peasant's shame at wearing his heart on his sleeve. As the burnt child dreads the fire so does the once starved artist pinch the pennies.

He was on the whole a lonely man who went his own way and took few into his confidence. He had not many friends and didn't get along with large and convivial groups. He sold his etchings to illustrators and commercial artists who had the sense to appreciate them, but for studio and not gallery prices. He was one of a group of six or eight painters called The Eclectics which exhibited every year at Babcock's. His pictures usually received a good press. Albert Ryder admired his canvasses when they were shown at Macbeth's. He exhibited also at the Montross Gallery. He sold over the years, but slowly. But he was as homeless as the rootless and harried peasants whom he has so beautifully painted. Within a fifteen-year period he moved twenty-seven times, within and around New York. He moved because he couldn't pay the rent "and for other reasons." Once he moved into an outhouse on Staten Island. He paid the first month's rent of $3.00 and lived there a year. Within the year he put down a floor, built a chimney, re-enforced the walls, caulking them against the wind, built a roof, painted and decorated the shack and even started a garden. At the end of the year the landlord called to say that he didn't want any rent but that he wouldn't put any objection in the way if Higgins chose to move and when he did the rent went up to $15.00 a month.

He knows what it is to be hit by a policeman's club over the soles of his feet and ordered to move on. He was living in a house near Coytesville, New Jersey, not far from the place where Pop Hart had his shack some time later. He set out for the art mart in New York with three nickels and a portfolio containing seventy-five etchings. He walked to Coytesville. One nickel took him to Fort Lee, the second across the ferry and with the third he rode from 125th Street, the ferry terminal, to the midtown section of New York. With no food under his belt, he tramped from dealer to dealer but sold nothing. He then called on a rich old bachelor, also an artist, who once had expressed admiration of Higgins' work to his face. Would he, Higgins asked, lend him $5.00 on the security of the seventy-five etchings? The answer was no. At present gallery valuation that security would now be worth a minimum of $1500. He offered the portfolio to a pawnshop as security for a dollar loan. This pawnshop didn't deal in art but the man behind the counter commended Higgins to a higher class place which lent to actors and actresses. There too his unusual security was rejected. At seven in the evening, dead tired, he sought refuge in Madison Square Park at 23rd Street. He sat on a bench and read an old paper. He walked about a little more, returned to the bench and when it became dark he stretched out for an open-air nap, with his portfolio as pillow. At dawn he was beaten awake by a policeman and as he arose he noticed that he was one of about twenty shadowy figures that had been similarly awakened. They were comrades without etchings. Higgins kept afoot until eight or nine and then made for the shop of George Busse, a print dealer who might be good for $5.00. Mr. Busse bought a print and Eugene Higgins had a breakfast—but a breakfast! When I remarked sympathetically what a terrible day that must have been, Higgins replied, simply: "I've had worse."

Despite museum purchases, the winning of the most desirable prizes offered to American artists and a gallery vogue that puts a succession of checks into his letter boxes Eugene Higgins does not feel secure. He was hungry once, he may be hungry again. "The only reason I'm not down and out now is that I haven't thrown money around." A member of the National Academy, he doesn't feel academic and he desires to point out that he sold as many

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The Peasant in Art: Eugene Higgins

Continued from pages 81-115-116

pictures before election to the Academy as he has sold since. He doesn't feel successful and arrived. "I'm still coming," he says. Naturally, his work is in the Metropolitan and Whitney museums and also in the Milwaukee Art Institute, the Los Angeles Museum, the Springfield Institute and in William and Mary College. He has sold to more private collectors than he can remember. And as for prizes: *Driven Away* won the Logan Grand Central Art Gallery prize of $1,000 and the William V. Kelley Popular prize of $500. *The Black Cloud* won the Altman prize of $1,000 at the National Academy and *Over Green Hills* the $1,000 Samuel T. Shaw prize at the Salmagundi Club while the National Arts Club gave him its medal in 1933. These prize winning pictures are not compromises with public or museum taste. Higgins is true to himself and to the poor, the hunted and the hounded whom he has always painted. He has not many loyalties but he clings to them tenaciously, and his greatest loyalties are to Michelangelo, whose sombre grandeur he loves, and to Millet, for whom he has the same affection as for his father. "I feel I could be friends with him. We look for affinities in this world and Michelangelo and Millet are the only two painters of the past I'd like to shake hands with."

The linking of Millet and of Higgins' father is not a literary conceit. He feels a bond with Millet no less strong than the bond of blood. A few years ago he permitted himself, and the present Mrs. Higgins, the luxury of a European trip. From Paris they set out for the Barbizon country to look for the originals of Millet's men and women and for the strange, yet characteristic, hats Millet put on the heads of his peasants. They could find neither a person nor a hat that recalled Millet. In Ireland they visited Cork, from which they set out to look for the village called Bluebell, from which Thomas C. Higgins had set out for the New World as a boy of fourteen. No one knew about Bluebell and then Higgins asked for the oldest man in the place, who might direct him. He was told the name was Murphy and set out for Murphy's cottage. Standing at the gate of an old fenced-in thatch-covered cottage was a group of men, among them Murphy, wearing the hats and holding the attitudes of a Millet painting. Millet's peasants were in Ireland, not in France. Higgins had discovered or rediscovered, the universality of the peasant. Many Polish immigrants live in the countryside around Lyme, Connecticut, where the Higginses have their summer home.

He has seen Poles carrying faggots on their backs and if he painted them, says the artist, he knows people would ask: "Why doesn't Higgins paint Americans?" They are, replies Higgins.

He literally models his figures in clay before starting to work on canvas whenever he has any difficulty in conceiving the figure. "Then I can get my imagination working on it." Sculptors have told him he should have been a sculptor but he never got at it. He enjoys drawing in crayon and sepia and does much work in water color. He is always drawing on the margins of the books he reads. He's "great for the classics" and continues today to read Homer. He always keeps "a book going," but doesn't read many. He has read all of Victor Hugo ("He used to get me strong") and he likes him better than Balzac. He isn't keen on the Celtic twilight and Yeats is too hard for him. The Irish writers he likes best are Donn Byrne, Jack Conroy and Sean O'Faolain. Eugene Higgins is philosophical, fatalistic—and faithful.

There's Something About a Boat

Continued from page 91

berths for four, its table, its small galley, or kitchen, its lockers, or closet space, its ice box, its lavatory, he shook his head admiringly.

"It's a little home afloat," he said. "You could live here."

"I do," was the answer. "From late May to the middle of October. I've been here at Larchmont for a couple of weeks, but I'm getting a little tired of it, so I figure on sailing over to Manhasset Bay tomorrow, and anchoring there for a week or so. Then I'm going into a week-end cruising race."

"But don't you have to go to your office?"

"Certainly. I commute just the way anyone else does."

"Do many people do that in the summer?"

"Quite a few. Although most of them live ashore and use their boats over week-ends."

"But doesn't it really cost a lot?"

"It all depends. You can spend as much as you can afford—or as little. It needn't be expensive. You can buy a satisfactory boat for the price of a low-priced automobile, and you can run her very reasonably."

By this time the pair were seated on deck, in the bright sunlight, comfortably smoking their pipes. The tennis player, his interest thoroughly aroused, continued to ask questions.

"Where can you go in her? Are there any recognized trails, like automobile highways?"

The yachtsman explained that there were. It is not necessary to follow them, any more than one must follow main highways on land, but they have the same usefulness for getting from place to place. It is, for example, possible to go from New York City up the Hudson River to Albany, through the Erie Canal to the Great Lakes, through them to Chicago, from there into the Illinois River, the Mississippi and down to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.

Or there are the inside route to Florida and the eastern cruise course down Long Island Sound, into Buzzard's Bay, through the Cape Cod Canal, across Massachusetts Bay, and so on up to the Maine ports. All of them are thoroughly charted by the government, and are much used.

By this time, with a brisk, southerly breeze sweeping the Sound, the two agreed to take a brief sail, so they got under way. It was a Sunday, and hundreds of boats, ranging in size from yachts as large as small ocean liners down to pumpkin seeds that apparently had no excuse for floating, gave the impression that one could leap from boat to boat all the way across the Sound. The tennis player at first braced himself in some alarm as the pressure of the wind on the canvas forced the yacht to heel over, a millrace of spray running along the rail, but this feeling passed, and in a short time his nautical education had begun.

Taking care to keep clear, they watched a fleet of small racing boats fight it out in a bitter race. They exchanged greetings with other small cruising boats. The sensation of momentum, the cool wind and the warm sun, the tang of salt spray, the comradeship, and the sense of accomplishment that came as he learned things about sailing had, by the time they were at anchor again, brought the landsman to the point of desiring information about practical details. These the yachtsman was fully able to supply.

"A friend of mine," said the tennis player, "walked down the beach until he saw the boat he wanted, and he bought her."

That, the yachtsman commented, was a risky business, with some of the ramifications of horse trading, and the man who tries it without ample knowledge is apt to find himself in difficulties. A number of things can be wrong with a yacht that make her unsafe and a poor investment, without any sign of them appearing on the surface. The expert doesn't get fooled, but the novice does.

The answer, he went on, is to decide what kind of boat you want, and how much you can pay, and then see a yacht broker. This gentleman is engaged in the business of selling yachts, and he knows all about their weaknesses.

"Pick out one of the less important brokers," he warned, "as he can give you more time and doesn't mind dealing in inexpensive craft that won't net him much commission. And don't worry about paying him the commission. He'll save you many times that amount in repairs on the yacht you would select without benefit of his knowledge and experience."

The next question dealt with where to keep a boat. Yacht clubs, because of the facilities they offer, are the best places, the yachtsman said. Membership in the great majority of them costs no more than five or ten dollars a year, and the club anchorage is an excellent place to keep a yacht when she is not in use. Municipal yacht basins are becoming increasingly popular. New York is to have some. Chicago already has, and so have the leading West Coast cities. The number of basins is destined to grow in the near future.

Like almost all yachtsmen, the owner of the boat was capable of talking practically indefinitely about his favorite sport, and somewhat given to doing so. And now, confronted with a sympathetic and willing listener, a potential convert, he began generalizing. Pausing only to light his pipe, which had gone out during his earlier efforts, he launched into it.

"If you want to find out what a nation is like," he said, "consider carefully its sports and diversions. Yachting, for example. It is, in the first place, highly democratizing. There are distinctions, of course, but they are likely, especially where sailboats are concerned, to be based on nautical ability rather than anything else. I've many times seen millionaires fight it out tooth and nail with mechanics, painters, plumbers, in yacht races. And they came out of it with a greater understanding and appreciation of the other fellow and his point of view.

"In the second place, yachting has a great effect on those who follow it. It demands knowledge, which as you saw today can be acquired by practically anyone who wants to acquire it, even you. It teaches self-reliance; it frequently demands nerve and cool, calculating courage; it makes necessary instant and correct decisions. It's good for a man's morale to get into a jam at sea and fight through it. It makes him wonder whether the boss is so tough after all. When you go to sea, you're on your own. There aren't any traffic cops to help you, and it's up to you whether you get home or not."

"Oh, character building," murmured the tennis player.

"If you like. I'm trying to show you why yachting is a social factor. But that angle of it isn't what takes people into boating. It's the sheer joy of it, the sense of being independent and free to go where you choose, as you choose, under pleasant circumstances. It's . . . well, it's just that there's something about a boat that gets you."

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A Coal Digger Speaks

Continued from page 88

from what source they sprung and they remember it . . . there are no sections of mining towns that are exclusively for certain privileged people. If there is such a thing as the last seat of democracy, this section is the one; for a miner will tolerate no airs of supremacy from anyone.

Proud of our work? You damn right we are. Once you get coal dust in your lungs you don't forget it.

They speak of dangerous occupations. Of seeing men die and then taking weeks off to forget it. Nuts. A miner helps to dig out a shapeless mass of flesh from a fall of rock. Next day this miner goes to work. Not because he is insensible to feeling, but it is expected of him. He knows well enough that a similar fate awaits him. But he comes to work the next day. Courage? Plenty of it. Tales are legion of heroic deeds when some buddy was caught. And it takes a hell of a lot to hurt a miner, too.

One day a miner was caught under a fall of rock. He was buried. Instantly the laborer shouted for help. Miners came on the run and dug out the rock until they saw the miner lying under a huge rock. He was pinned down, but living. Six men strained their mighty muscles . . . but the rock did not budge. That man was dying in front of their eyes.

While two men exchanged glances of frustration, two others sped out for help. Then they asked the doomed man what could they do for him, as he was dying.

"Move this cold rock closer to my neck," the doomed man gasped, "so it will stop my nose bleed!" Then he died.

You might wonder how the miner develops so strongly in his strength. Try shoveling about twenty tons of coal from the bottom. Not small pieces either. Sometimes they pick up chunks of coal you can't get your two arms around. With all this shoveling you would think they would be stoop shouldered. They are not, a miner is as straight as a soldier. Even the men of sixty or better are erect and straight. Then again setting up timber gives them a chance to test their strength. Timber, two feet thick and about anywhere, depending upon the height of their roof, from six to eight feet long, is put up by two men. That's strength, man.

Then there is the story of Speevis, a young kid who developed so quickly that they retired three mules when he went to the mines to work! I myself saw him lift an empty (a car which holds five tons of coal with a good topping) back on the tracks after it jumped the rail. He just put his back to it and there it was, and he never grunted once.

From all this talk you might get the idea that I'm boosting this place. You are right, and this small valley comes close to being the real and only place to live in. Pardon me while I heave a couple of cowboy, aviator, and sailor stories to the garbage can. ⌗

All Glory Gone

Continued from page 85

"We don't go into airports," he says. "News stories and news pictures are seldom there. We have to sit down in farmers' fields, watching out, of course, for anything from old machinery to discarded baby buggies."

Krantz was born in Jönköping, Sweden—the match town Ivar Kreuger made famous. When he emigrated to this country in 1915 the aviation bug had already bitten him. He had seen a plane at a fair in 1910 and vowed on the spot he'd own one of them before he died. The next plane he saw was in a little town 25 miles from Jönköping. Krantz rode over on a bicycle to see it.

America being the land of opportunity, Krantz figured he'd have no difficulty learning to fly. Instead relatives, with whom he lived in Illinois, put him to work plowing and making hay.

When the United States entered the war Congress' declaration had no more ardent supporter than Duke Krantz: he could enlist in the air force. Unfortunately it didn't work that way. Since he hadn't taken out naturalization papers, and since he couldn't speak English, the army would have none of him. By the time he had complied with these regulations there wasn't any war—it was 1919. But he joined anyway, and went to Kelly Field as a private.

He worked hard and finally tried to get into the cadet school but was rejected: "I was socially unfit to become an officer — I didn't have a high school diploma from an American school." Disgusted, Krantz left the army in 1922. When 1924 rolled around he was working in the Houston postoffice.

That year one of the most colorful figures aviation has ever produced barnstormed his way into Texas: Ivan R. Gates, promoter of that fabulous organization, the Gates Flying Circus. It's not likely the United States will see another gang as lusty as Gates and his men for some time. Life, to them, was something terribly short and delightfully sweet. A pilot who knew there was about a 50:50 chance that a wing of his ancient plane would drop off the next time he did a loop for a few thousand gaping apple knockers wasn't the type to worry about insurance policies and business barometers. The same held for the wing walkers and stunt men. So many of them had been lost that Gates stopped billing them by name—new posters cost too much. So they all became Diavolo.

The sleek Ivan needed another Diavolo when he struck Houston. The job was rather rigorous. Diavolo had to stand up on a wing while a plane did an inside loop and hang by his teeth and his toes from a trapeze swung under the plane. Then he had to do the "break away." None of them liked that one. The trick was mechanically simple: the man doing it hooked a strand of wire on the wing tip, then looped the other end around his ankle. Then he started performing on the trapeze. Suddenly he let go. Usually a couple of women in the grandstand fainted when they saw what they thought was a man falling free. The wire usually caught him up. But not always.

There was only one applicant for this job: Duke Krantz. Gates looked him over critically. Obviously he had nerve or he wouldn't be applying for such a job. He had fine shoulders and a magnificent pair of hands. The fingers were large, long, and strong. Cords of muscles slid along the palms. The whole assembly was just about perfect.

Diavolo, suddenly re-born in Krantz, got base pay of $350 a month. Wing walking brought $2.50 extra per performance, changing from one plane to another via a rope ladder fetched $5, and a parachute jump $25. It was quite satisfactory to Krantz.

"I realized," he later said, "that you couldn't learn that stuff from a book. You had to be good from the start." Apparently he was, but that first afternoon was trying just the same.

Diavolo had to hang on the trapeze of the plane with one hand while he stuffed a big chunk of rawhide in his mouth with the other. This was simple enough. But clamping on that bit with his teeth, tightly enough to hold his body up, was difficult—particularly so in light of the fact that he was being dragged through the air at about 100 miles an hour. Krantz survived, but needless to say his hands weren't off the trapeze long. Then he did the wing walking and stood up while the plane did an inside loop. The barker on the ground explained that centrifugal force kept Diavolo on the wing. Actually a couple of strands of wire hooked to his belt did the trick.

Duke put off one necessary part of the act as long as possible: hanging by his toes from the trapeze. Finally he screwed up his courage and got it over with. He let out a fervent groan of relief: "My God, my hands were a long way from that bar."

Narrow scrapes were frequent. One time the show went on in the teeth of a bad electrical storm. Krantz was scheduled to change from one plane to another by swinging up the rungs of a steel rope ladder. Both planes were charged with static electricity. When contact was made there was a bolt that by a hair's breadth missed knocking Krantz off the wing of the lower plane. "I nearly let go," he said laconically.

Another narrow scrape came on a cross-country trip with Clyde Pangborn. They were not far from Jacksonville, Illinois, when there was a terrific explosion and the motor quit. As a matter of course Duke scrambled out on the wing to see what was the matter. Meanwhile Pangborn put the plane in a steep glide to keep the propeller turning.

Krantz soon saw what was the matter: the engine was on fire. He yelled back to Pangborn. The pilot laughed, thought Krantz was kidding. He couldn't see the flame, so the wing walker grabbed a strut and stepped farther out on the wing and Pangborn saw for himself.

He put the plane in a steep vertical slip to keep the flames off the doped, cloth wings which were highly inflammable. Krantz started throwing wrenches and other paraphernalia out of the cockpit: "I didn't want to get mixed up in that coffee mill when we crashed."

Pangborn set the plane down in a small hayfield and yelled for Krantz to jump the instant the wheels touched ground. They did—after Krantz got his suitcase out. He didn't want to lose his clothes. The two rolled head over heels for a few yards. By the time they stopped there wasn't much left of the plane—it was a roar of flames.

Duke and Pang looked about for some shelter from the thundershower that pelted them. Finally they picked on a tree—one of a line along which stretched a wire fence. They'd been there a couple of minutes when lightning struck the adjoining tree. The electricity played along the wire fence to their shelter and knocked them sprawling on their faces. Almost the same instant the gas tank in the plane blew up. "That was a hell of an afternoon," Krantz reports.

During these exciting days the wing walker lost two understudies. One—a youngster—crashed to his death in Florida when the cable of the "break-away" stunt snapped. Another died when he got tangled in the trapeze and couldn't climb back up on the plane. The pilot of that ship—plump Bill Brock, who flew to Tokyo with Edward Schlee—dropped low over the Mississippi. He hoped the kid could disentangle himself and dive. He did. His body was never recovered.

Continued at top of page 122

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All Glory Gone

Continued from pages 85-120

During all this period Krantz never got a flying license. True, he frequently changed cockpits with the pilot once the plane was off the ground and got the feel of a ship in the air. But he never took a ship off the ground until after Ivan Gates disbanded his circus in 1928. Since there seemed to be no great demand for a man who had made 300 plane changes, 250 parachute jumps, and 1,000-odd toe hangs, Krantz decided to try piloting.

At Teterboro Airport, outside Paterson, New Jersey, he got a friend to go along when he took his first ship off the ground. Everything went smoothly. The next time he went up Krantz looped 33 times. At the end of two flights he was an accomplished pilot.

Then he went into an endurance flight at Syracuse. He stayed up 177 hours and incidentally bettered the time set by the army's *Question Mark*. That plane had been piloted by the man who rejected Krantz as being socially unfit for air-corps flying.

Next he flew in Ed Musick's territory—on the Miami-Havana run. When this line—the New York-Rio-Buenos Aires Airline—blew up, Krantz went back to his first love: barnstorming. Then this business, along with the cloak and suit, steel, and can-opener business, got very, very bad.

About this time—three years ago—Joseph Medill Patterson's lively and lusty tabloid, the New York Daily *News*, was looking for a pilot. None of the airlines boys would do. The *News* didn't want a man used to playing it safe and working with a two-acre instrument panel. The man they needed would have to set planes down in bumpy pastures where a photographer could get a picture of the latest axe murderess, or where a reporter could ask a lynch-mob leader his name. And the pilot had to be able to bank a photo plane so low around a foundering freighter that waves from a stormy Atlantic slapped the wings. Krantz got the job, which like nearly all others that Captain Patterson passes out, carried a fat salary with it.

The association has been eminently successful. Krantz has lived up to the golden rule at the *News* office: "If a man's on fire, get his picture, then put him out." He always brings the pictures back. Going out to sea is about the toughest assignment he draws. Flying a Waco landplane 50 to 75 miles out in a foggy and churning Atlantic isn't exactly child's play.

Once he got caught in what looked like a pretty narrow squeeze. The fire-tip of a cigarette dropped under the floorboards. The plane, at the time, was about 50 miles off Fire Island. "I thought I smelled smoke," Krantz says, "and God help you if you are ever forced down in that water in a landplane." Things weren't as bad as they seemed. A fire extinguisher, dumped under the floorboards, stopped the smoke smell. Since then the pilot has always tried not to smoke when over the water.

He did his best work and got his best pictures when the passenger ship *Morro Castle* burned off the Jersey Coast. For nearly a day Krantz circled the smoking hulk—and most of the circling was done under decks. It was a neat bit of work—it was foggy that day—and it netted magnificent pictures.

Another time Krantz scooped the town. For hours he circled over the old Trenton (New Jersey) prison like a hawk. When he noticed some activity below he dived. It was a split-second affair. Next day the *News* proudly displayed results: a clear picture showing guards removing the body of Bruno Richard Hauptmann to the morgue wagon.

So they fly on, these two men. Both have landed on their feet and will likely stay there. While park benches may fill with their 40-year-old contemporaries, it's highly improbable that downy-faced young automatons will take the places of either of these.

Musick will go on unostentatiously flying giant, 20-ton clippers to Rio, to China, to England—anywhere his company tells him to fly. Krantz will scoot about in a light, maneuverable ship, landing on mountain tops, in cornfields, or dipping wings in Atlantic waves. One will get about the same amount of credit an ocean-liner captain gets: the other will have his name in tiny type, under spectacular news photos. But they are both outstanding; aviation hasn't produced many like them. #

The Skyline of Humanity

Continued from page 66

this respect we fall into types with thousands, even millions of Toms on one pattern, Dicks on another, Harrys on still another. Glands co-operate to compose the constitution, the temperament, the disposition, with which you go through life and are known as an individual to your friends—like others, but not mistaken for them.

The fundamental food-needs are much the same, but are subject to the diversities of diets, as are diets to customs. The vital requirements are fixed at the lower limits and elastic at the upper. In the nervous system the range of variability takes a big jump. The qualities of men, determined by the nervous system, are the most important, the most complex and the most variable.

The nervous system is organized not so differently from an army, with privates, minor officers, superior staff officers up to the high command. At the lower (hind-brain) level are our reflex responses. The wink, knee-jerk, withdrawal of the foot when the sole is tickled, register fairly alike; and the same holds of our stretchings, yawns, coughs, sneezes, belches, laughs, cries and sighs. By the next higher (mid-brain) grade of function, we come to stand, bend, walk, grasp, scratch, suck, chew, swallow, gurgle, babble, on a common pattern, with minor yet distinguishable variations. So far as these functions enter into planned and controlled behavior, they become more and more variable in expression. But by far the most variable are the highest (fore-brain) functions of dancing, playing, flirting, handling, talking, seeing, hearing, perceiving, adjusting to things, and performing generally. These form the groundwork for individuality, personality, originality. Step by step variability and psychic significance of service go hand in hand. Obviously we cannot dump all our differences indiscriminately into one basket; nature has arranged a *graded* scale of differences, which gives the clue to their meaning.

Variability enters into every evolutionary scale. In early life, confined to vital activities, the responses of infants are closely similar. With the ascendency of the fore-brain, their divergences expand. Individuals almost from the start, children become more and more completely such. It is all well stated in textbook manner by Professor Hollingworth: Functional traits—strength and speed—are more variable than structural ones—size of organs. Recently acquired traits, both in the individual and in the race, are more variable than ancient, long-established ones: talking is more variable than walking. Secondary traits are more variable than primary ones: in the bare fact of sex, men (and women) are more alike than in the traits associated with masculinity (or femininity). We vary more in musical perception than in hearing, more in aesthetic taste than in vision, more in skill than in simple use of hands for grasping. All of which means that the higher up the performance in nature's scale, the more it varies as between one individual and another. We vary more in the luxuries than in the necessities of living; civilization and schooling are all luxury. Such is the keynote of nature's design for higher living.

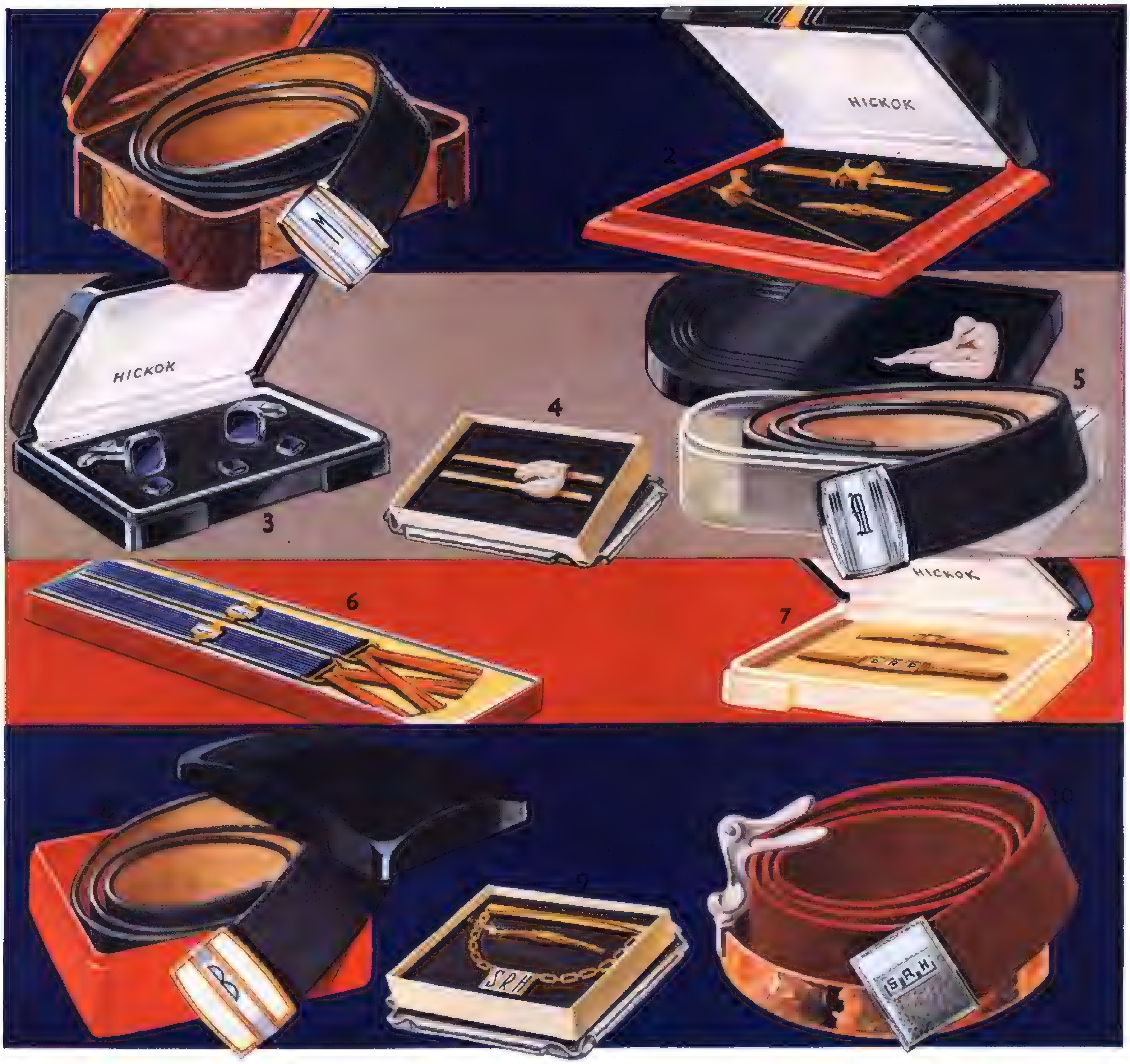
The crowning exhibit of variability is that majestic superstructure, the cortex of the human brain, imposing in size yet veiling its secrets in the million-stranded microscopic network.

The great among men, the heroes of thought, the apostles of wisdom, and no less the great among women, notable by fine charm and intelligent insight, all are somehow—mystery of mysteries!—ministered to by the unknown processes that operate within that intricate mass of myriad members. There is the focus of the cherished differences of man and man. If it were not for our brain differences, we would indeed be much alike.

Clinching the evidence is the story of how this orchestral intrument came to be. It took all the refinements of modern research by exceptionally able minds to unravel this tale; and ours is the first generation to read it. Through millions of years, nature was at work on this marvel, and reached it, not by one line of venture, but by two. The old primeval brain, which all vertebrates share, had reached its limit of development; progress required a new deal, a new organ. Then appeared on the zoological scene, at first insignificant and then expanding in size and structure, with a huge leap up from ape to man, the *new* brain called *neopallium* or new mantle, in that it spreads like a cloak over its primeval ancestor which remains as indispensable to man as to his fellow-animals. With that advance, the triumph of structure was reached. Nature supplied the brains; the rest was up to man. The critical question remains: What will man do with this supreme dower, advance civilization to further glory, or destroy it through ingenuity in a perverse cause?

In making the human brain, nature went in for better rather than bigger brains. It would certainly be inconvenient for our great minds to have skulls proportionate to their superiority of intelligence. Dr. Einstein's head would be too large to enter an ordinary doorway. For good biological reasons, nature does not run to size of brain; she solves the problem of intelligence by increasing the capital of neurons—normally there are about 10,000,000 of these microscopic units—and by making those neurons capable of doing finer work. How that is done is a mystery, and will remain so. What constitutes the difference between Einstein and an ordinary college instructor in mathematics, and between the latter and the large majority of collegians who flunk or avoid his courses, we do not know; but there it is. Certainly, Einstein and the man who makes change in the subway are brothers under the skull; but the Empire State Building contrasted with a filling-station hardly expresses the distance that separates

Continued on page 125



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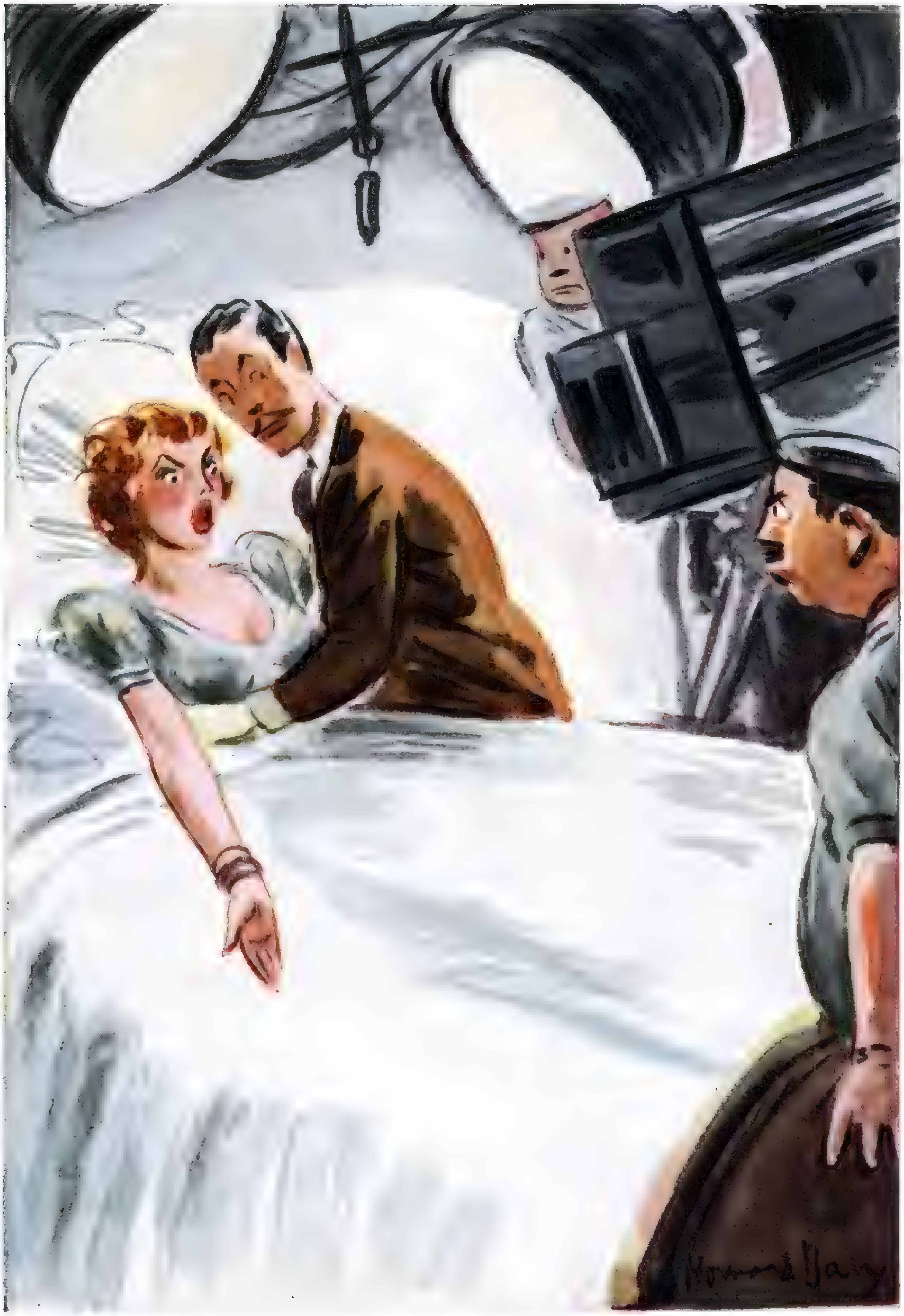
Howard Baer

"Who the hell is doing this scene—me or Hays?"

The Skyline of Humanity

Continued from pages 66-122

them. And what is true of mathematics, is presumably true of the score or the hundred aptitudes which we all share, but share most unequally. These differences must be taken into account in ordering the political, the industrial, the professional world. If human beings were as monotonously alike as ants, the complexion of civilization—if any—would be entirely different.

Our seemingly simple question has led to a many-sided excursion into the ways of nature. The problem of human differences cannot be solved by comparing sizes of feet or heads, but only by judging, by whatever means science affords, the efficiency of the complicated structures inside the heads that guide the feet in their steps through life. Those ranges of efficiency in diverse abilities, if we could measure them, would compose the true, the distinctive skyline of humanity.

II

Science has developed other devices for plotting skylines. One of them consists in grouping the several steps of height or intelligence of human specimens, and then comparing the sizes of the groups; this will show at a glance how nature distributes her qualities. It represents what everybody knows: namely, the taller (or shorter) you are, the fewer persons you will meet of your height; likewise the brighter (or duller) you are, the fewer persons of your grade of intelligence; only you cannot gauge intelligence as readily as height. If you are mediocre in any respect, you will have plenty of company.

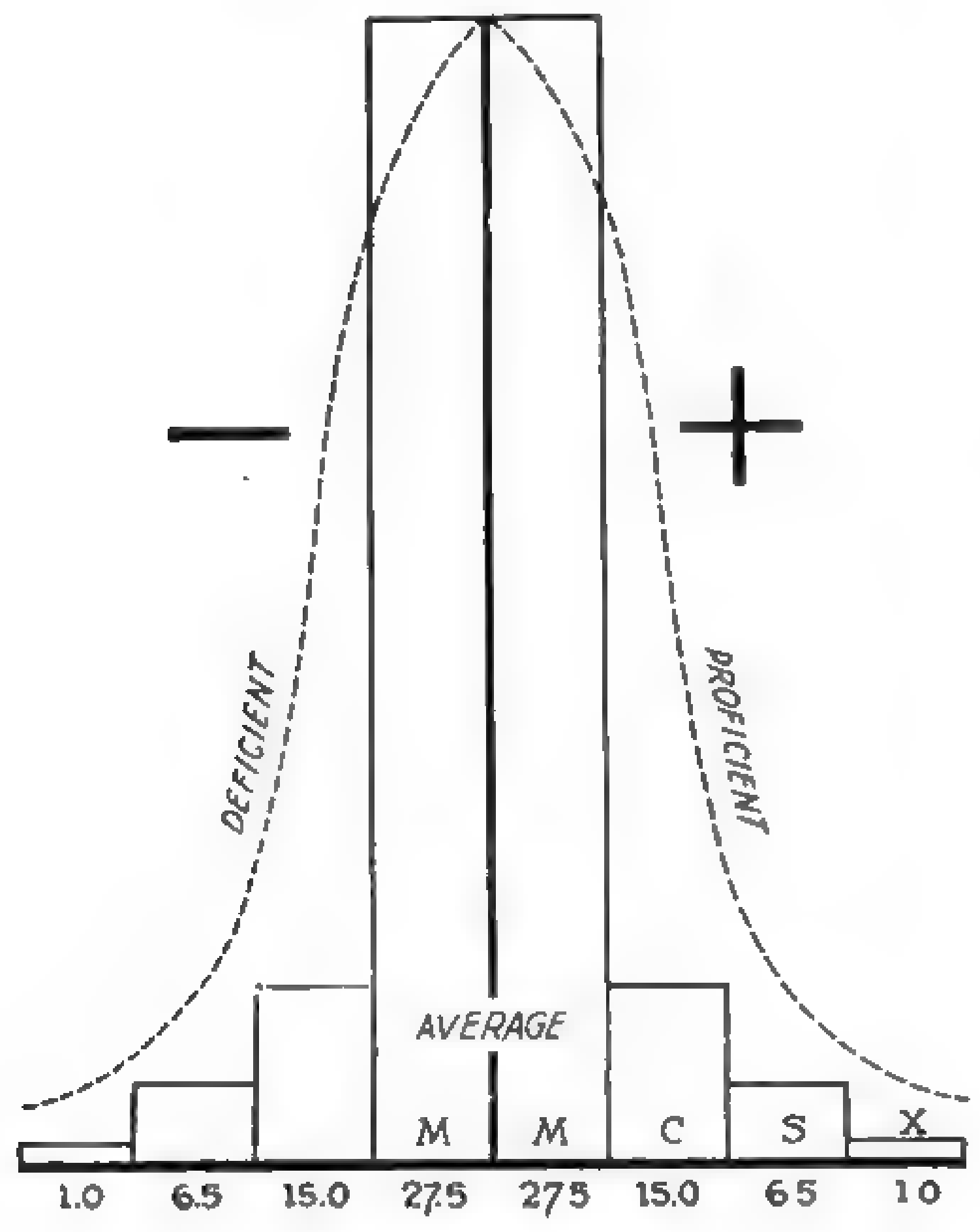

Fig. 1.

The heights of these columns represent the proportion of M, the Mediocre; C, the Competent; S, the Superior and X, the Exceptional in a population. It is assumed that the curve is symmetrical, making similar proportions of the incompetent and subnormal. If these equal steps were made fine enough, they would approach the normal curve.

But the curve tells much more; it tells how *rapidly* the groups decline in size as the height or intelligence increases (or decreases). We see at once the swarms of mediocrity and the diminishing cohorts of the proficient (and fortunately also of the deficient), also the changing rate of decline. It suggests Lincoln's comment that the good Lord must love common people, he has made so many of them.

The human interest aspect of this finding becomes plainer when we draw to scale the several blocks of graded humanity.

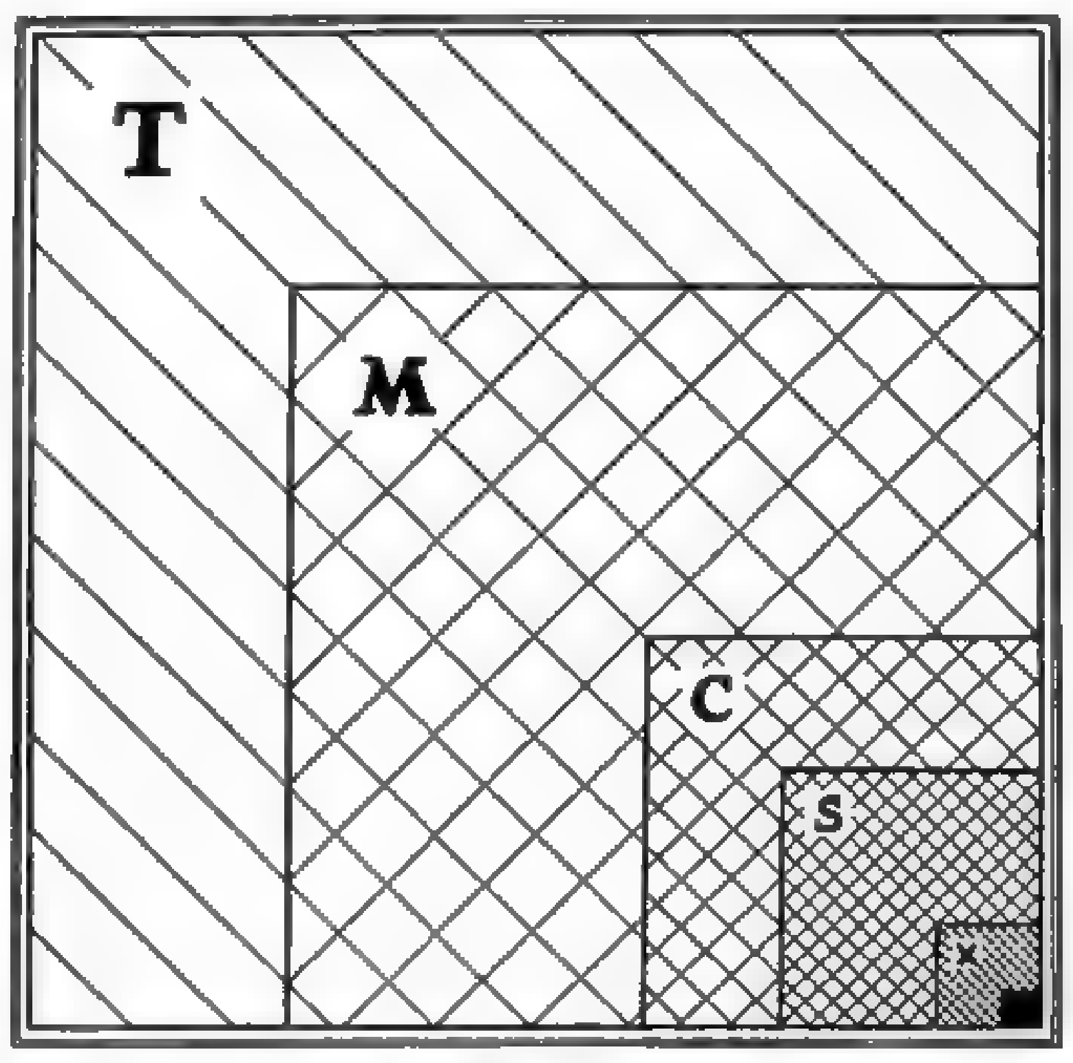

Fig. 2.

THE BLOCKS OF HUMANITY

The proportions of the great blocks of humanity, drawn to scale, by which the skyline of humanity is determined. The small proportion of best or Grade A minds is striking.

The largest square T represents the Total Population. The next M represents the great bulk of Mediocrity in proportion to the total; the next square the proportion of C, the Competent; the next, S, the Superior; and the smallest square X's or Exceptional minds or abilities, or about 1 in 100. So far as the I.Q. is a satisfactory test of intelligence, it yields the result that about 1 in 100 have an I. Q. of 130. The very small black square in the Exceptionals indicates about the proportion who get into "Who's Who."

These proportions are by no means guesses, but they involve assumptions which are no more than plausible; yet the total picture, though not exact, is not far out.

This revelation may convey as much of a shock as that of learning that the average mental age of conscripted soldiers was under 13 years; for it is the same fact otherwise presented.

In terms of a census, there are the *M*'s—the rank and file army of the *Mediocre*—50% to 60% of the population: laborers, hewers of wood and drawers of water. There is the moderate block of the *C's* —the brigades of *Competents*, skilled workmen, clerks, small shopkeepers, holders of white collar jobs—one in 6 or 7. There are the regiments of the *S's—Superiors*, about 6%—effective leaders in business, professions and public affairs. If our country has three million of such able minds, it is fortunate; for on them and their superiors falls the responsible burden of progress. Heading the procession are the *X's*, the *Exceptionals* of the high command, at most one in 100 who create and originate and direct, the experts, the virtuosi, the "higher-ups" who got there by merit.

My readers, themselves in the upper brackets of the scale of mankind, will be impressed by the smallness of the highly selected minority of those who can participate adequately in the benefits of civilization and do their creditable or distinguished bit in it. And they will be more impressed by what I have added to the picture for further comparison—the more exclusive blocklet of the elect listed in *Who's Who in America*—only one in 1000. Yet admission to *Who's Who* is far from an index of genius or near-genius. Such is the support of the opinion that strangling a few thousand selected infants might cripple art, science and industry.

Superficially and casually, everyone recognizes the plain fact of mental stratification; that men differ in ability and in the bent of their *fortes* is a commonplace. So was heredity a commonplace; yet genetics, as a science of our own generation, has burned into public consciousness a realistic sense that we must recognize it and do something about it. The eugenic movement itself derives from the realization of human differences. The fate of the race, the possibility of race-improvement, depend upon the encouragement of the mating of the fit, and urgently upon the elimination of the unfit. The drag of deficiency places a heavy burden upon the competent. It is a sobering reflection that the 20% at one end of the scale of humanity must take care of the 20% at the other end, while the 60% in between can just about float themselves when the economic current is favorable. Benevolence cannot be indiscriminate without peril. Immigration has to consider the same situation; a modicum of intelligence might well prove a better safeguard against dependency than a modicum of savings. We cannot radically change the composition of humanity; we can direct it favorably.

Policies of education and government must be formulated in terms of the blocks of humanity. The obligation of the social order is twofold: the one to provide for a happy, adjusted, stimulating life for the great block of mediocrity; the other, to recognize the elect of promise and encourage the realization of their powers. The few and the many must not be too much estranged; writers must have readers, and voices listeners—and appreciative ones —or their labors are lost. Democracy develops a vast machinery for disseminating knowledge; it gives the many the benefit of the better brains of the few.

It must not be inferred that notable achievements have been made by exceptional minds alone. Certainly only a highly gifted mind could have invented the radio, or fathomed any of the steps, theoretical and practical, that led to it; or have worked out the principles of evolution and amassed the evidence for it; or have established the germ theory of disease; or have contributed the hundred or the thousand ideas that have brought to being this wondrous age. But superior minds of lesser degree, and competent ones in many a degree, have done their part. Yet none of these allowances disturbs the place of original differences in the scheme of nature.

There is a further consideration of moment. Mankind would never have reached civilization solely by the intellectual route. To become civilized, man had not merely to know more and think better; he had to feel different and behave by combined insight and control. Without moral reconstruction of original nature, there would be no high civilization. The I.Q. (intelligence quotient) is important; but the I.C. (index of civilizability), if we had it, would be even more so. Intelligence counts heavily because trained reason aids emotional control, and makes for having high ideals and for following them.

Within the framework of intelligent government, there is room for political systems of wide diversity. The sanction of psychology is bestowed upon such forms and tempers of government as recognize the supreme value of individuality and make generous provisions for the variabilities of man and man. By the same token, psychology recognizes the menace of undue regimentation and discredits and distrusts any system that minimizes individual initiative.

The recognition of the wide range of abilities is but a foundation for the far more decisive and practical task of appraising them rightly and providing for them effectively in the social order. The road thereto is blocked by historical conflicts, by false appraisals, by unjust dispensations; revolutions here find their justification of protest. Emancipation proceeds with increasing purpose away from over-privileged aristocracy, with the few glorified by rank and power, with the rights of the many ignored, their status degraded. But it is a false logic to conclude that by shattering distinctions, a democratic Utopia will spontaneously arise; and equally false is the popular American fallacy that it is undemocratic to suggest by speech or action that one person is not so good as another. To confuse political equality and natural inequality is an unintelligent error.

If such is the scale of humanity, the great emphasis falls upon the saving grace of minorities. The true version of "the white man's burden" is that of giving the able man the freest scope to assume the burden which he alone can carry. The differences of man and man become most momentous as they approach the upper reaches of the scale of humanity. The true mission of democracy is to distribute as widely as possible the benefits that arise from the wisdom of the elect. ⌗

Thick on the Bay

Continued from page 58

past the masthead. A steamer could come into this anchorage, all right, but she ought to have made an awful racket doing it.

They both saw rocks at the same time, close under their bow, and recognized the steep slope of Dutch Island beyond. On an invisible road a heavy wagon rumbled and maneuvered, with trace-chains sounding, magnified by the moisture which carried sound directly against their eardrums, as though under water. Somewhere up there, an officer blew his whistle again in an order to unseen soldiers. Tom eased the sheet and stood off to northward. He had made a perfect landfall.

They skirted the north end of the island, never seeing more of it than its rocky shore, and took their departure from the wild cherry tree just above high tide line, northeast of the mortar batteries. Tree and shore dropped back out of sight in a few yards of sailing, leaving them alone again. Soon after that they picked up a ship's bell to starboard, and shortly heard a man say, in a State of Maine accent like a gull clanging, "Damn this fog," and another answer, "Oh, what the hell, thar ain't no steamers nigh on to us here." That was the *Cynthia N. Baggam*, they could visualize perfectly how she lay, her three masts and the white taffrail around her poop, but they saw no sign of her. A man hawked and spat, unconsciously they waited to see if they could hear it strike the water. The first man said, "Nice weather for rum-runners."

Tom asked, "Shall we make over to her?"

"No. Just waste time. I guess we're all right."

"Sure."

Chuck took another turn at steering. Slowly, the *Cynthia's* bell became faint astern; for an interminable time they heard it, then, finding that they were straining to catch the next stroke and barely able, knew they had progressed. They were out in the main part of the bay, the channel. Resuming the helm, Tom made calculations of tide, changing the course another point to southward. They sailed and sailed, out of perspective of time or any measure of distance covered. Talk wore itself out. Tom glanced from sail to compass to overside, Chuck watched the sail and the water to leeward.

The younger boy jerked his head. "One of Hazard's pots."

Tom glanced over to the black and yellow buoy. "Yep. We must be past the middle. Whistle for a breeze."

"Un-unh. We've got some."

Whistling when you're not truly becalmed may kill what wind there is.

They both turned to windward at the noise of a big launch, a steady roar of explosions, coming up fast from the southward. Even while they took it in, it drew near, menacing.

"Whoop," Tom said.

They whooped together, trying to sound like foghorns. The roar of the great motor was too close, loud, overwhelming. Tom yelled "*Look out there, look out!*" for all he was worth, throwing the oar down to leeward and then standing there, feeling himself frozen, helpless, while the dory's nose inched around and he wondered if that had been the right move. Part of his mind recorded that this was a rumrunner going it blind, but identification did not lighten the danger. The sound increased beyond reason, a crepitation of irresistible power which must be right on top of them, and still was out of sight. His voice died in his throat.

Chuck had dived between his legs, he saw Chuck come out with the gun in his hands. Seeing his brother's mouth set and the white, frightened determination of his face, Tom was aware in those hanging seconds how young he was. Two years' difference became an immense responsibility. *I'm master, he must not drown.* Chuck pointed the gun low to the water and fired both barrels. Not till then did Tom catch the idea. His heart stood still and all time waited while he listened to the onrushing motor.

No giant hands tearing a clipper's mainsail could make a noise like that which assaulted them in answer, a rip, a beating run of high impacts, eclipsing even the motor. All around them, seeming within inches of their ears, the air buzzed and cracked like whips snapping. They threw themselves flat on the bottom of the boat. Tom knew the oar was slipping overboard astern, and he ought to stop it, but he could not. Who would have thought they'd take it that way? Was there no way to tell them, it had been meant only for a signal? The machine gun continued its sustained terror, a matter of seconds, a single burst, then stopped as suddenly as it had started. The boat had swung wide to port, was crossing their bows.

There was another vessel close behind, a different quality of racing motor. As they looked towards each other, this one's gun went into action, but no bullets came their way. A special, brief noise, swallowed in others, was not noted then but remained to come up later, something being struck, shots breaking through wood, and a choked-off cry. It was too short for terrified consciousness to add it then to its overstock.

When their blood began to move again, they understood what they had heard. A rum-runner, in flight, firing in panic at their signal, then a pursuing coast guard boat, shooting at the sound of the rum-runner's gun, or perhaps sighting her when she swerved to port. The chase was well past them, but a long minute elapsed before they rose gingerly from the dory's bottom. As they lay, they had been in a state of intense communication which continued when they were up, as if they resumed motion, speech, thought through each other's presence, like men leaning upon one another.

Tom said, "I lost the oar."

Chuck passed him one from forward. He swung the dory's stern with wide sweeps of the blade until the sail filled. Recovering the compass from where it had fallen, he got back on his course. The foghorns were still blowing in their established order; Beaver Tail sounded, Dutch Island's bell rang across the water as though the world were really sane.

The dory crept along again. Holding an oar, watching the little needle were ancient occupations, part of a lifetime which had been lost and now was regained. One had a name, family, personal essence. No harm had been done. Life still had rules and an orderly procession.

"One of Thompson's boats, I guess," Tom said.

Chuck nodded. Tom kept the oar, no word was said about turns at the helm, an atmosphere of crisis still hung. Neither mentioned the shots which brought on chaos; commendable or idiotic, Chuck's action was a closed subject until in the course of months he himself should declare it open for remembering.

Tom's fright slowly transmuted itself into a shaking excitement. All things not done, impossible to be done, clamored inside him. Just now he did not feel friendly to the smugglers, he hoped the rum-chaser had caught them. The dory crawled while he, leaning forward, tried to create an adequate outlet of action in his mind.

Suppose the dory swung the opposite way, he having analyzed the situation, and he stuck the shotgun right into a rum-runner's stomach and killed him, and held them in awe until the chaser caught up. Fantastic circumstance carrying little conviction. . . .

Chuck said in a queer voice, "What's that to windward?"

Tom stared. "I don't see anything." Damn old bootleggers, shoot the man just as he turns a machine gun on me. They tumble back in surprise.

"Look again," his brother told him. "Low down there, can't you see something?"

The dream dissolved before possibilities. He scanned again, carefully. *I was afraid and I am afraid, what's the matter with me?* "Nope, nothing."

"I guess it's nothing. I thought I saw a barrel or something."

They sailed on. Tom's drama broke down against too recent reality. Later, he would lie awake, trying to be fearless, perfect in action. The calmness of foghorns was infuriating. Tom picked up the gun at his feet and returned it to its place on the coats.

"We're pretty well out of the channel, now," he said. "Give her a little more centerboard."

Water came slowly out from under white, woolly nothingness ahead of them, and faded under it again astern. They were moving, they could see that, but it didn't seem to get them anywhere.

At the sight of a red and white lobster-pot they both found tongue.

"That's one of Eldred's."

"Yep. We're getting close in."

"I wonder where we'll hit."

"I dunno. Guess we're way off our course, after—after that."

"It's late, too. Sun's high."

The shore loomed grey, outlying rocks became clear—the Lion's Jaw.

"How's that for navigation?" Tom asked.

"Pretty snappy."

The rocks, and meeting of grey-green, almost luminous water with the shore, were plainly visible as he trimmed sheet. Behind the rise of the stones, trees showed pale through tendrils of fog. They stole along the shore, reaching their father's dock with a manner of secrecy. Chuck jumped out from the bow and made fast. Moving with weary, deliberate, expert motions the two boys unshipped the mast and made snug. Tom brought the coats, gun and dead birds onto the landing.

It was over now. On their own dock, they set their feet upon security and reason, solid reality once more. Parents, and the inside of their own house were close at hand, seen and foretasted. Words welled up in the older brother, relief, an aggressive outpouring. He would like to be terse about it, as Chuck naturally was, he would like to live up to the super Anglo-Saxon heroes of his books; the talk which insisted upon pouring from him piled boastfulness upon achievement, corroded the substance of things done, but he could not keep silent. He turned from the dory now, after making sure she rode well, consciously portraying a wordless hero, and forthwith began to speak.

"Well, we certainly had an adventure. Gee, those bullets went right past our ears."

Chuck remained eloquently quiet.

"Tell you what, when Mother asks us, we'll say. . . . Let's say, first, yep, they shot right at us. They heard us yelling." The matter of the signal was, of course, out of bounds.

Chuck said, "I don't want to tell them anything. Let's don't."

Tom stared at his brother. "What's the matter?"

The younger boy's face was white, and there was the intense look again, the luminous quietness. "Well—"

"It's an adventure, Chuck. They can't blame us."

"Well, I saw—You know when

Continued at top of page 128

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Thick on the Bay

Continued from pages 58-126

I told you to look to windward?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was on the other side. It was bad enough me seeing it, I didn't want you to see it, too." Chuck's voice faded away.

Deeply concerned, Tom asked, "What?"

"One of the rum-runners, I guess. He must have been hit and fallen overboard." Chuck's face was sheet-white, like the time they smoked one of their father's pipes. "He—he flopped, kind of."

Chuck turned aside and was violently, completely sick. Tom caught him as he staggered, too close to the edge of the landing.

"Never mind where it falls," he said. "Steady Chuck, lie down."

Chuck shouldn't have seen it, he never should have to carry that weight. Tom knew how he was, how completely he would have surrounded what he saw, how deeply it would go in. It shouldn't have been Chuck.

"Steady, feller. Take it easy."

He flopped — the fisherman's phrase, horribly graphic.

Chuck said, "I feel better now."

He dipped up salt water, gargled, and washed his face. Then he sat up, leaning against a pile.

"You got to get some more color back," Tom told him. "You still look sort of funny." He looked around. "I guess they didn't hear us land, we'll surprise them. Say, we did some swell dead reckoning, didn't we?" Now that he wanted a flow of talk, it came out stiffly, but Chuck smiled, responding to his effort. "I bet they think we're still sitting over on Conanicut."

Chuck rose. His color had returned. "I'm hungry," he said.

Tom nodded. "Let's go."

They picked up their things and started along the dock.

"Say, Pa'll be mad at me for losing that oar."

"Don't say anything. Maybe he won't miss it for a while, and then just think it got lost, somehow."

Tom said, "All right." This was Chuck himself again. He walked ahead of his brother. "We heard them," he said over his shoulder. "They passed astern of us and we were scared, see?"

They stepped from the planking onto land. He looked at the birds he was carrying, small, graceful, limp now, with dangling necks and eyes filmed over. One of them, the plover, flopped when it went down. Just then he was disgusted with guns, death and all killing. He knew there was a fallacy in it somewhere, but did not try to find it now. Letting himself go with the transient emotion was a relief.

Even a few yards inshore, the fog was thinner. Their house, their door stood up before them. They pushed forward toward shelter. #

Cargoes of Wild Women

Continued from page 73

one time classmates at the University of Michigan, are no longer sharing the same apartment in Cleveland.

It all seems so incongruous when I realize that the hometown girls have never given me a tumble.

In an experimental mood this past summer, grown bold from earlier cruise experiences, we circled the promenade one afternoon determined to discover if the cruise girl could give a negative answer. From lunch hour until dinner time an even dozen, who would be considered the cream of the crop in any language, had cooled their heels in my cabin and supped of a nectar which the captain of a British boat invented to while away the lonely hours on the bridge or wherever it is the captain does his whiling away.

Now half of these women were college and university graduates, and the other half held more or less responsible positions where they drew their pay checks, but not one of them hesitated about trailing a stranger to his cabin.

We raise the question is there another spot except a boat deck where a mediocre goof can with no introduction step up to a decent looking woman and without any preliminary conversation ask her to come to his bedroom for a spot of Scotch, certain he will not be rebuffed. If he approached her so abruptly in a hotel lobby and began to speak immediately he might get his face slapped and if in the same breath he urged her to come to his bedroom for a snifter, she would in all likelihood call an officer.

The blunt comment that it was "hot on deck this afternoon" and "cracked ice and liquor were being served in my stateroom" did not fail to interest the dozen damsels who professed to be reading in deck chairs. There was no build-up, no attempt at flattery, no attempt to find out if we had the same second cousins living in Peoria. It was just a curt and none too polite invitation to do a little private drinking. They could take it or leave it. They all took it.

A pint size imitation of Mae West was the only woman my mother might have objected to my asking to my room. She proved to be the head of a department in a metropolitan store where twenty-five young ladies carried out her orders. She worked her way through school and was a registered pharmacist. She has her eye on a larger store in New York City and if determination counts she'll get there.

If lustrous brown eyes set off by silky blonde hair long enough to be knotted twice at the nape of the neck can be discussed at this point, I'd like to say a few words about Caroline. Caroline was the only one of the lot who suggested that we leave the stateroom door open.

"Why Caroline!" I exclaimed reproachfully. "Don't you trust me?"

"Implicitly," she responded. "My only thought was for better ventilation but I notice you have the port hole open and who could ask for more air."

Quickly and silently she closed the door.

Quite a number of the passengers are not neophytes on the briny. Stateroom technique quickly reveals whether or not women are cruise conditioned. If they enter a stateroom jauntily and promptly imitate the Japanese at meal time by taking a coy position on the carpet, a psychiatrist is not needed to determine they have ridden more boats than the Hoboken ferry.

But we favor the "first trippers," the young women who for the first time have decided to trust themselves to the whims of Father Neptune. They fear they may be seasick, the staterooms to them seem like pigeon holes and it's "all so new and different."

A statuesque graduate of the University of Wisconsin who spends her office hours juggling statistics to provide arguments for a midwestern taxpayer's league, forgot she was an executive secretary.

She found our little room "so much like our domitory in the sorority house!"

A pretty pedagogue from Ohio who came armed with the *Atlantic Monthly* which we read to each other, confessed the magazine was her only defense.

"I know that if I carry it around there are a lot of fellows who won't bother me because they feel they will have to elevate their conversation to my level," she explained. "Well, you know I haven't read an article in it myself but I've always found I meet a better class of men when I carry the magazine."

It required less than a half turn around the deck to reveal that Martha, a svelte creature whose clothes had an airflow zip to them, possessed talent as well as charm. At my suggestion she entered the amateur contest, walking away with first honors with a flip bit of monologue. Her act for the passengers was jelly and milk toast compared with the substantial fare she served in my cabin

It was Martha's theory, or so she professed, that mental stimulation accompanied by a steady gaze into the eyes of an individual of the opposite sex whose companionship was agreeable, gave her epidermis a comfortable glow which surpassed the most idealistic type of physical contact.

"I can thrill to the marrow," Martha exulted in vibrant tones, "at the devouring glance from the right sort of man. Besides," she consoled, "it's all so safe and sensible and leaves no regrets."

They talk about the man on the flying trapeze being able to disrobe people.

Compared with Martha he was a piker. At first it was my impression I detected the aroma of a rodent and that I was about to be handed the polluted end of the baton, but now I am completely sold on Martha's ocular method of passionate thought transference.

There was a minister's wife resting up from writing her husband's sermons, and half a dozen others. They all welcomed the cozy chats away from the glare of the sun on the water.

But the popularity of the men reaches its apex in the ship's ballroom. Here the women line the walls or dance with themselves, while the bolder girls stand it just so long and then rush out on the floor and deliberately yank the males from their partners and after one circle on the floor dance suggestively near the entrances which lead to the promenade.

Two young women were in tears when we pulled anchor at Bermuda. When they were asked the reason for their sorrow they burst out in unison, "Did you know that three men left the boat at Bermuda!"

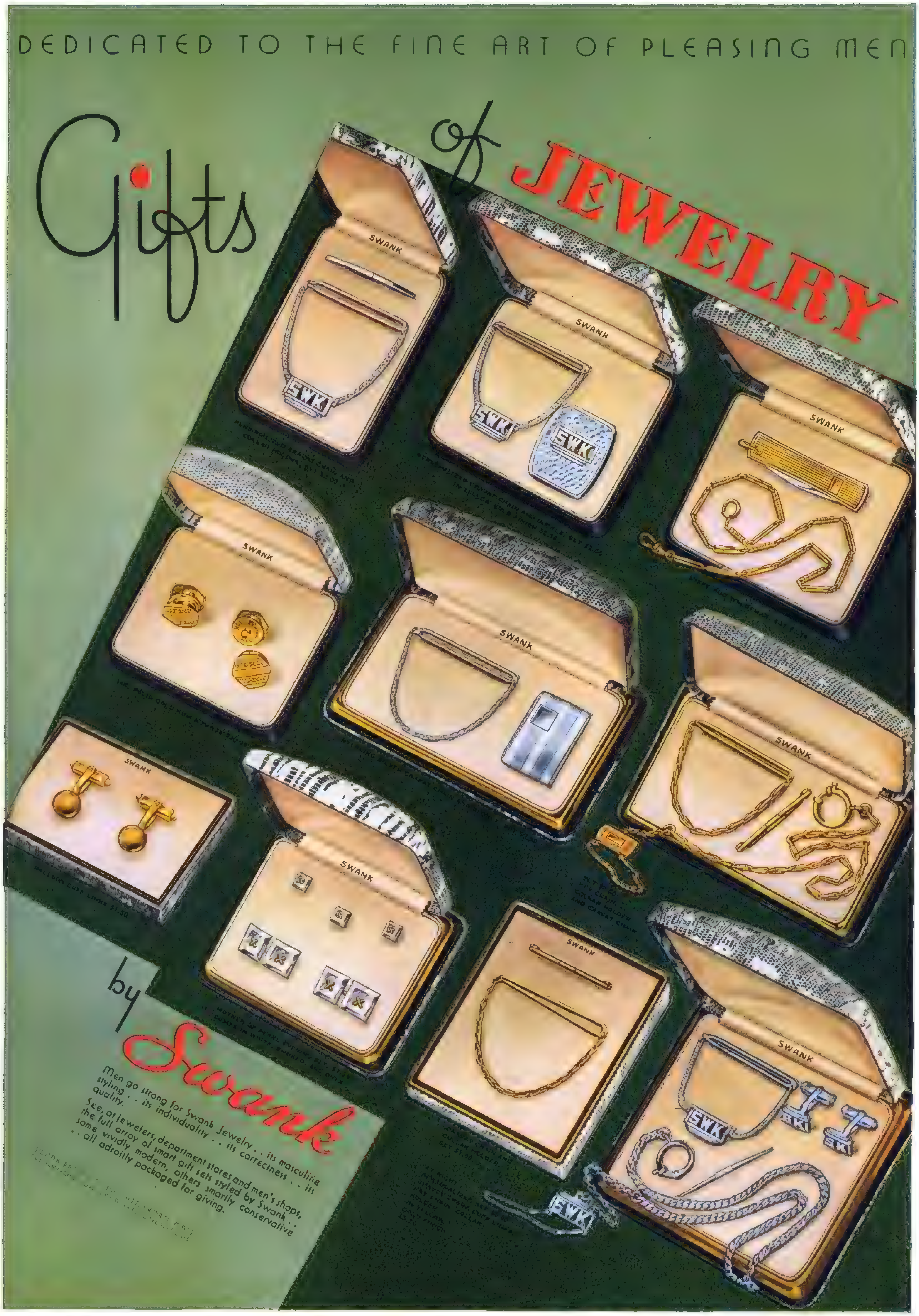
But at best it's a purely temporary popularity. How quickly the mists of romance evaporate is signalized in the case of the young man who met a Boston society miss on an Atlantic crossing. The attachment was instantaneous and those who viewed the affair claim that at first glance the pair melted into each others' arms.

Two months later the young man presented his card to the butler at the girl's home. It was returned with the information that the Miss Blank could not see the caller. Rushing past the servant, the youth ran straight to Miss Blank and implored, "Don't you remember me? We slept together on the *Normandie!*"

Looking down the full length of her nose, Miss Blank froze the intruder in his tracks by inquiring icily, "Young man, do you regard that as a formal introduction?"

But here I am rambling. We started out simply to point out a condition, a state of affairs which we hope may be remedied.

One steamship representative salves his troubled mind by explaining that women are systematic savers and save to cruise, while men spend their pay every Saturday night. Be that as it may, we concur with an enthusiastic cruise director who averred triumphantly, "Thus far only the surface of cruising possibilities has been scratched." #



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Prepare the song, the feast, the hall
To Welcome Merry Christmas."
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FROM HIRAM WALKER

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IN ANY LANGUAGE

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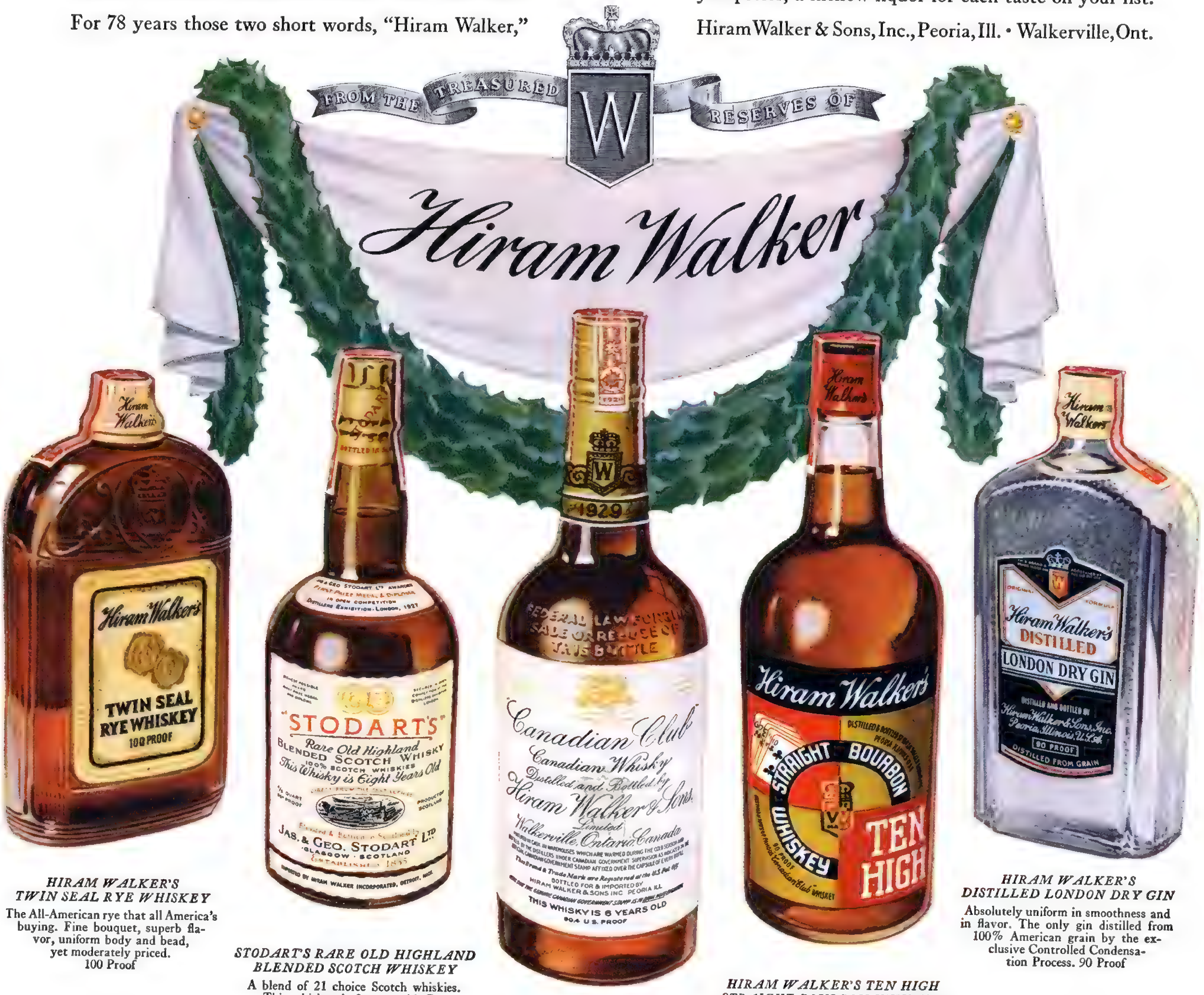
For 78 years those two short words, "Hiram Walker," stamped on any bottle—whether rye or bourbon, bonded, blended or straight—have meant more than a thousand lines of description. Eloquently, convincingly, they convey your unspoken message, "I wanted you to have the best." Not only is there no friendlier way of saying "Merry Christmas," but on the Hiram Walker Roll of Honor you can find, at whatever price you prefer, a mellow liquor for each taste on your list. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill. • Walkerville, Ont.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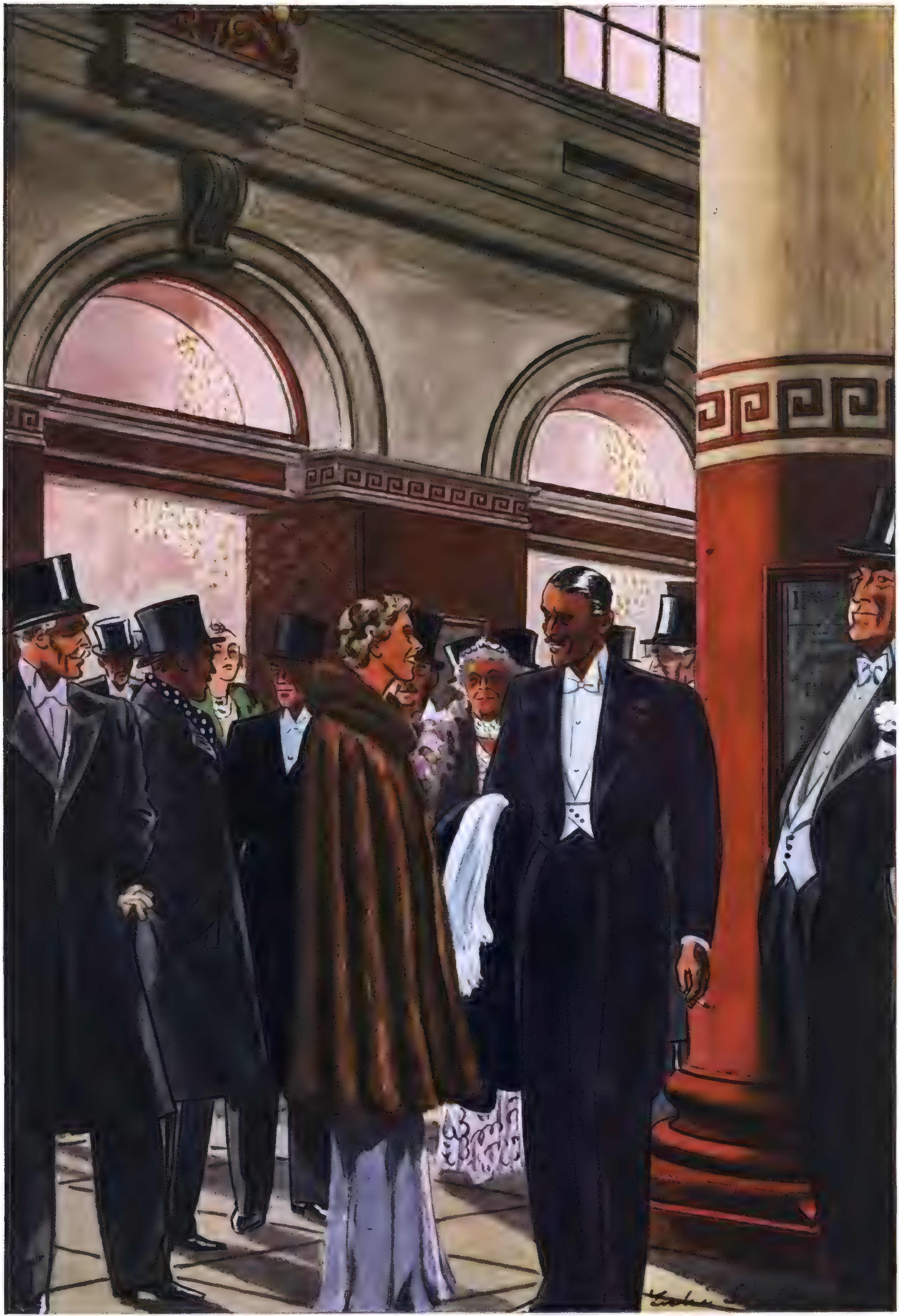
Absolutely uniform in smoothness and in flavor. The only gin distilled from 100% American grain by the exclusive Controlled Condensation Process. 90 Proof



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN ENGLAND BY LESLIE SAALBURG

OPENING NIGHT AT THE ROYAL HAYMARKET THEATRE, LONDON

Reno's Unsung Columbus

Continued from page 63

yers. I never employed him as an attorney, but I did like his spirit and unfailing optimism.

"I have a Big Idea."

The speaker was William Schnitzer, after he had come into my office with the air of a conqueror. He had been ushered in by a rather lovely secretary, who had once been a waitress in Carson, the state capital.

There was a note of challenge in his voice, as if he felt he were going to have to surmount obstacles in selling his idea. I was mildly interested. I had listened to a lot of Big Ideas, but none had gone far toward paying for that building I had just built and the new equipment installed in it.

He talked fast and his cigar became shredded. He told of the death of the mining boom, the fading of business in Reno, and prophesied that years might pass before the grand days of the immediate past would come to Nevada again. He wanted to know what was to take the place of the vanished boom, and then shrewdly retold the story of Mrs. Corey's visit. Light began to come.

"I'm going to make Reno the World's Divorce Capital."

He wanted that to sink in, so he paused to light a fresh cigar. I was still able to restrain any excitement I might have had.

"I'm going to tell the world how easy and pleasant it is to get a divorce in Reno. I'm going to sing of this town's charms, its location, its closeness to Tahoe and San Francisco, the comfort of living here during the six months while legal residence is being acquired. I'll set forth the many liberal grounds upon which a divorce action may be based. I'll even say a word or two about myself. Then I'm going to see to it that all this valuable information reaches people who are vitally interested in divorce."

"And how are you going to do that?" I inquired.

"I'm writing a booklet. You will print it for me and I'll see to it that it is properly distributed."

"Will you send this booklet to Chambers of Commerce who will see to it that the Unhappily Married will get copies of it?"

He looked at me a little pityingly.

"No. I'll send it to lawyers all over this country, particularly to lawyers in states where divorce is hard to get. Mismated people go to their lawyers to talk things over, to see if there is a way out, just as sick people go to their doctors. My booklet will be a Compendium of Valuable Information for lawyers and clients."

He smiled a bit as he unloosed that one.

There was much more talk, but what has been written is enough to give you a picture of the birth of Bill's Big Idea. We printed the booklet for him, thousands of copies. We got some cash, and the balance was to be paid after some of the Big Parade had arrived at Bill's offices and had put down some "cash on the line" for his services in giving to them a New Freedom.

A copy of that booklet lies before me. It is somewhat worn and tattered, a little yellowed. To me it is a strange but precious literary effort. Upon that booklet is based Reno's divorce factory, its biggest source of revenue. If anybody doubts its authenticity, proof may be found in a formidable legal volume which quotes from it freely in a sentence passed down upon its author by the highest court in the state.

Here is its title page:

"Divorce Practice and Procedure Under the Laws of
the State of Nevada
With Notes and Decisions
Compiled and Digested by
William H. Schnitzer of the
Nevada Bar
Published at Reno,
January, 1909"

The intent of the booklet was then set forth. It was, broadly and humanly speaking, presumably a sincere effort to give honest, specific information about Nevada's divorce laws, the charm of Reno and contiguous places, the ease and comfort with which a divorce could be obtained, the trustworthy ability of its author, Mr. William H. Schnitzer, accredited member of the Reno bar.

Early came this interesting paragraph:

"The laws of other states contain some provision for dissolution of the marriage tie, but proof, duration of offense, corroboration of plaintiff, are exacting and irksome."

There was a big-hearted summary of the legalities:

"Summing up the situation as it exists in the eastern states, respecting the domestic relation law, the client is almost invariably advised that upon the facts he or she is without remedy. Here in Nevada, without deception or fraud, the applicant, upon almost any charge from which lack of harmonious domestic relations may be inferred, may apply to the courts and secure prompt results by decree of absolute divorce, Binding and Valid in Law."

So much for the liberal, alluring, healing divorce laws of Nevada. There were two other sections which should not be ignored in this tale of the birth of a Big and Unusual Business. One told of Reno:

"Only 25 miles away is Lake Tahoe, the most beautiful lake in the United States, Mecca of society and fashion. Upon a glorious hill is the state university. There are seven churches and five banks (proving that even in Reno Mammon was in the minority)." The crystal mountain river, cutting the heart of the town, was described and important attention was given to San Francisco, one night's travel distant, where the Unhappy One could live until she had to face the judge, after she had paid one month's rent in Reno.

Under the heading, "Your Selection of a Lawyer," was this compelling paragraph:

"*I have had 20 years' experience before the New York and Nevada bar. I have earned and won the friendship, respect and esteem of my colleagues of the Nevada bar and the judges on the bench during my three years' practice in Nevada. A sense of modesty forbids me to say more.*"

In days to come Reno's bar association and the august members of the Supreme Court and Bill himself were going to read that paragraph again.

References were given. Those references included one United States Senator, the Acting Governor, attorneys, bankers, editors and other well-known business men. It was quite a booklet. It was based upon two essential facts: One, that all over this country people, unhappily married but trammeled by rigorous laws of their states which made a Second Chance (or a third or fourth) almost impossible; two, that Nevada beckoned with a gracious hand and that six months could be spent most pleasantly in Reno.

That booklet went to lawyers in many states. Before we undertook to print it I warned Bill. I told him "they would get him" if his dream came true, and if it didn't come true he would have spent quite a sum of money for nothing. We weren't turning down printing jobs, but I liked him, despite his free and easy attitude toward a stern code of ethics—a code honored both in breach and observance.

He blew clouds of smoke from that ever-present cigar and scoffed.

"Why should they even try to get me? All I'm trying to do is to build a new business for the town, out of which I'll reap some profit. I can't get it all. The first people to gain will be the lawyers, if I'm right with this idea of mine. If they get some real money—most of them see very little real money these days—why should they turn on the person who gave it to them? Ethics? What are ethics between friends? You saw those endorsements, didn't you?"

I had had my say. I had been overruled.

Right here it might be well to state that since Mrs. Corey had come and gone, years before, like a wraith, not one person from an outside state had availed herself, or himself, of Nevada's liberal divorce laws. The curtain had been rung down when she had boarded her Pullman, headed eastward. It had remained for Bill Schnitzer to try to capitalize upon some words in the state's statutes. He was risking his whole future. He was the one man who was "paying the freight."

There was no sudden upheaval in Reno after that booklet had been put in the postoffice, addressed to lawyers in far places. There was no congestion at the depot when the overland trains came through, caused by crowds of unhappy men and women alighting and hurrying to some office to begin proceedings looking toward a divorce. Reno's attorneys who, of course, had read Bill's booklet, poked a little mild fun at him, and wanted to know when he was going to rent more office space in order to take care of his clients. Bill went about as of old, still confident that something would happen to vindicate his belief.

Finally a trickle of strangers started, mostly women. A number of these found their way to Bill's offices. It was not long before that trickle grew greatly in volume. Hotels and apartment houses began to be filled, lawyers really had clients. Bill one day, with a great flourish, paid the balance of the printing bill. He took more office space and bought an automobile. He had always walked fast, but now he walked fast because he had business to attend to. Virginia Street business men and Commercial Row bartenders and gamblers began to smile again. The wheels of a great factory were beginning to hum.

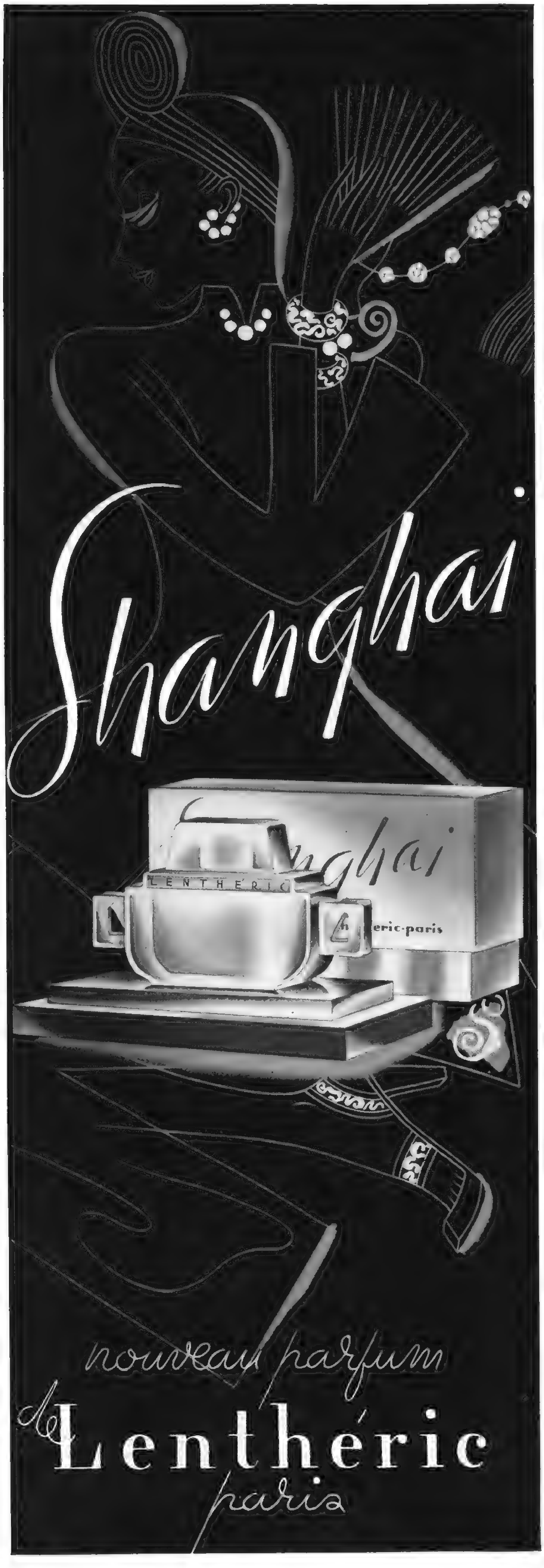
It was at about this time that the mutterings began. When lawyers got together one could have heard the words "unethical" and "shyster." Friends went to Bill and told him he was "due to take a beating." He merely grinned and scoffed, just as he had done when I had ventured a mild warning. He looked upon himself as a benefactor of every person in Reno, and his theory was that benefactors don't take beatings from people they aid.

Bill was wrong.

On January 26, 1911, two years after his booklet had been printed and circulated, the Supreme Court of Nevada disbarred William Schnitzer. The booklet of which its author had been so proud was quoted from freely by the learned judges. At the moment the decision was handed down new money was pouring into the offices of Reno's attorneys, money that came to them only because of William Schnitzer's booklet which had now disbarred him.

Bill had been a Nobody when he had shot that booklet in four directions. Reno was languishing, turning over the pages of a golden book of memories. Bill took a desperate measure, and all over this country Unhappily Married People by the thousands began looking toward Reno. A new prosperity came to Reno, a prosperity that was to grow and endure through good times and bad. Only one person suffered, and he was the man who had made possible

Continued on page 134



Reno's Unsung Columbus

Continued from pages 63-133

his own town's new prosperity.

That was the end of William Schnitzer, professionally, in Nevada. It was really a bigger end than that for him. The high court had magnanimously provided for reinstatement, EIGHT MONTHS AFTER THE DISBARMENT. Bill tried his hand at this and that for a while, failing at all. After he was reinstated he again tried to practice, but his practice had vanished and new clients were not seeking a lawyer who had been disbarred. He paid his rent as of old, though he sold his automobile to do it.

One day he came to me and said:

"I'm leaving Reno. There's no sense in trying to buck this game any longer. I've tried to fool myself into thinking I could 'come back,' but that was merely a hope. I'm going away and I'm going to take another name. I don't want this thing that has happened to dog me forever. I guess I broke some ethical rules, but everybody, including the men who prosecuted me, has profited from what I did. I alone have suffered.

"But let's not cry about it," and he flashed a wide smile and lit a fresh cigar. "I was a pretty fair attorney before I had my Big Idea. I'll make a go of it yet. Anyway they'll never be able to take away from me the honor, if it is an honor, of having been Reno's Divorce Columbus."

He went away. No delegation of prominent citizens saw him off—no lawyers, with offices filled with new clients whom he had lured there; no business men, with stores active with new buying; no property owners, gleefully raising rents; no bankers with new accounts of people whom they would never have heard of had it not been for this lonely person, waiting for his train to leave.

He went alone, but in his own queer way he had left behind him a business that was to be Reno's greatest financial asset.

Over a quarter of a century has passed since all this happened. Thousands of divorces have been granted in Reno since then to men and women from all parts of the world. Reno's right to be known as The Divorce Capital is unquestioned. Now and then there have been challenges from other places, but those challenges have been repulsed. When Bill Schnitzer wrote his flaming booklet the period for legal residence was six months, but the Divorce Seeker could live where she wished after she had paid her first month's rent until the time came for her to talk to the judge and receive her decree. There were flaws in that procedure. Reno's business men didn't like it. Later the time limit was reduced to three months, and more recently, when some other town made a bid for this business, it was lowered to six weeks. Now, though, she who would avail herself of Nevada's liberality must live in Nevada during her period of probation. Nevada is willing to be generous, but Nevada, being made up of human beings, wants something in return.

That is probably fair enough.

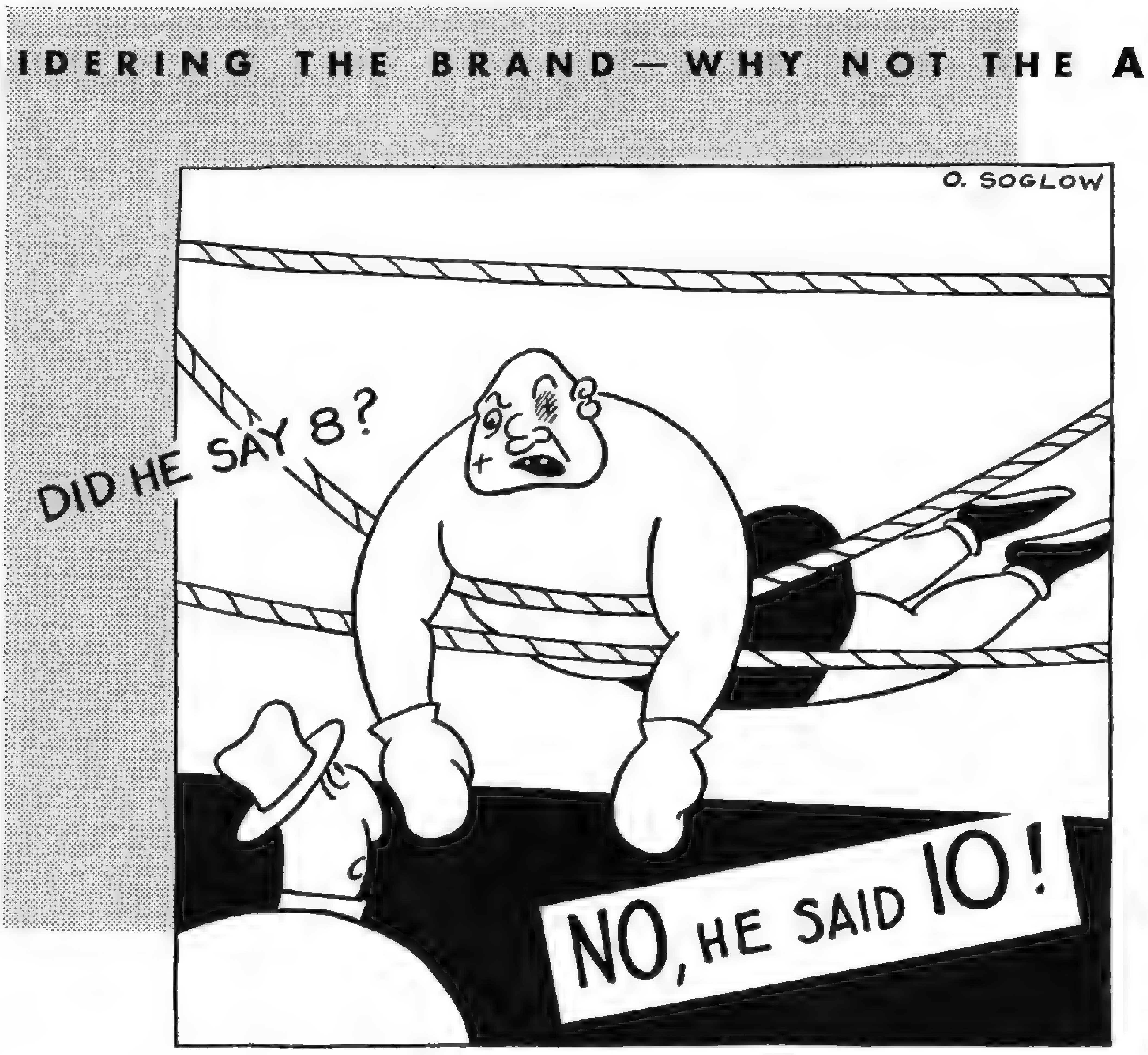
Until a solvent for marital unhappiness is found this unfailing parade to Reno will continue. That solvent has been sought a long time. So have Perpetual Motion and the Fountain of Youth. Reno is a wide-awake, attractive, progressive town. It has more than made good its boast that it is "The Biggest Little City in the World"—a boast which, by the way, I plead guilty to having helped formulate, a long time ago. That boast would, however, long ago been a somewhat empty thing had it not been for William Schnitzer, who went away from Reno broken and defeated.

Not long ago William Schnitzer died. While he lived, this story could not, in decency, have been printed. He was comparatively young when he died, but his spirit was aged and tortured. He never was healed from that careless flip of fate. He is buried in an obscure grave in a city far from Reno. The name on his headstone is not "William Schnitzer." That name shall not be given here. He took it when he tried to begin life anew. There are those who came to be dear to him after he left Reno. They knew him by the name graven on his headstone. To emblazon that name here would be an unseemly thing.

You can walk up and down Reno's busy streets and ask about the man who first thought of turning Reno into a Divorce Capital. Go where you will, and almost always you get the answer, "I don't know." The man who made the town's prosperity possible is wholly unknown except to a very few of the old inhabitants.

Some day, maybe, the great-hearted people of Nevada, and particularly of Reno, will get together and see to it that some tribute is paid the man who brought millions of new money into the state, money everybody was glad to share, even though the origin of it all was in the brain of a man whom the state dishonored. Maybe Time will have dealt so kindly with his memory that this belated recognition will be whole-heartedly given. However, being mindful of those other days, if I could get word to Bill, upon whom I always looked as a friend through good days and bad, I'd tell him to keep on twanging his harp, if he owns a harp. If he should lay it down, while he waited for this tribute—fountain or plaque or stained glass window—to be fashioned in his honor, I fear he would be so out of tune when he picked up his harp again that the situation would be hopeless. ⧺

WHEN CONSIDERING THE BRAND—WHY NOT THE AGE?


O. SOGLOW
DID HE SAY 8?
NO, HE SAID 10!

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MARTIN'S
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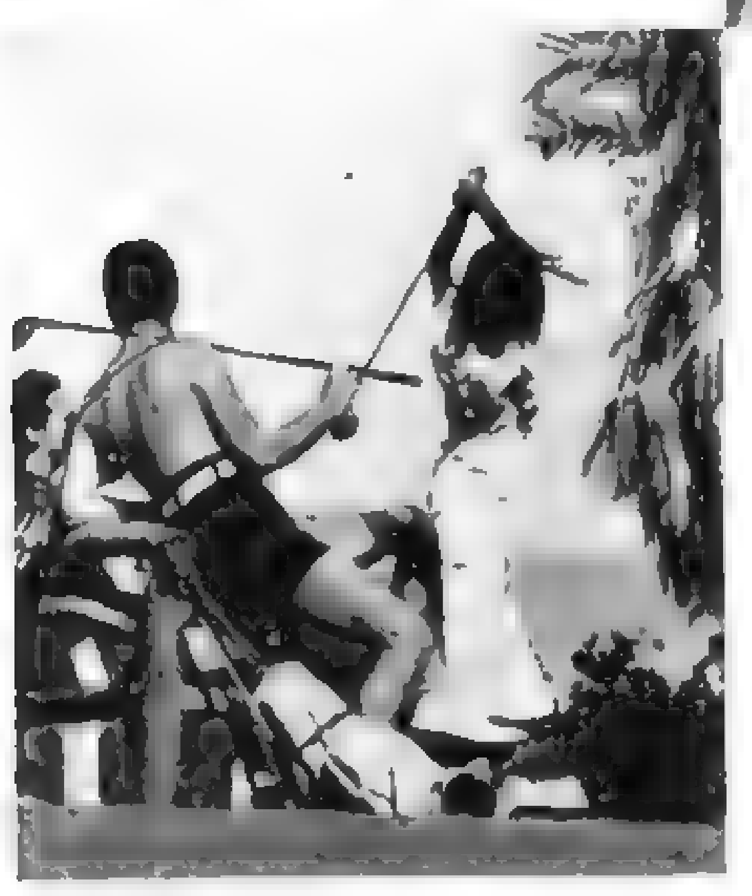
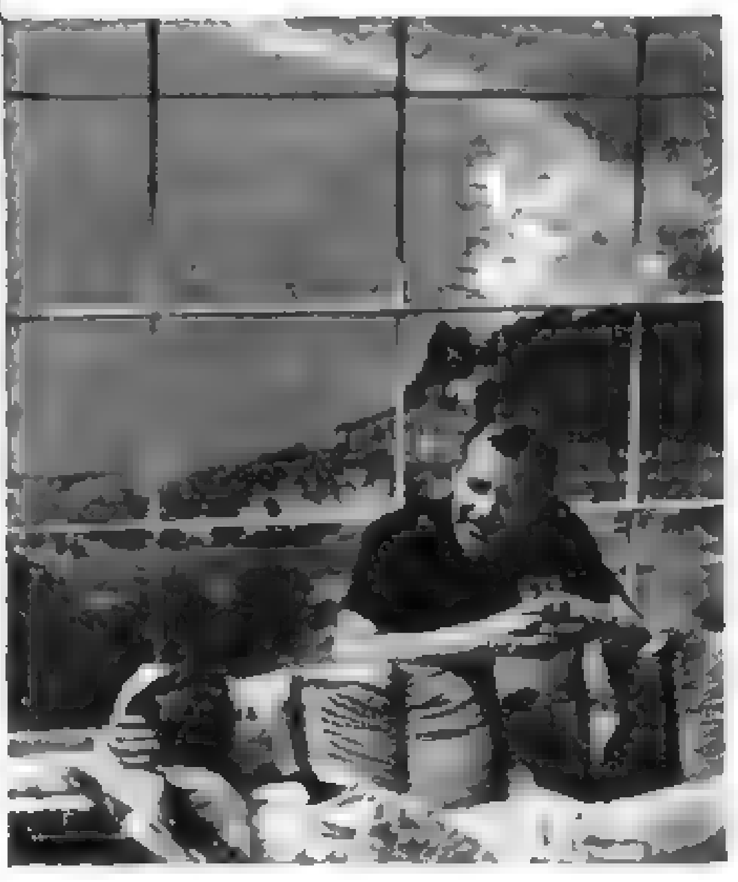
Here is a land of contrasts...new, strange, stimulating. Yet it's only overnight, even from New York, by plane, 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or bus, 2 weeks via Panama. Costs here are 15% to 32% under the average of 20 leading U. S. resorts. Your vacation can include:

- Snow peaks above warm valleys fragrant with orange blossoms... ancient live-oaks, stately eucalyptus, pepper trees ...Deserts that sing with color...green oases... date palms...Giant trees, earth's oldest living things, lifting in cathedral silence . . . ranchos ...ghost towns...rodeos...

- *The old world:* Soft speech...foreign faces... Missions. Booths selling bright pottery, baskets, dulces, tortillas . . . *The modern world:* Gay Hollywood. Cosmopolitan Los Angeles. Santa Monica, Long Beach, Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pomona.



- Golf, tennis, water sports, polo, riding—*all* sports—against backgrounds of seacoast, mountain, palm grove ...new, exotic settings —Regattas, rose tournaments, fiestas...racing at smart Santa Anita!...odd Los Angeles County industries: citrus, oil, movies.



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One in a Hundred

Continued from page 79

she spoke the charge of assault to the King her eyes were wandering over the Bodyguard and picking the grain she wished to crush next. The King lay in his hut; he was ill and his anger was doubly great. Our blood relationship—he was my father's eldest brother's son—made the accusation only the more terrible in his eyes. He dragged himself up, swore at me, and ordered my execution.

I felt strangely calm, as is right with a brave man, and sat in my guarded hut waiting for my executioners with little bitterness inside me but a dry, dry mouth. I felt I had waited half a year, though it was but a little time really, when there were cries and screams from outside and people began to run past my door and the dogs yapped and flew out and the big drum at the head of the village throbbed and boomed. I heard my brother's step outside and soon he had pushed aside my guards and was before me.

I asked him: "What is it?"

He said: "The King is dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes, this very minute. When he got up and cursed you and ordered your death his belly was seized with a tightness which grew worse and worse until the blood ran through his mouth and nose and he shouted and cried and would let no one touch him. Then he died. The village is mad and the people are fighting with each other. The King's heir has been killed."

I jumped up and shouted at him: "*I* am the King! Do you hear me? *I* am the King!"

And before evening I *was* the King. I took all my cousin's possessions, of course; I had the choice of his oxen, his huts, his beer-trees and . . . his wives. I ordered the tongue of the wife who had betrayed me to be cut from her throat. I ruled well. Now that I am growing older I have been forced to dispense with my wives. I want no executions." He tapped the Bible in his hand slyly. "This is a good excuse. The tribe will not laugh at my soft-heartedness."

I grinned at him as he lay back chuckling and fondling the black book. I did not tell the old man how well I saw through his subterfuge and had guessed how one who was once so young and so strong had chosen Christianity to hide his impotence and not to stop the bloodshed of others.

No, instead I called to the remaining wife, an elderly, dour woman, as she passed the hut door with a basket of kaffir oranges:

"Well, Queen, how do you like to rule alone?"

But she swept past me and the King laughed. "She won't speak to you," he said. "She can't." ⧺

This Racing Game

Continued from page 77

ginia—in about 1750. And for utilitarian purposes.

Those were the days of long cross-country trips of twenty, thirty, and more miles a day. Lawyers practiced and judges held courts over lengthy circuits; ministers served a dozen pastorates; men traveled far to hear Patrick Henry declare "Give me liberty or give me death!" The thoroughbred being light and swift, and able to carry a man for miles without stumbling, became the ideal means of transportation.

Only a few stallions were imported at first, with their court of mares. But they were good ones. Nine years after Diomed won the first Derby at Epsom he was brought to America for breeding. Thomas Jefferson acquired one of his sons, Monticello; which became the best horse of his parts, too. (Oh yes, our leading statesmen had thoroughbreds in those days. George Washington owned the stallion Magnolia, and raced him for a time. Later Magnolia stood in the stud at Mount Vernon—fee, $25.)

What better way to prove the value of a stallion's get than by racing them against all comers? That's how racing began in our country: to demonstrate the worth of certain horses at stud. . . . Remember when the automobile was in its infancy? Manufacturers raced their cars to show their speed. Henry Ford himself once guided a chugging one-lunger around a race track before cheering thousands. (At Windsor, Canada, across from Detroit.) And which make of car climbed Pike's Peak first? Those were great advertisements in the early car days.

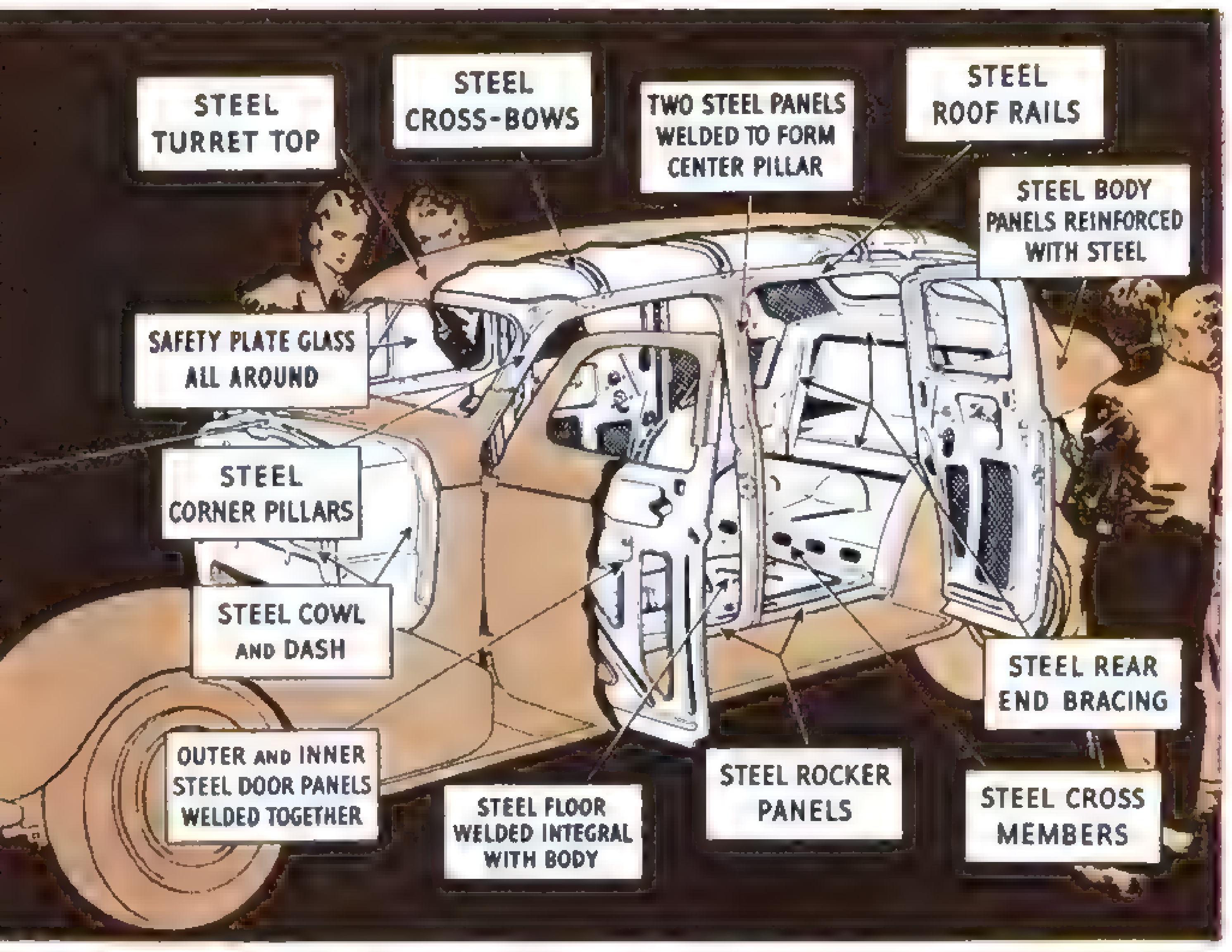
So did owners of imported thoroughbred stallions brag how their offspring could cover the ground faster than those of other studs. If you owned a mare, naturally you wished to breed her to a fast stallion.

The thoroughbred played an important—though now forgotten—role in establishing the feudal land of swords and roses. Men of means, given great land grants beyond the Blue Ridge, moved southward and made a disheartening discovery. The further south they went the more need for the midday siesta: not only for man, but for beast as well. The work-horse and the mule of the day could not stand up under the semi-tropic sun. African slaves could work through the day—but the animals had to be rested.

Several planters sent to Virginia for thoroughbred stallions—they knew of their stamina. These were crossed with cold-blooded mares, and produced a distinctive type of work-horse. Then the thoroughbred mare was bred to the jack, and an entirely new

Continued on page 139

The Fleet's in!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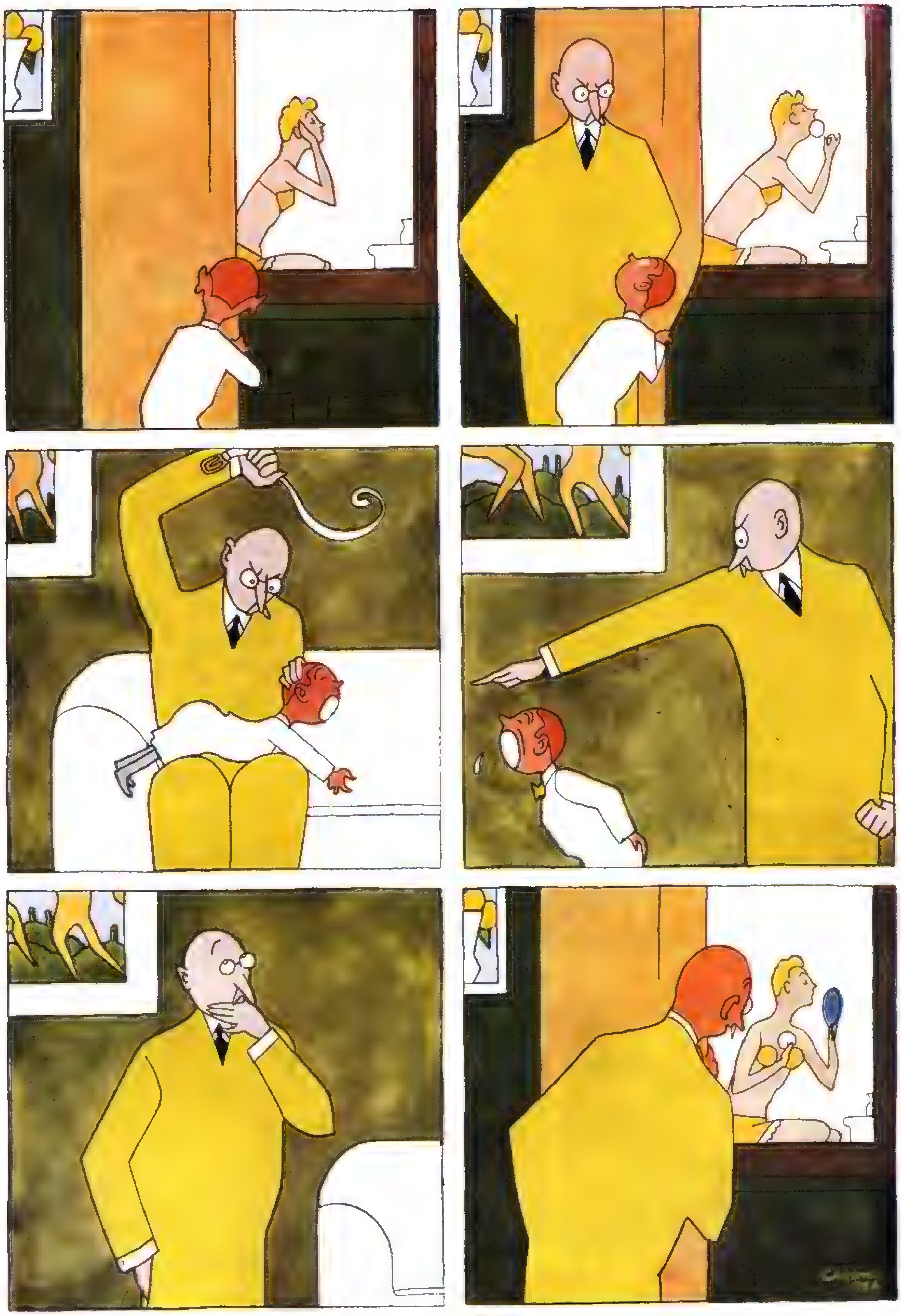


This Racing Game

Continued from pages 77-136

type of mule was the result: a mule which was heat proof and almost fatigue proof; a heritage from far-off days under desert suns.

The need for stamina among animals being greater in the South than the North, thoroughbred horse-raising centered in the warmer sections. But one thing was lacking: adequate grazing for these fine animals. The first frost killed the grass; and though fodder will keep cattle alive, it doesn't put vigor into a horse you wish to race in the springtime.

Down in the Middle Basin—central Kentucky and Tennessee—was a gentleman of the old school: Dr. Redmond Dillon Barry, native of Ireland, schoolmate of General Packenham, and a former surgeon in the British Navy. His sympathies being with the Colonies, he resigned, went to the Carolinas, and made a fortune with his saddle-bags.

Then tiring of bleeding and cupping the country folk, he studied law and moved to Gallatin, Tennessee, below the Kentucky line. All planters were complaining of lack of winter forage. Barry—owning several thoroughbreds himself—remembered a grass which was ever-green. The frost didn't kill it, and the moment the snows melted its blades were bright again.

Barry imported this blue grass into the section which now goes by that name. Under this grass is an abundance of limestone—and limestone water strengthens the bones of young animals. Is it any wonder that today approximately 90 per cent of the great thoroughbred breeding farms are in the Blue Grass?

Races were first held to prove the worth of stallions—now they began to race for the sport of it.

Dr. Barry constructed a track on his farm (just as the English nobility established race courses on their estates) and if you go to Gallatin today, and use your imagination, you may see traces of it—one of the first in that section.

By this time most of the gentry owned thoroughbreds, and Andrew Jackson—he had not yet fought the Battle of New Orleans—was the greatest of these. In the Fall of 1804 eight gentlemen held a $100 sweepstakes, in mile heats, for three-year-olds on Dr. Barry's track.

Jackson entered his Indian Queen, by the imported Diomed; and among the other seven was Dr. Barry's filly Polly Medley, named for General Hall's 17-year-old bride.

General and Mrs. Jackson and friends rode onto the course in their coach and four. Ceremoniously, Jackson bowed the ladies to the small grandstand. General and Mrs. Hall were already there. The ladies began betting gloves on their favorites as the horses came from the paddock.

Mrs. Jackson peered at the entries. Indian Queen was a big horse, and behind her in the parade was a little filly. "What animal is that?" she demanded. Mrs. Hall arched her eyebrows. Didn't Mrs. Jackson know that was Polly Medley? Mrs. Hall told her so. "And I'll wager a pair of London gloves on her, too. She's my namesake."

Mrs. Jackson wouldn't take the wager. "H'm'm! She's too little to run against our Indian Queen."

The young bride—small for her years—stood erect. "Too small, is she?" Her hands trembled, but she controlled herself, and said with a smile: "Horses are like people: sometimes the smallest are the smartest."

At that moment a neighboring clergyman approached the stand and asked: "Has anyone seen a stray cow?" No one had, and none was interested. Now the horses were at the starting point. At the tap of the drum (there were no barriers or starting gates in those days) the horses leaped forward—Polly Medley in front.

And Polly Medley stayed in front. The minister, forgetting his cow, climbed a rail fence, waved his hat, shouted so all could hear: "Come on, Polly Medley! Look at Polly! She's leaving a d—n blue streak behind her!"

The little filly won. The little bride was gracious. But the preacher was censured by his flock not for cursing, but for attending a horse race; though he protested he was looking merely for a cow.

This "looking for a cow" soon became a pastime for the brethren of the cloth, despite their Puritanical leanings—and sometimes to the scandalization of their followers. The Rev. Hardy M. Cryer—Jackson's breeding adviser when the latter was in the White House—was one who loved horses and children. He raised thirteen of the latter, and bred scores of thoroughbreds. Did he race them?

One time he was called before an ecclesiastical court. The charge: horse racing. The evidence showed he owned one-half of a horse which had been successfully raced. "What have you to say, my brother, in your defense?"

The brother arose, snorted into his kerchief, and declared:

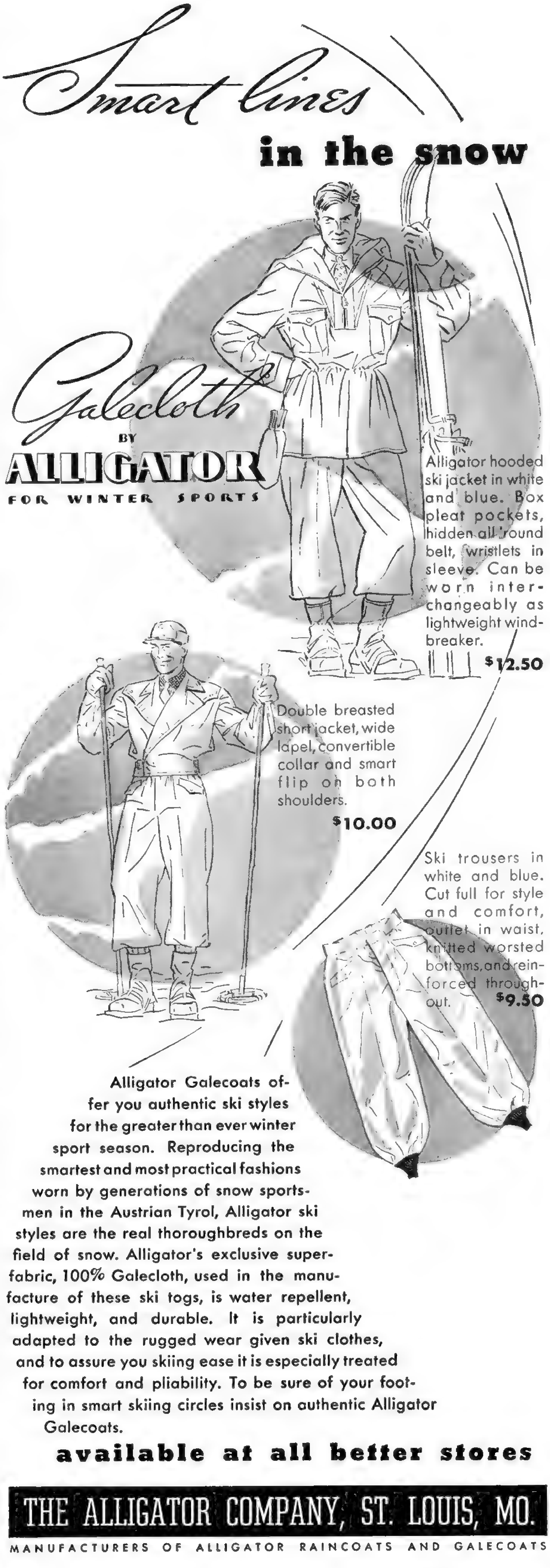
"I have only this to say, my brethren: the horse is jointly owned by myself and Col. George Elliott; but raced in the Colonel's name.

"Please let me know how I can arrange for my half of the horse to stand in the stable while Colonel Elliott's half is racing. The Colonel has the same right to control him that I have. He will race him, and I can't help it."

The verdict? Acquittal.

Another great breeding-preacher was the Rev. Hubbard Saunders of Tennessee, who owned the Omaha of his day: a bay colt, Tennessee Oscar. Many of Jackson's men rode to the

Continued on page 140



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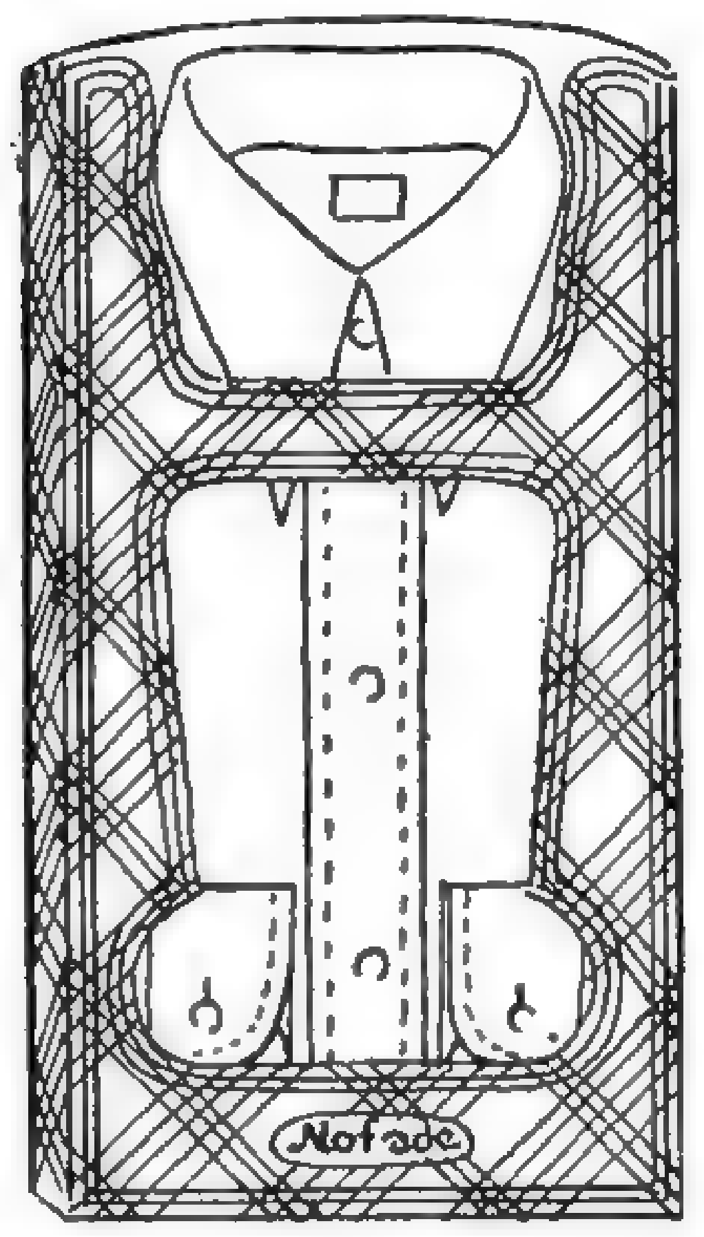

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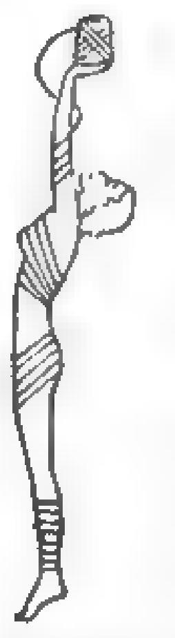

This Racing Game

Continued from pages 77-136-139

Florida Indian wars on the offspring of this stout-hearted stallion.

Did the settlers bet heavily on those early races? They even bet the horses under them! In 1805 Lazarus Cotton's Greyhound—a little 'un, less than 15 hands high —beat everything in the South; including Major John Verrell's Truxton, considered unbeatable.

Major Verrell was convinced Truxton lost because he was out of condition. He wanted another race against Greyhound, but he was broke. So, tying Truxton behind his carriage, he rode to the Hermitage—near Nashville—and went into a huddle with Jackson.

"General, we can make a killing—"

The General listened; then arranged a match race with Greyhound, backing Truxton for $5,000.

From Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama and all Tennessee came settlers convinced that Greyhound could not be beaten. The race was held at the hamlet of Hartsville; and money, land, tobacco, and cotton crops—even the horses they rode —were wagered on Greyhound. Jackson and the friends of Verrell covered every possible bet.

Truxton won. As night was falling many a forerunner of the hitch-hikers of today stood on the roadside.

The average price for a thoroughbred yearling in those days was $1,000—a little more than the average obtained during the past few years at the Saratoga sales. And during those early 1800's races were held from New York to New Orleans to the Lone Star State—especially in the South. The purses averaged about the same, except in New Orleans, where they were larger. The usual purse was $500—and that amount isn't hung up today except on the major tracks of America. Handicaps and stakes went up to $2,000. Match races between outstanding horses were for $5,000 to $25,000! Sweepstakes were most popular: each owner paid so much to enter; the winner took all. Meets usually lasted less than a week. A common sight on the roads were caravans of thoroughbreds being walked from meet to meet.

Long races were the custom—one, two, three and four-mile heats—the winner taking two out of three heats. (They bred horses in those days!) Organized racing was in the hands of the gentry; for only great landowners could afford to pay thousands for thoroughbred blood. But there was racing in the backwoods, too: between quarter-horses. These were cold-blooded animals as a rule; but occasionally one had a bit of hot desert blood in him; and now and then one was a half-breed.

These horses were raced a quarter mile on any turnpike where another man thought he had a faster nag. The owners of many of these were like Gypsies—living on the road. In the feed-cart you'd always see a coop of game cocks. It was racing by day, cock fighting by night.

Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickinson in a duel over a horse race; and then was *sassed* by a hunch-backed Negro jockey! This was Monkey Simon, the greatest rider of his day. Monkey had been freed by his master, and he jolly well knew it. Being in great demand—often he was paid $100 to ride a horse—he took *lip* from no one, white or black.

Monkey was riding against one of Jackson's entries at Clover Bottom—a track near the Hermitage. Seeing the hunch-backed imp standing by the head of his mount, Jackson strode over to him. The paddock crowds gathered around.

The jockey turned his back on the General. "Monkey!" Jackson roared at him. Slowly Monkey Simon turned around. Flecking his boots with his whip, he looked up insolently: "You speaking to me, white man?"

"Yes, to you! Now listen: none of your monkeyshines today. When my horse starts to pass you don't you dare spit tobacco juice in his eyes—or in the eyes of my jockey. Understand?"

Simon glared up at the hero of New Orleans. Turning his head, he spat against a post. Then said: "General, I've rid ag'in many of yo' nags, but none ever got close enough to catch my spit."

The importation of thoroughbreds encouraged the bringing in of blooded farm stock. Frequently a freighter would land a dozen stallions and mares; and half a hundred prize-winning sheep and hogs and cattle—these latter sent on speculation. One shipment—to New Orleans in 1838—brought over a blooded Durham bull, Cassisus, which sold for $5,000.

Owners of fine cattle began vying among themselves. The result? The establishing of live-stock fairs in the Blue Grass as early as the 1830's. Sometimes these were combined with racing.

By now America was racing for the money in it. Five great match races were held between Northern and Southern horses prior to the Civil War, the South winning three. The greatest of these was the fifth and decisive one, when 100,000 people (according to Mr. Greeley's paper) gathered on the Union Course on Long Island to see Peytona beat Fashion in four-mile heats for a $10,000 side bet. Carrier pigeons flew the news back to waiting and gambling thousands in Manhattan.

Racing paused with the opening of the Civil War. Southern planters—like knights of old—went forth on their own chargers. Many a youngster spurned a commission in the infantry; and as a private rode his own blooded mount under Morgan or Forrest, Wheeler or Stuart or Mosby. Then is when pedigrees told; for the thorough-

Continued on page 142

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This Racing Game

Continued from pages 77-136-139-140

bred cavalry proved more than equal to the North's cold-blooded horse forces—vastly superior in numbers. The thoroughbreds could maneuver further and quicker, showed more speed and endurance.

General Forrest, commanding men mounted on thoroughbreds, captured General Straight and his outfit, moving on slower draft animals. And down Tennessee-way they still sing the praises of Queen Bess, a thoroughbred on which General Morgan escaped when the Federals thought they had cornered him.

Before '61 the horse trainers usually were black slaves with canny horse sense. (Save among the few Northern horsemen.) After the conflict a new class came into being: gentlemen who turned to the turf for a livelihood as owners and trainers. For racing boomed. Of course knaves followed the kings in their sports—as they do today. Gambling on nags became an unholy pastime. Great plungers—men who bet $50,000 on a single race—were pointed out in the betting-rings. There was the romantic Riley Grannon, who had preached a funeral sermon over a slain gambler in Cripple Creek; the silent "Pittsburgh Phil" (George E. Smith) who raised one finger to a bookmaker when he wagered a mere $10,000; and the colorful high-binder of finance, John W. "Bet-a-million" Gates.

Down Memphis way they still tell of the time Gates dropped off there to witness the running of the Tennessee Derby. Wishing the honor of bucking such a sport—and maybe taking a bit of lucre from him—a number of local dudes made up a pot; and knocked on his door in the Gayoso Hotel.

It had been a lucky day at the track for Gates; he had won his scores of thousands; he wasn't inclined to play with marbles. But these fellows looked sporting. "Want to gamble a little? Fine! I'll betcha a million! How much coin did you boys bring?"

The spokesman swelled with pride. "Fifty thousand, Mr. Gates. And we'll gamble all night—"

The big fellow raised a hand. "Wait! Only fifty thousand?" he scowled. "I thought you meant business. Still, I can use a bit of chicken-feed." He took a coin from his pocket. "I'm busy, but I'll take time to match you. Call it: heads or tails?"

Horse breeding was a great American industry at the turn of the century: especially thoroughbred horse breeding. Not only for racing, but for crossing with cold-blooded animals to improve farm stock and buggy horses. (The trotter — *standard bred* —evolved from the thoroughbred.) Every substantial family boasting of a carriage wished a saddle-horse in the stable. A blooded mount was something to boast of.

Was there money in breeding? Was there! Great breeding farms were found all over America—especially in the Blue Grass. But the largest one was in California. This was "Lucky" Baldwin's ranch (site of the present Santa Anita track) where that turfman went into mass production. At one time he had 400 race mares serviced by his stallions.

Down in Kentucky temperamental James E. Madden maintained his huge Hamburg Place, named after one of his favorite racers. He sold hundreds of horses for millions of dollars. He'd ask you $25,000 for a promising maiden—and probably get it.

In Tennessee Walter O. Parmer, late master of Belle Meade and the Edenwold Stud, made more than $100,000 from the offspring of a mare which cost him only $600. This was Touch Not, by Tremont, out of Touch Me Not by imported Great Tom. Her finest son was Great Britain, champion cup horse of North America in 1913-14. And at many a crossroads was a farmer with one mare waiting for her foal.

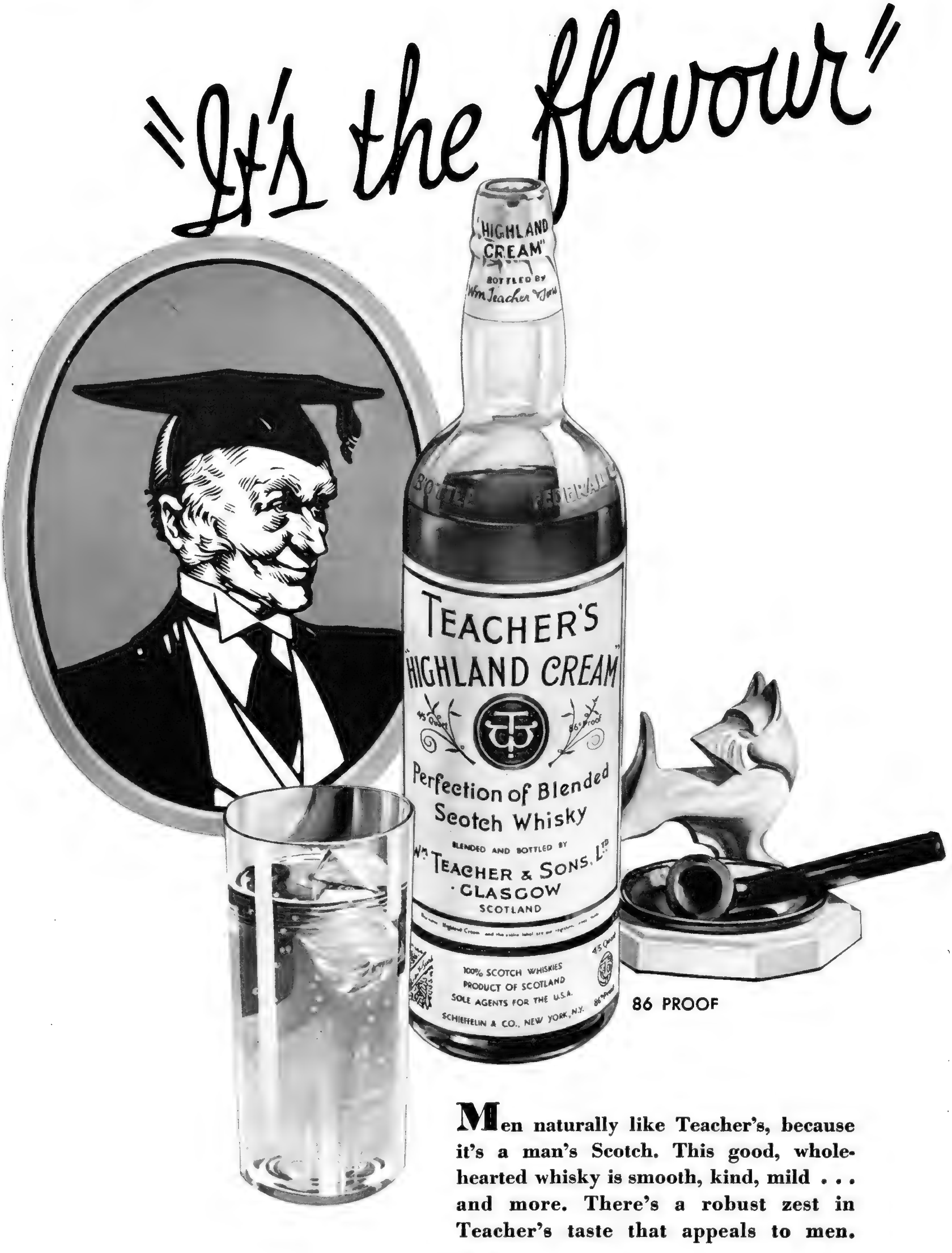
But racing went into the doldrums in the 1910's, when reformers banished it from many communities. It merely ambled on in a few states until Lafayette's debt was paid in full.

In post-war days we became more tolerant. Besides, many of our states were pressed for additional revenue for the suddenly needed ribbons of good roads which the motor car demanded. A legislator in one state suggested: let's legalize race betting, and collect a share of it for the state.

It was done. It was a success—for the tracks and the tax-gatherer. Other commonwealths were quick to follow. And today one-half of our states have legalized pari-mutuel race-betting: a system by which, after the "kitty" is taken out, the money wagered by losers is pro-rated among the winners.

The kings are still leading—it is the sport of money kings today. But a horde of nimble-minded gentry are following in their wake . . . you buy your field glass, swing it over your shoulder, start out to see your first horse race. As you ride in the race train, news butchers shout the glad tidings: "Blank's tips! Six winners today—three long shots! Six sure winners for two bits—make a barrel of money!" You marvel at any man's being willing to share such information for a mere quarter.

This is the first of many things which may amaze you as you step on the turf. . . . Racing did aid the improvement of the breed of horses—when we needed horses. Today we have mechanized our civilization. Now the thoroughbred is mainly a gambling tool. Yet he contributed hugely to the building of America: not the least being his bastard offspring, the heat-proof mule whose hee-haws built mansions. #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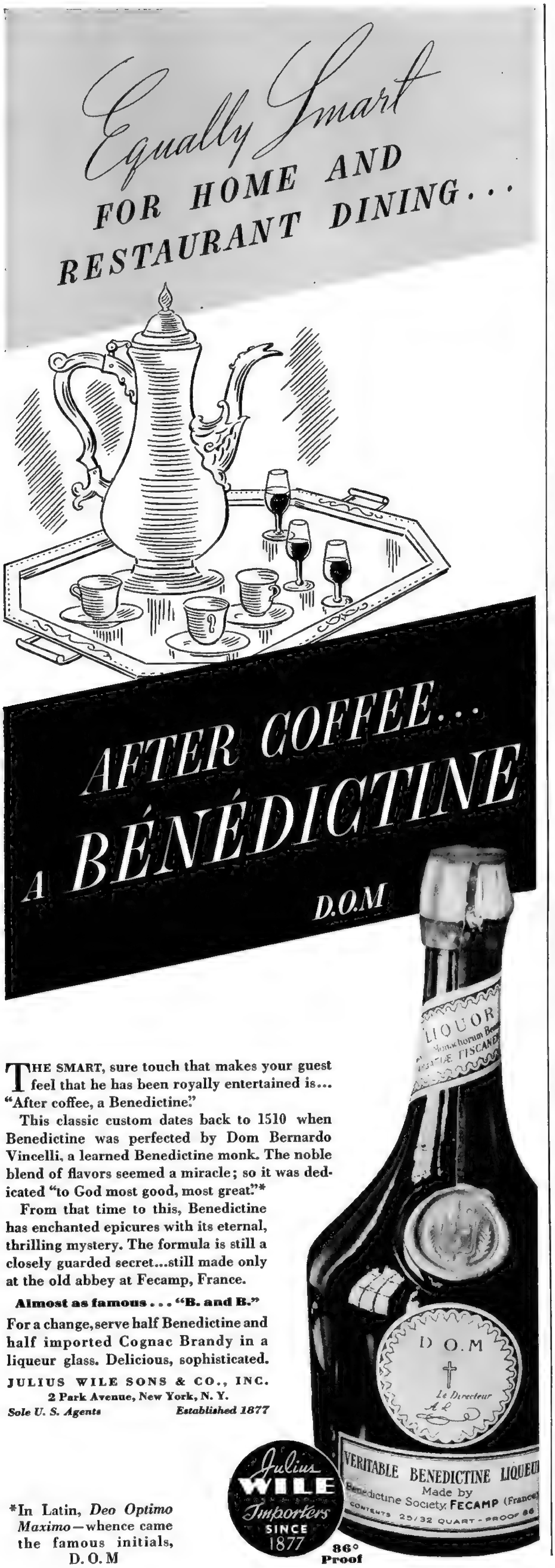
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*In Latin, *Deo Optimo Maximo*—whence came the famous initials, D. O. M

Old Wine for New Year

Continued from page 98

Perhaps because so much bunk has been printed about vintages. There are two kinds of champagne, vintage and non-vintage. If it is a good brand the non-vintage may be as good as the wine with a touted numeral. It is worked this way. Take, for example the year 1926, agreed to be a good vintage year. That means that most of the grapes from most of the vines were excellent. (Good vintage years are due mainly to the number of sunny days during the season following flowering. In the eastern wine section of America 1936 was a fine vintage year—few grapes but excellent for wine making due to the drought.)

When the vintage year is excellent the champagne maker has no problems. He bottles all he can manage. But in the bad years he is in a spot. The reliable houses bottle the best grapes they can secure for the vintage succession but for the bulk of their trade they bring up the quality of the less favored grape by addition of reserve stock—champagne of the previous better years. It is mainly a matter of blending anyway. And so if you choose a reliable house you may get just as good a champagne from a poor vintage year. As a matter of fact that wine may be much better than the worst of the good year.

The custom of considering champagne only a ceremonial wine is peculiar to America. One explanation is that this conception comes from the song and story of the Gay Nineties where every musical comedy and every other piece of metropolitan fiction, told of the gay life where men drank champagne out of ladies' slippers. Back of this firmly rooted legend was the first appearance on the scene of the high-powered salesman. Up to that era, advertising as we know it had not reared its head. Then came a new light to France and the three or four leading firms appointed swank representatives to exploit personally their wares. Clyde Fitch, the darling dramatist of the day, even wrote a romance about one. The champagne salesman and his cohorts filled Rector's, Shanley's, Maxim's, Churchill's and the other better night places, always ordering the wine that bubbled. Being a gay, happy drink it was no difficult task to spread its popularity. And being lower in alcoholic content (averaging less than 12%) than Bordeaux or Burgundy, much more of it could be used in an evening.

The sad years that followed the Eighteenth Amendment almost killed champagne drinking. The champagne makers were of the aristocracy of the trade and didn't savor bootlegging. And the rum runners found more profit in the harder liquor. Most of the stuff served in the night clubs was cider, plus bicarbonate of soda, and a half bottle of that would convince any drinker that "champagne" was not for him. With the coming of repeal the dealers were faced with a new generation of drinkers and an almost new job of education. The first year saw a very few hundred cases sold and those around the two holidays. The second year the consumption had more than doubled and gradually the sales are taking a place commensurate with their standing in the old days.

While still the best of the ceremonial or happy drinks, champagne is one of the few drinks that can be served with both social and gustatory propriety through an entire meal. It makes an excellent cocktail, it is perfect with the fish, a suitable substitute for the red wines with the red meats and it is perfect for the *entremets.* When serving champagne throughout the whole meal it is necessary to choose a dry variety, as no sweet wine should be served before the dessert. There is a happy custom followed in homes of Sweden and Denmark—champagne for breakfast. And on shipboard, try it for that strange feeling that sometimes comes over you.

"HERE'S TO THE NEW YEAR"

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

Place a half lump of sugar in bottom of champagne glass, add twist of lemon peel and a few drops of bitters. Fill with chilled champagne (non-vintage).

QUICK PUNCH

One of the best champagne punches is easily made and can be rushed in for an emergency. Slice some large oranges in a bowl, add a chunk of ice and pour champagne over this, in quantities according to the number of guests.

FOR A BAKER'S DOZEN

Prepare and slice four large pineapples. Let them soak for an hour or longer in the following: one pint of Jamaica rum, one pint of brandy, four ounces of curaçao, the juice of six lemons and one pound of granulated sugar. When ready to serve place cake of ice in center of the bowl and then pour in six bottles of champagne.

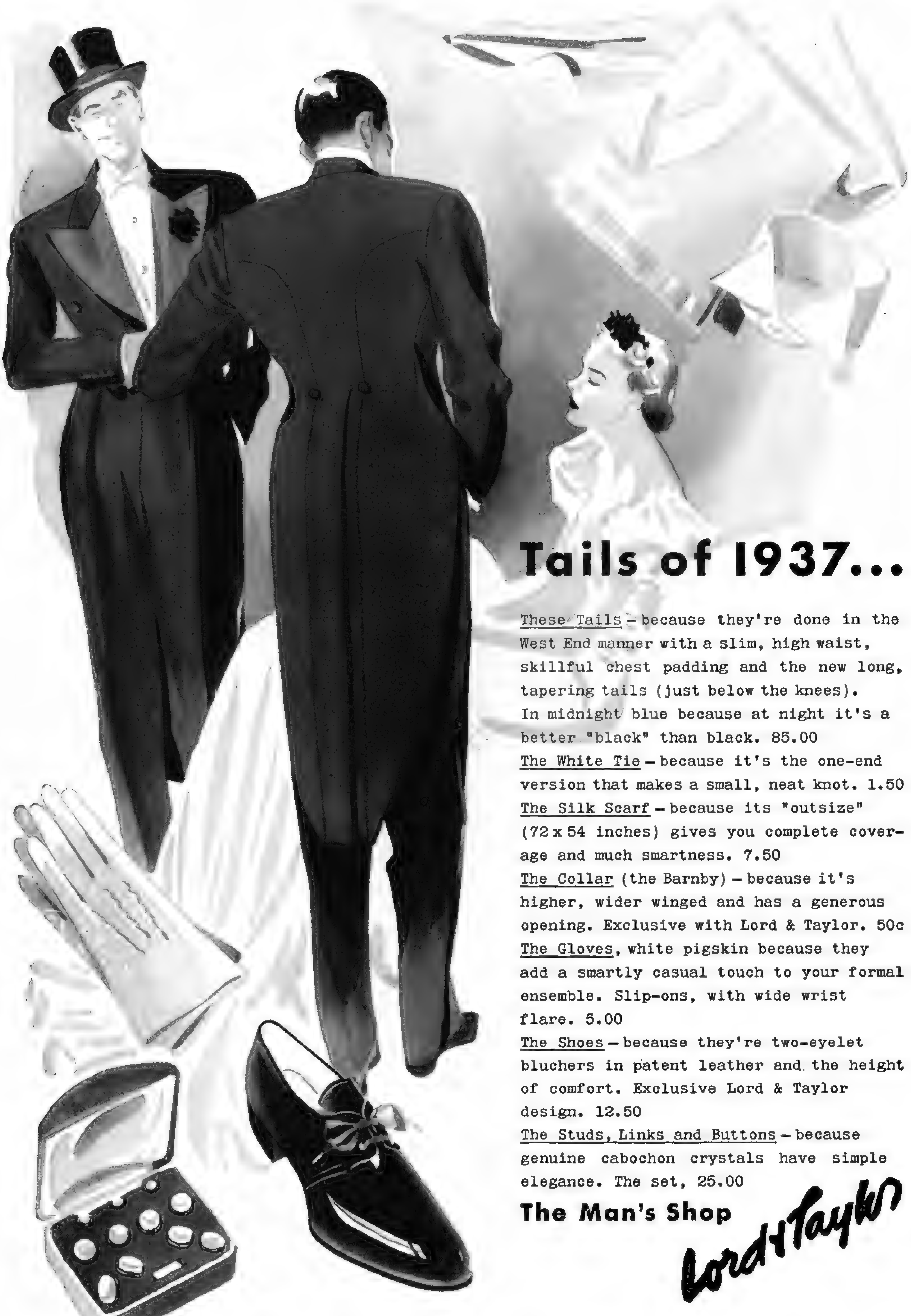
FOR LOWER BUDGETS

Peel a half lemon, add the peel to several slices of fresh pineapple, one spoonful of sugar and one wine glass of brandy in a pitcher. Add one bottle of champagne and two bottles of charged water. Ice and serve.

FIRESIDE DRINK

Stick cloves into the skin of a large orange and then hold it before an open fire (or cook in a hot oven). When the orange skin is brown, cut in slices and put in a saucepan, add two spoonfuls of

Continued at top of page 146



Tails of 1937...

These Tails – because they're done in the West End manner with a slim, high waist, skillful chest padding and the new long, tapering tails (just below the knees). In midnight blue because at night it's a better "black" than black. 85.00

The White Tie – because it's the one-end version that makes a small, neat knot. 1.50

The Silk Scarf – because its "outsize" (72 x 54 inches) gives you complete coverage and much smartness. 7.50

The Collar (the Barnby) – because it's higher, wider winged and has a generous opening. Exclusive with Lord & Taylor. 50c

The Gloves, white pigskin because they add a smartly casual touch to your formal ensemble. Slip-ons, with wide wrist flare. 5.00

The Shoes – because they're two-eyelet bluchers in patent leather and the height of comfort. Exclusive Lord & Taylor design. 12.50

The Studs, Links and Buttons – because genuine cabochon crystals have simple elegance. The set, 25.00

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SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

Old Wine for New Year

Continued from pages 98-144

sugar, hold over the fire a moment and then add a bottle of champagne. When very hot, serve.

CHAMPAGNE CUP

To one bottle of champagne and two bottles of charged water, add one wine glass of brandy and one of curaçao, one large spoonful of sugar. Chill thoroughly and serve.

GLOW WINE

Take two bottles of good red wine, half pound of granulated sugar, a few cloves and the peel from half a lemon. Heat in a heavy pan but do not boil. In country houses put in a jug and set before the open fire. This can be made with most any sort of wine, including port, and various spices can be added to taste, such as cinnamon, etc.

MULLED WINE WITH EGGS

Beat separately the whites and yolks of a dozen eggs. Pour two bottles of red wine into a saucepan thinning with half amount of water. Just before it comes to a boil, mix the whites and yolks together and stir them slowly into the hot wine. Serve from a pitcher with nutmeg grated on top.

WASSAIL BOWL

Heat one quart of beer until it is warm, add one pound of sugar, a pinch of nutmeg, a pinch of ginger, a few slices of lemon peel. Then add four glasses of sherry and two more quarts of beer.

WHISKEY PUNCH

Add the juice and peel of one lemon to one pint of whiskey and two glasses of brandy. Then boil a half pint of ale stirring into half a pound of powdered sugar and about a quart of boiling water. Add this to the other mixture and serve.

ELABORATE CUP

Take a large bowl and mix the following: one glass of sherry, one-half glass of white curaçao, one-half glass of maraschino, one-half glass of brandy, one teaspoon of bitters, slice of cucumber peel, the rind of one lemon, three slices of lemon and three slices of orange, one teaspoon of gum syrup. Mix well, then put in a large cake of ice and pour over one bottle of champagne and one of charged water. Serve in regular champagne glasses. ⋕

The Night's for Cryin'

Continued from page 64

hensive. He'd already seen Marie with that yellow hotel nigger. He caught a cab pointing the right way, said: "Goose it, Speed," before he swung through the open door.

Speed goosed it. The cab took sudden life, jumped ahead from the shove of eight protesting cylinders. Black Boy leaned tensely forward, let the speedometer needle hit fifty before he spoke. "Dar's uh green sedan up front, uh fo' do' job. Latch on it 'n earn dis dime, big dime."

The lank, loose-bodied brown boy driving threw him a careless, toothy grin, coiled around the wheel. He headed into the red light at Cedar Avenue doing a crisp seventy, didn't slacken. He pulled inside the line of waiting cars, smashed into the green while the red still lingered in his eyes. The green turned to red at Carnegie, and the car in front stopped, but he burst the red wide open doing a sheer eighty-five, leaning on the horn.

"Ri' at Euclid," Black Boy directed through lips that hung so slack they seemed to be turned wrong side out. He was gambling on those yellow folk seeking the protection of their white folk where they worked, for they had lost the green sedan.

The driver braked for the turn, eyes roving for traffic cops. He didn't see any and he turned at a slow fifty, not knowing whether the light was red, white or blue. The needle walked right up the street numbers, fifty-seven at 57th Street, seventy-one at 71st. It was hovering on eighty again when Black Boy said: "Turn 'round."

That lanky darky wouldn't have turned nobody's car in the world like that but another darky's.

Marie was just getting out of the green sedan in front of the Regis where she worked as a maid. When she heard that shrill cry of rubber on asphalt she broke into a craven run.

Black Boy hit the pavement in a flat-footed lope, caught her just as she was about to climb the lobby stairs. He never said a word, he just reached around from behind and smacked her in the face with the open palm of his right hand. She drew up short against the blow. Then he hit her under her right breast with a short left jab and chopped three rights into her face when she turned around with the edge of his fist like he was driving nails.

She wilted to her knees and he bumped her in the mouth with his knee, knocking her sprawling on her side. He kicked her in the body three rapid, vicious times, slobber drooling from his slack, red lips. His bloated face was a tar ball in the spill of sign light, his eyes too dull to notice. Somehow his Panama still clung on his eight ball head, whiter than ever, and his red lips were a split, bleeding incision in his black face.

Marie screamed for help. Then she whimpered. Then she begged. "Doan kill me, Black Boy, daddy deah, honey darlin', daddy-daddy deah. Marie luvs yuh, daddy darlin'. Doan kill me, please, daddy. Doan kill yo' lil' honeybunch, Marie . . ."

The yellow boy, slowly follow-

Continued at top of page 148

(Right) **DEAD HEAT!** The two-piece swimsuit in pure worsted has a detachable top. $3.00 and $4.00. Tunnel-belted trunks in pure wool (built-in supporter) are $2.00 and $3.00.

(*Above*) It *floats* in the breeze or tucks in under your belt — this new type of sport shirt cut like a coat. Side vented. $2 to $3.50.

Pair of Aces! The dark sportshirt with contrasting collar and pocket trim is knit in a corduroy rib. Equally preferred are the horizontal stripes with laced collar. $1, $1.50 and up.

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Enclosed is check ☐ or money order ☐ for_____Camel Pens, regular, @ $4.00;

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☐ burgundy ☐ brown ☐ green. Point preference ☐ fine ☐ medium ☐ coarse

Name________________ Address ________________

The Night's for Cryin'

Continued from pages 64-146

ing from the car, paused a moment in indecision as if he would get back in and drive away. But he couldn't bear seeing Black Boy kick Marie. The growth of emotion was visible in his face before it pushed him forward.

After an instant he realized that that was where he worked as a bellhop, that those white folk would back him up against a strange nigger. He stepped quickly over to Black Boy, spoke in a cultural preëmptory voice: "Stop kicking that woman, you dirty black nigger."

Black Boy turned his bloated face toward him. His dull eyes explored him, dogged. His voice was flatly telling him: "You keep outta dis, yellow niggah. Dis heah is mah woman an' Ah doan lak you no way."

The yellow boy was emboldened by the appearance of two white men in the hotel doorway. He stepped over and slung a weighted blow to Black Boy's mouth. Black Boy shifted in quick rage, drew a spring-blade barlow chiv and slashed the yellow boy to death before the two white men could run down the stairs. He broke away from their restraining hands, made his way to the alley beside the theater in his shambling, flat-footed run before the police cruiser got there.

He heard Marie's loud, fear-shrill voice crying: "He pulled a gun on Black Boy, he pulled a gun on Black Boy. Ah saw 'im do it—"

He broke into a laugh, satisfied. She was still his . . .

Three rapid shots behind him stopped his laugh, shattered his face into black fragments. The cops had begun shooting without calling halt. He knew that they knew he was a "dinge," and he knew they wanted to kill him, so he stepped into the light behind a Clark's Restaurant, stopped dead still with upraised hands, not turning around.

The cops took him down to the station and beat his head into an open, bloody wound from his bulging eyes clear around to the base of his skull—"You'd bring your nigger cuttings down on Euclid Avenue, would you, you black—"

They gave him the electric chair for that.

But if it is worrying him, he doesn't show it during the slow drag of days in death row's grilled enclosure. He knows that that high yellow gal with the ball-bearing hips is still his, heart, soul and body. All day long, you can hear his loud, crowing voice, kidding the other condemned men, jibing the guards, telling lies. He can tell some tall lies, too—"You know, me 'n Marie wuz in Noo Yawk dat wintah. Ah won leben grands in uh dice game 'n bought her uh sealskin—"

All day long, you can hear his noisy laugh.

Marie comes to see him as often as they let her, brings him fried chicken and hot, red lips; brings him a wide smile and tiny yellow specks in her big, brown, ever-loving eyes. You can hear his assured love-making all over the range, his casual "honeybunch," his chuckling, contented laugh.

All day long . . .

It's at night, when she's gone and the cells are dark and death row is silent, that you'll find Black Boy huddled in the corner of his cell, thinking of her, perhaps in some other nigger's loving arms. Crying softly. Salty tears making glistening streaks down the blending blackness of his face.

Bucket Brigade, Current Style

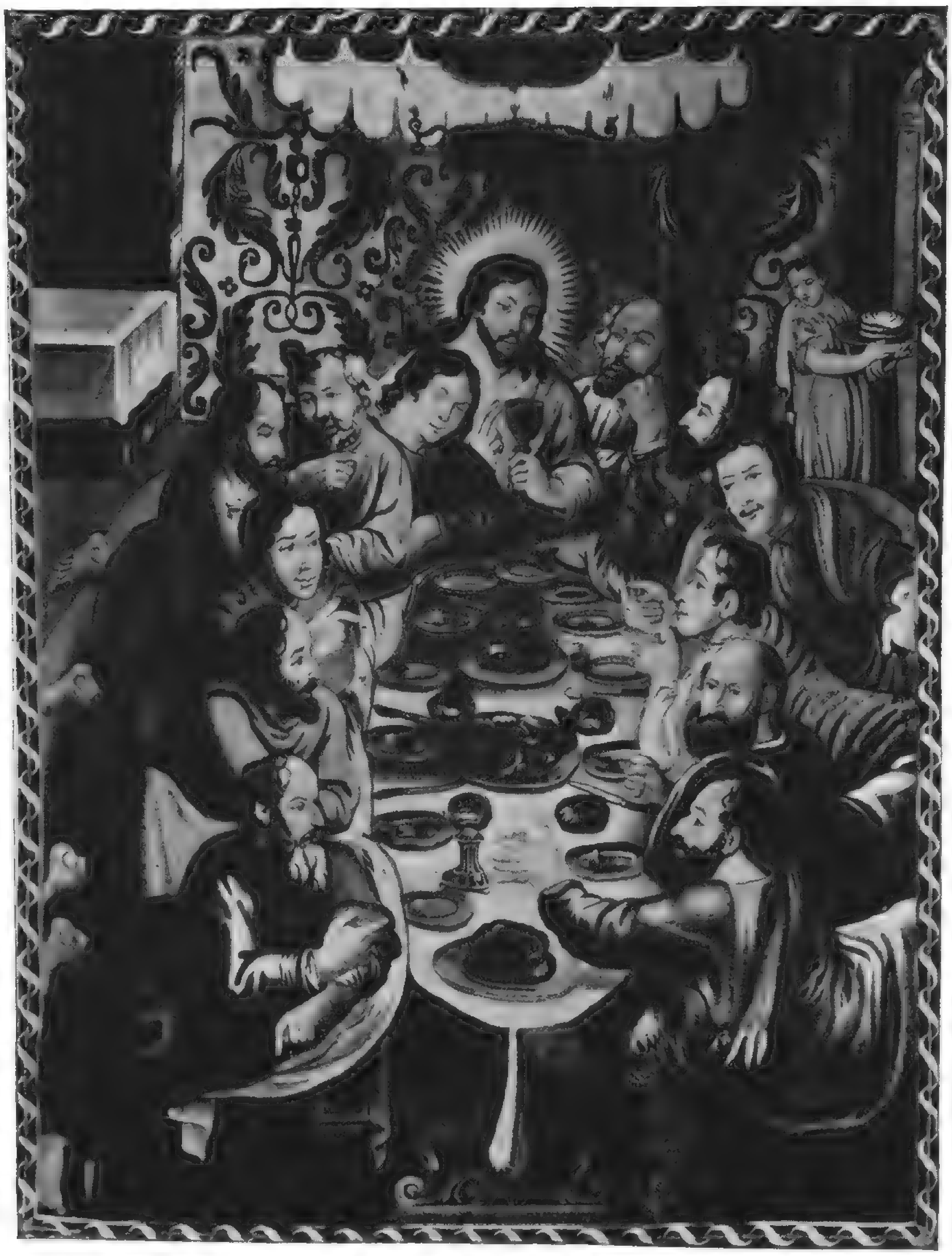
Continued from page 42

fire?" Being a volunteer myself I haltingly confess that the V. F. D.'s do a pretty neat job. One of the pluckiest fire-fighting performances I ever saw was turned in by the volunteers of Hempstead, Long Island. A large lumber yard in the center of a thickly settled area was fully involved and an unfavorable wind was blowing the fire toward the center of town. A hot dry spell had preceded the blaze; conditions were ideal for an enveloping conflagration. The chief of the Volunteers, as doughty a smoke-eater as ever wore a chief's white helmet, decided to mass his main batteries to windward of the fire and sluice it with all the water he could throw. Six minutes after the alarm sounded he had ten heavy lines and a deck-pipe deluging that lumber yard; for three mortal hours his men took the flames in their teeth and answered with broadsides of liquid artillery. The paint was blistered off the sides of their apparatus, but the volunteers held fast. If they *hadn't* held, the whole town of 20,000 would have gone up like a paper hat. Finally, with every available piece of apparatus streaming water at the blaze, it decided to give in. "Fires are like that," said the chief grimly, after the fire, "they know when they're licked, but they'll bully any man or department that shows fear or weakness."

I once saw a volunteer fireman in Ohio go down a 120 foot mine-shaft with a hand-extinguisher and a gas mask to assail a gas generating fire smoldering in the pits; carbon monoxide had already killed two miners and was endangering the lives of hundreds more. The volunteer knew that if he could reach the heart of that fire, the gas could be checked. So he put on a self-contained oxygen breathing apparatus (weight, 13¼ pounds) and descended. Half an hour later he was up again, his extinguisher empty, the fire still smoldering. "I found it," he said. "It's in the old B gallery. But I

Continued on page 150

FIVE RARE OLD ENGLISH TAPESTRIES



"The Last Supper"

From a set of 5 English 17th Century Religious Tapestries illustrated and described in H. C. Marillier's Book on "English Tapestries", as being woven by John Benood of Lambeth whose name appears in the Mortlake records of 1651. Brilliant reds and blues are the predominating colors.

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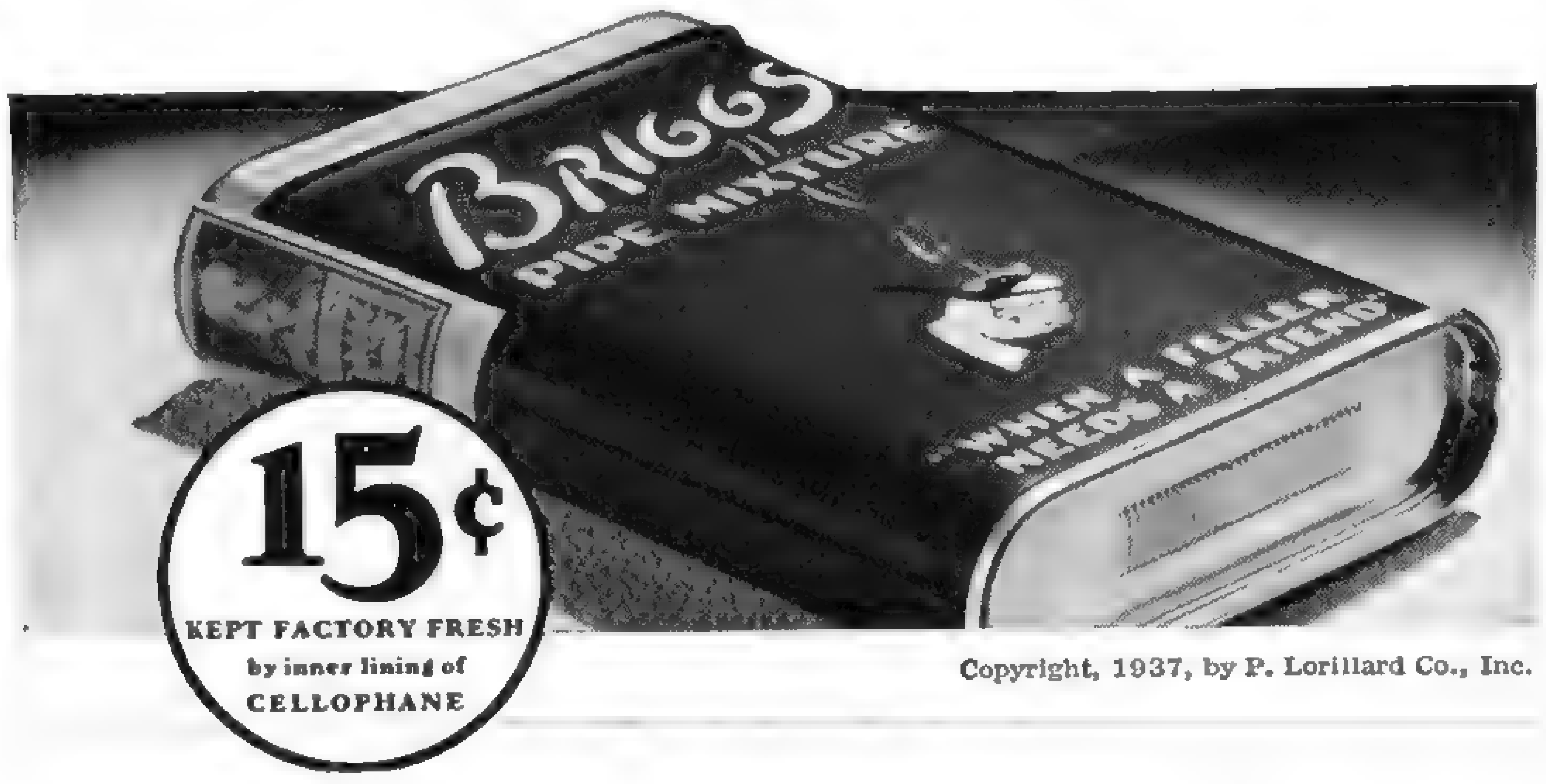

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Bucket Brigade, Current Style

Continued from pages 42-148

need more extinguishers." He fought that fire for two hours, using about 20 hand extinguishers in the process, and came up victorious at last. For his heroism, he received a new suit of clothes from the mine operators, because he happened to be wearing his best suit when the alarm sounded.

When the alarm "goes," we volunteers, no matter where we are or what we're doing, make a flying leap for the engine house in an attempt to be "first up." We are called to our posts by a variety of tocsins—gongs, steam or air whistles, electric sirens, church bells, or by hammers banged against suspended locomotive tires. But whatever the signal, we come streaming out of our shops, homes and offices, leaping down from bookkeeper stools and jumping over dry-goods counters to be the first up. What does our employer think of all this firemanic bustle? Rarely does he object; he knows that his own place may be on fire some day, and often enough, he's a volunteer himself. But as I was saying, we're off to the station in a shower of eagle feathers; if we miss the engine as it pulls out, we either pursue it in our own cars or commandeer someone else's. The first seven or eight men at the fire connect up hose lines to the nearest hydrants and stand by for the cry of "water" from their comrades at the nozzle end. If the hydrant pressure is too weak to throw an effective stream, the pump is started, which lifts the pressure to approximately 100 pounds—enough to throw a fighting current to the top of most small-town buildings.

Meanwhile the chief appraises the situation. What *kind* of a fire is it? Are all the people out of the building? Shall his men enter from the cellar or raise ladders to an upper story? Should a squad be sent to the roof to open ventilators, or are the flames already swirling up an inner staircase? Upon the answers that the chief makes to these questions, both life and property depend. His commands, once given, are absolute and his men are disciplined by drill and tradition to carry them into execution.

Sometimes in spite of volunteers a fire slips beyond control. Last July 4th at Remsen, Iowa, a "fire-cracker" blaze swept along the main thoroughfare, leaving a $250,000 ash heap behind it. No one could criticize the volunteers; only their heroic exertions prevented a still heavier loss. The buildings were of antique construction, water was scarce, and the volunteers weren't summoned until the fire was already out of hand. Under such conditions even a metropolitan fire department could scarcely have changed the final score.

Finding sufficient water is always a major problem for the V. F. D.'s, especially in a dry country or during a drought. I once saw a resourceful fire company convey water a full half-mile along a dried up creek bed. There was a small pond at one end of the creek (the end farthest from the fire) so a piece of apparatus pumped water from this pond into the creek. The water flowed by gravity down creek toward the fire, where another pump sucked it up and tossed it effectively at a group of buildings that would otherwise have been doomed. Occasionally no water is available, the small chemical tanks are soon exhausted, and the volunteers can do nothing. On previous tours of inspection they may have advised the isolated householder to erect a tank, but carelessness has prevailed and the fire takes its toll. Sometimes a foresighted property owner makes elaborate arrangements to impound a supply of water near his home, but overlooks the apparently minor detail of standardizing his outlets. A friend of mine in Westchester stored water in a 5,000 gallon tank and thought his estate was safe, but his architect had stupidly fitted the standpipe with an off-size outlet carrying the wrong number of threads per inch. There are 140 different thread sizes, and you can't expect firemen to be good guessers every time. Last summer my friend had a fire on his estate; when the volunteers roared up with their apparatus, none of their hose couplings would fit the off-standard outlets. Five thousand gallons of water were useless and his home burned to the ground. Today, the National Board of Underwriters are combating situations like this by specifying standard threads and two and one-half inch couplings in all parts of the country.

The proudest moment in the life of a volunteer is when he rushes to the aid of a large nearby city and assists the professionals at a big fire. Recently, a severe department store fire broke out in Elmira, New York, a city of 30,000 with a paid fire department. Elmira Heights, an independent community three miles distant, has a well trained volunteer company with two pieces of apparatus. When the fire started in Elmira, the volunteers from Elmira Heights clanged down to lend a hand. This left their own village defenceless, so the nearby village of Horseheads sent its volunteers down to Elmira Heights. Above Horseheads is the village of Montour Falls with a single fire truck, which promptly filled in at Horseheads. Meanwhile the volunteer departments at Sayre and Athens, Pennsylvania, were streaming over the state line to assist their Elmira brethren to put out the department store conflagration. All of these transfers were made by a tacit "mutual agreement" that holds the welfare of the community uppermost in mind.

Continued on page 153

TOPS

White tie, tails and topper call for the whiskey that meets the occasion without apology—Kentucky Tavern—6 years old—aged *two extra years* beyond the bottled-in-bond requirements. Yet at about the price of four-year-old whiskey.

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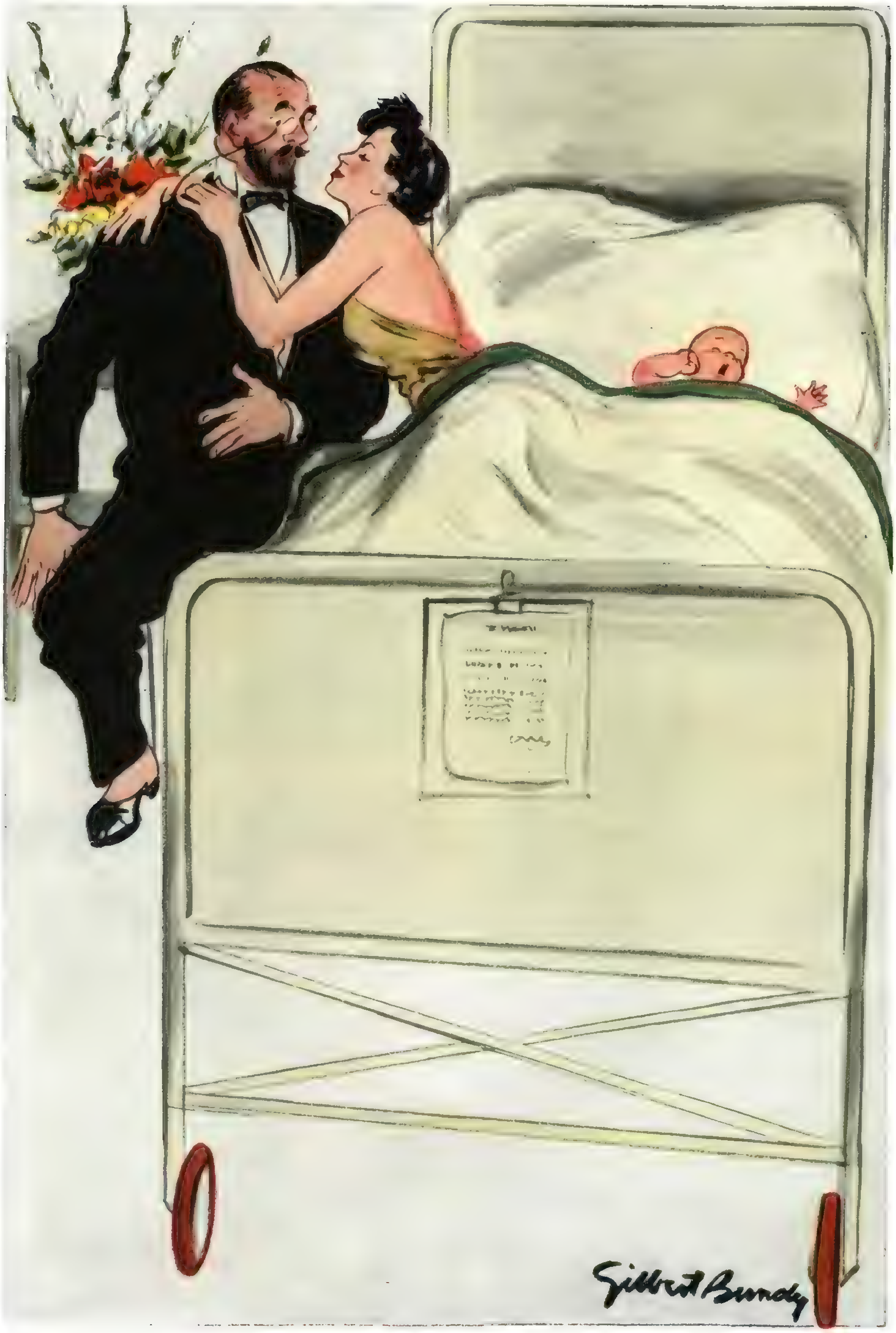
H.S. BARTON, DISTILLER
OWENSBORO — KENTUCKY



"Good heavens! Miss Lambert—haven't you learned your lesson yet?"

Bucket Brigade, Current Style

Continued from pages 42-148-150

Besides putting out fires, the volunteers are called out for many extra-curricular activities; let a hydrophobic pup rage down Main Street, or a cat find itself marooned on a steeple, and the fire department swings into action. In bee raising country, the volunteers are often asked to capture swarms of escaped bees; one such company was obliged to recruit a bee expert to save wear and tear on its non-apiarist enrollment. Fire companies are called out to open safes, to file ten cent rings off swollen little fingers, and to force naughty children to eat their roughage. If there are abandoned quarries or large ponds in the neighborhood, some fire trucks carry boats and grappling irons. When the *Morro Castle* burned off Asbury Park, all the volunteer companies along the New Jersey coast turned out to offer first aid services. But probably the strangest chore ever performed by a fire department was prying loose a hunting-case watch from the jaws of a Dartmouth professor who had put the timepiece into his mouth and then snapped the lid open. An excited student sounded the tocsin, and the volunteers arrived with a 90 h.p. truck and three aerial ladders. One of the firemen, who happened to be a jeweler, waved his buddies aside, and single-handed rescued both the professor and the watch.

V. F. D.'s maintain forest fire patrols in heavily wooded regions, and mount high towers to check grain fires in the wheat growing states. During Prohibition, speedy fire trucks were commandeered by Internal Revenue officers to nab rum-runners sneaking across our borders. And at least once, to my personal knowledge, a volunteer company captured a murderer:—a maniacal killer named Gallerani who had stabbed two of his in-laws and dragged his wife to a hut in a lonely swamp near Agawam, Massachusetts. The police chief asked for volunteers to rout Gallerani from his lair, and I was a member of the local fire company that undertook the assignment. We jolted in our makeshift Ford pumper over fields and pastures until we arrived at Gallerani's retreat, which we riddled with a barrage of rifle fire. Gallerani responded by shooting his wife. Fire-axes in hand we rushed the house, broke down the doors and pumped eight revolver bullets into Gallerani, who lived to be electrocuted for his crime.

For all this varied activity the volunteer fireman gets no pay. In some of the larger companies one man, called the "engineer" often has a permanent job, for it is considered poor economy to let every Tom, Dick or Charley drive an expensive truck. Occasionally a town pays its volunteers 50 cents each for responding to fires, but this money is generally turned back into a company fund which is expended in death benefits to the families of deceased members. Under most state laws, volunteers are insured for $3000 in the event of death, and are covered by disability insurance for injuries received in line of duty. In New York State the V. F. D.'s receive two per cent on all fire insurance written by companies outside the state. Thus, if a merchant in Hornell, New York, collects $2000 from an Illinois insurance company, $40 or two per cent goes to the local volunteers.

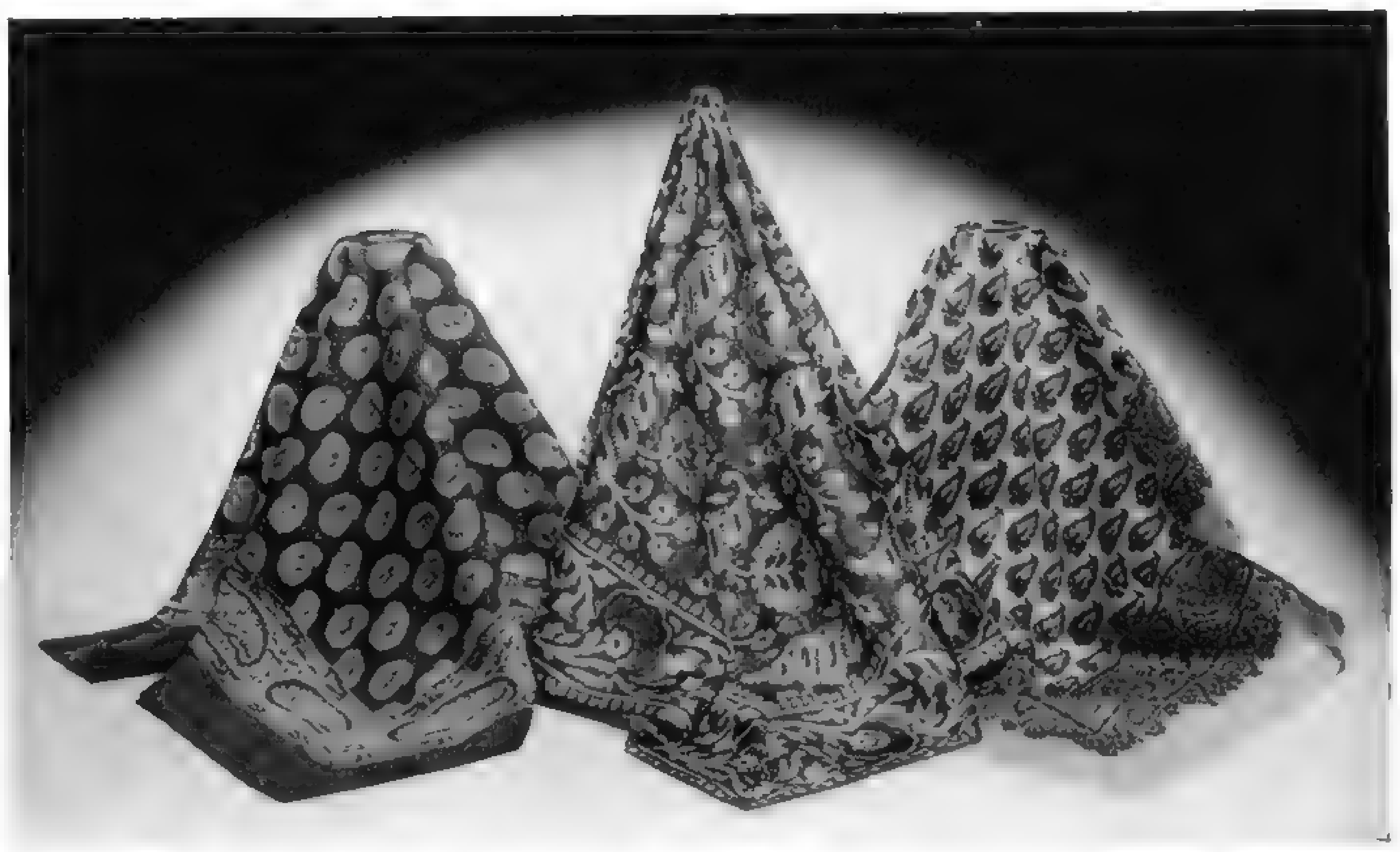
The tax economies made possible by this remarkable volunteer system have never been calculated, but conservative estimates place these savings at one billion dollars a year. To pay salaries and buy uniforms for the present army of volunteers would mean a yearly outlay of half a billion dollars; the cost of new fire engines, stations and alarm systems, plus repairs on the old, would aggregate another half billion. Yet these are charges that do not appear on the tax bills of 60 million citizens whose lives and property are protected by volunteer fire companies.

One of the jobs of the volunteer fireman is inspection of local fire hazards, not only to eliminate them, but also to gain a familiarity with every building in his fire district. As part of their training, rookie volunteers enter and examine all schools, public halls, office and factory buildings in their area, take notes on unusual or dangerous features and plan effective action against hypothetical fires. These plans are then discussed and criticized at the weekly drill; painstaking inspection of this type has enabled Middletown, Connecticut, to reduce fires by 65 per cent in the past five years. Another service performed by the volunteer is the checking up on available water supplies. In any well organized fire district a water-map—on which all ponds, brooks and cisterns are noted—hangs on the station house wall. In several states where water is scarce, federal relief workers have built cisterns under the supervision of volunteer fire officials.

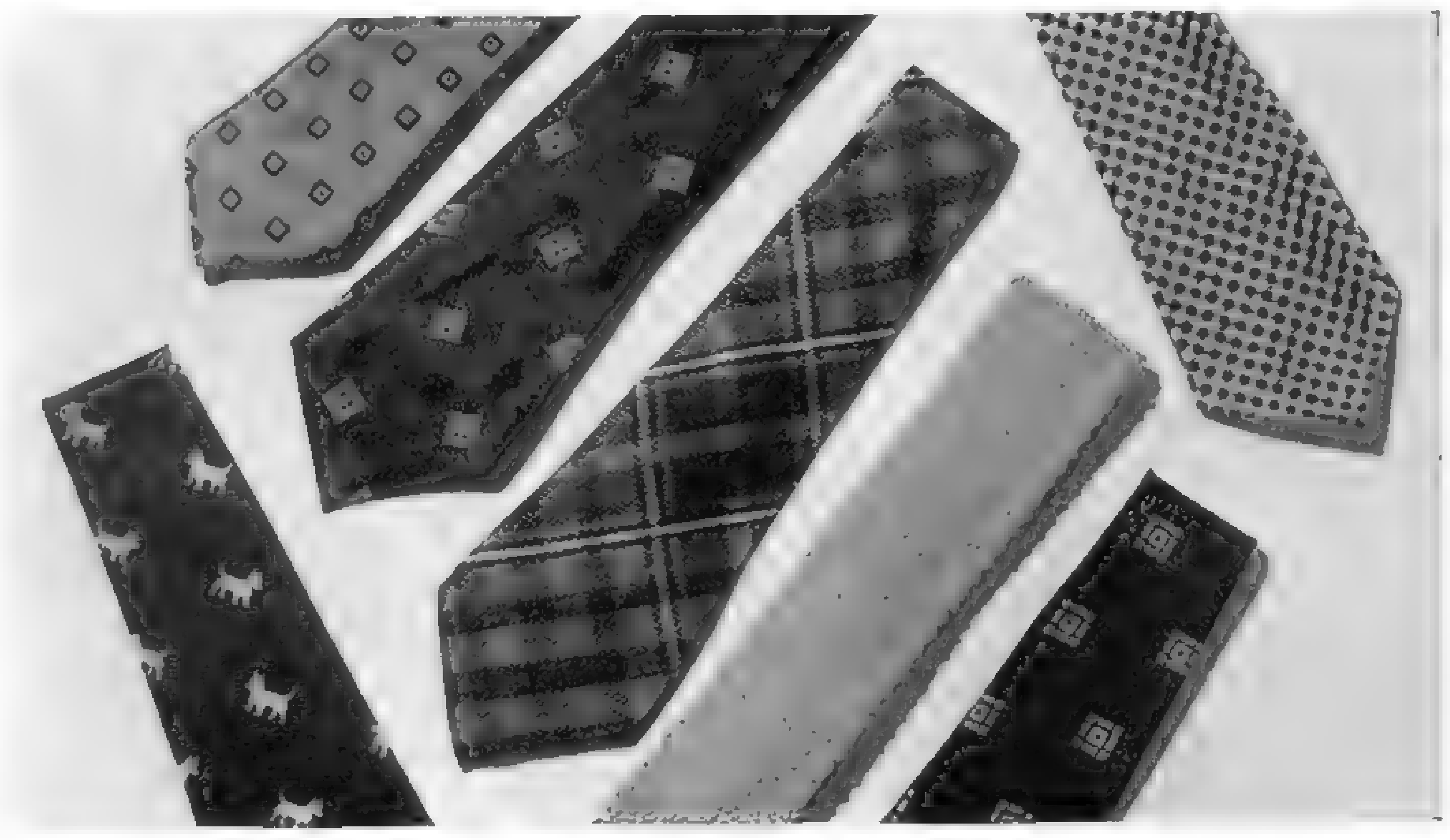
Although water is the chief weapon against fire, there are at least three other extinguishing agents that the volunteer must learn to use:—fire-foam, carbon dioxide, and carbon tetrachloride. Of the three, foam is perhaps most dramatic; I happened to be present at a Pennsylvania fire school when some volunteers were being instructed in its use. I saw a large tin shed drenched with gasoline; an open tank of gasoline was placed in the center of the shed to simulate conditions of a gas fire, and a lighted torch was thrown at it. The structure ascended in a red welter of flame so menacing that I recoiled in alarm thinking, "Surely, this experiment has slipped away from

Continued on page 154

LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS



BROOKS BROTHERS' FOULARD HANDKERCHIEFS, imported from England, include a wide selection of patterns and colors. Prices range from $2.50 to $9. Illustrated are (left to right), $4, $6.50, $3. Prompt attention given to mail orders.



BROOKS BROTHERS' NECKTIES illustrated are (top to bottom): (1) Imported silk squares, $4.50; (2 & 5) heavy imported silk, $3; (3) imported silk tartans, $3; (4) silk knitted, imported, $3.50 and $4; (Domestic) $2 and $2.50. Animal patterns (left) $4; Shepherd checks (right), $3.75. Other Brooks ties in a variety of materials, $1.75 to $5.75. Prompt attention given to mail orders.

BROOKS BROTHERS' GLOVES illustrated are (left to right): Chamois gloves from Horace Sleep, $5.50; "Flesher" Pullons from Horace Sleep, $5.50; and degrained sheepskin gloves, $6. Other street gloves are $4.50 to $7. Brooks wool gloves from Scotland in bright patterns are $3 to $4.25. Muskrat fur muffle gloves are $25. Prompt attention given to mail orders.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. • NEW YORK
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CINZANO
VERMOUTH
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ITALY
CINZANO DRY VERMOUTH
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WELCOME NORMANDIE

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE MORE CUSTOMERS FOR US.

Every steamer that docks and releases a boatload of returning American tourists, releases almost as many new Cinzano customers.

Because wherever you travel—in Europe or the rest of the world—you quickly learn that people mean Cinzano when they call for vermouth. Whether for cocktails or as an aperitif, it has been that way for 120 years.

Try a bottle . . . and *the* vermouth will become *your* vermouth.

CINZANO

VERMOUTH

ITALIAN (sweet)
alcohol 15.6% by volume

FRENCH (dry)
alcohol 18% by volume

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., N.Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

Bucket Brigade, Current Style

Continued from pages 42-148-150-153

them." Then the foam—a heavy stream of sudsy gray lather—started to work; it covered the surface of the roaring tank with a thick blanket of minute tough bubbles that excluded all oxygen; it clung to the walls and ceiling, effectively smothering the fire. In less than two minutes that gasoline inferno was completely subdued; 10,000 gallons of water would have been unavailing here, yet 500 gallons of fire-foam turned the trick.

Next, an electric generator was ignited. Neither foam nor water was employed; the former might ruin the machinery, the latter, electrocute the fire fighter. Instead, a lone fireman walked forward with a small cylinder to which was attached a short hose with a nozzle like a megaphone. He pressed a trigger and a white snowy substance descended upon the blazing generator. It was carbon dioxide, a gas heavier than air, falling upon the fire, and causing an atmosphere that would not support combustion. For electrical fires, carbon dioxide is the extinguisher of choice, since it leaves no residue and does no damage to the most delicate mechanisms.

The volunteers watched another gas, carbon tetrachloride, put out automobile fires in a subzero testing chamber that froze all other fire fighting agents. They took notes on all they saw, studied the text books prepared by the state, and returned home to their own departments prepared to instruct their comrades in the techniques they had witnessed.

As new equipment comes on to the market, the V. F. D.'s promptly get it: today their trucks are high-geared, beautifully constructed machines that can travel 80 m.p.h. and hurl 1000 gallons of water a minute with sufficient force to rip shingles and timbers off a blazing roof. Many companies have a special truck fitted with invigorating oxygen inhalators, a vast improvement over the old pulmotor in resuscitation cases.

New searchlights, royal blue in color, are now supplanting the traditional red light so long associated with fire apparatus.

The blue ray is not only more distinctive but has greater penetrating power in fog and mist. Every volunteer thinks of himself as an inventor, and most station houses are full of curious gadgets—torches for thawing frozen hydrants, collapsible sealing hooks, fancy nozzles and trick hose connections. One of the most ingenious recent inventions is a fire alarm that can be attached to the kitchen sink; when the pressure goes up at the town water works (as it does in anticipation of the increased demands of the fire department) the rising pressure automatically rings a bell in the home of every volunteer, summoning him to the central station.

The V. F. D.'s aren't always dashing to fires; according to the National Board of Underwriters there is one fire per year for every 200 population, so that in small towns there are long doldrums between runs. During these idle hours the fire house becomes the center of social activity, a combined lodge room, hang-out, and community house where the firemen and their friends congregate for card parties, checker games and amateur theatricals. Parades, conventions and water fights (in which rival companies try to flush each other off the street with point-blank streams) occupy the volunteer in his leisure moments. When he isn't drilling or reading *Volunteer Firemen*—a magazine published solely for his benefit—he may be practicing on the mandolin or harmonica, two instruments that enjoy a perennial vogue with the V. F. D.'s. They entertain themselves amazingly; talent is plentiful and the Women's Auxiliary can always be depended on for refreshments.

Whenever I land in a strange town I always wander over to the fire-station for a smoke and a friendly inspection of the apparatus; rarely am I disappointed in the reception I get, for the freemasonry of volunteers is proverbial.

It is this social aspect of the V. F. D.'s that fascinates so many of us; the fire-house is our club and political forum where men foregather in the comradeship that springs from vanquishing a common enemy; moreover, it richly supplies the single greatest thrill in American life—running to fires.

We have all fought at a hundred blazing Gettysburgs and are now prepared either to recount the old battles or join hands in fighting new ones. There is a homely masculine tang about our fire-quarters, a nostalgic aroma of times past, sturdily belied by the gleaming mechanism in the center of the floor.

The volunteer fire departments of the United States constitute a modernized defence against the ever-present fire peril, but perhaps more important yet, they keep alive the spirit of voluntary and independent association, traditionally dear to the American heart.

This spirit, so often threatened with extinction, flourishes vigorously today in our volunteer fire companies—the last, in many respects, of the "free assemblies" guaranteed by our Bill of Rights. These miniature and self-supporting democracies, composed of modern Minute Men, are housed under their own roof and banded together on an American principle as old as the town meeting and as indigenous as corn. When the last volunteer company disappears, then, and then only, can we really begin to fear for the institution of self-government. ⧺

"—Never knew there were so many movie cameras"

SAMUEL H. PACKER, General Manager of Lake Placid Club

MOVIE CAMERAS past counting at every big sport event today —clicking away on the side lines —in the spectator stands—

For the true sport fan gets a thrill out of his movie recording that can't be equaled in any other way.

To catch the superb, breathtaking flight of a daring ski jumper in mid-air—a fast game of ice hockey—a racing team of huskies, or an iceboat before the wind—is a game as exciting and rewarding as the sport itself.

And afterward—there's the pride and triumph of showing the film on your own home screen; the satisfaction of permanent possession. Eastman's finest home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—make it simple and easy for anyone to make movies.

FULL-COLOR KODACHROME. And now you can get the thing you've longed for as the sheer perfection of picture taking—movies in full, natural color. These 16 mm. cameras give you either black-and-white or color movies. For full color—just load your camera with Kodachrome, Eastman's wonderful new color film. No fuss, no extra equipment, simple as black-and-white.

Drop in at your dealer's today—let him put both these cameras through their paces for you. He has some great reels to show you . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

CINÉ-KODAK "K" is the world's most widely used home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a button. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $112.50; including case, $125.

MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film—it comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover, and you are ready to shoot. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50.

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FIRST CHOICE! Easier than writing by hand—the *only* portable with Touch Control* and many other exclusive conveniences! Sturdy—built to take it! The best—yet it costs no more! Ask your dealer about the Special Educational Budget Plan with payments of only $1 a week.

**Trade-mark for key-tension device. This sensational Royal invention adapts the "touch" directly to individual finger-pressure. It operates instantly and visibly*

10 DAYS (MAYBE LESS) TO BUY A NEW ROYAL PORTABLE for his, her or your Christmas

See your local Royal Portable Dealer

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Happy Birthday to You

Continued from page 74

party again when you're five . . ."

"I want my cake," sniveled Paulie. None of them had eaten since six in the morning, and then only oats with no sugar or milk.

The drug store man, annoyed at their constantly rising voices, had drawn near with a mind to chase them away.

"It's all Miss Parker's fault," Dotty reiterated angrily. "She shouldn't ought to 've done Paulie that way. She didn't say nothing about being a real party, where you have to *be* there."

"It *ain't* no real party," broke in the drug store man. "That's only make believe. Nobody but the announcer and some of the studio people are really there. You kiddies will have to stop blocking the doorway. If a customer came by, he wouldn't come in, and I don't see one any too often. Paulie's birthday party is all over, anyhow."

"I wish it *was* a real cake and we was there," said Benny, as they walked slowly away. "I'm hungry." They were not heeding the sluicing rain. It plastered their clothing to their bodies, and ran in streams from their hair. Their feet puckered inside their sodden shoes.

"It *was* a real party," insisted Dotty. "There was some of that oatmeal left. Maybe we can find it for dinner."

"Betcha a million dollars it *wasn't* no real party," scoffed Benny, who was a year younger, but more cynical.

"Betcha a million billion trillion," shouted Dotty, trying to down him with insurmountable figures.

"Betcha a billion trillion socktillion quillion," parried Benny.

"Betcha just *double* anything you say," said Dotty.

The oatmeal was still sitting on the kitchen cabinet, but rain had dripped off the shelves and top into the pan, floating out some of the porridge.

When they tried to pour off the water, all the oatmeal spilled with it into the gutter. They were all shivering and crying a little. Paulie sneezed three times without stopping.

"Miss Parker done it a-purpose," said Dotty. "She could have told us that you was supposed to *be* there as easy as not."

The children stood soberly watching the oatmeal tumbling into the gutter, mingling with cigarette stubs, burnt matches, horsedung, and sodden paper, sweeping along toward the corner grating and descent into the dark oblivion of the sewer. ⌗

A Parisian Idyll

Continued from page 92

"Worked"?—It dawned on me. That was her delicate euphemism. At Buenos Aires! Horrific stories of the white-slave traffic flashed into me. Now I was going to hear the lurid truth about them.

"How did you get to Buenos Aires?"

"In the ordinary way," she replied, equably, her eyes still on the throng endlessly passing the *café*.

"In the ordinary way? Pardon my ignorance—"

Simply and unemotionally, as though discussing a normal trade-transaction, she enlightened me. Her experiences were strangely other than the sensational criminality revealed by the investigators. It was apparently quite difficult to get to Buenos Aires. First, one had to send photographs to an agent in Paris, together with one's papers, and a written permission from one's parents or guardian if one were legally a minor. The photographs were sent to Buenos Aires. Then one had to wait about six months. Finally, if the agent said one was accepted, one joined a group of girls who were put under the charge of an older woman—"*une vraie duègne!*"—who held the rail and steamer tickets, and conducted the party across to the Argentine. The girls were not allowed to speak to anyone on the voyage. Her chief memories of the Argentine were that the keepers of the houses swindled one over silk stockings and underwear . . .

"Now tell me about yourself," she said. "Where are you staying in Paris?"

I told her—a hotel near the Madeleine.

"That must be very dear," she said, all the economical Frenchwoman coming out. It *was* dear. Everything in Paris was extortionate at that moment. "How much do you pay?"

I told her. "*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "That is frightful! But of course for that you have a bathroom?"

I had not. She was horrified. "For that price! No bathroom! *Monsieur*, I can find you a nice hotel, very comfortable, with a large bathroom, for a third of that price. I cannot do it now. I have something else to do. But meet me here tomorrow evening, and I will have found you your hotel—for infinitely less than you are paying."

I demurred. It was very kind of her (I didn't know what I might be letting myself in for) but I could not think of putting her to that trouble

She insisted. It was no trouble. It was a pleasure. She liked the English—indeed, she was very grateful to them. Had she not now been able to retire and buy a hotel, thanks to the English? I must promise to meet her here tomorrow evening at nine o'clock, after dinner, and she would have the hotel for me.

I thought that the least I could do was to suggest that she have

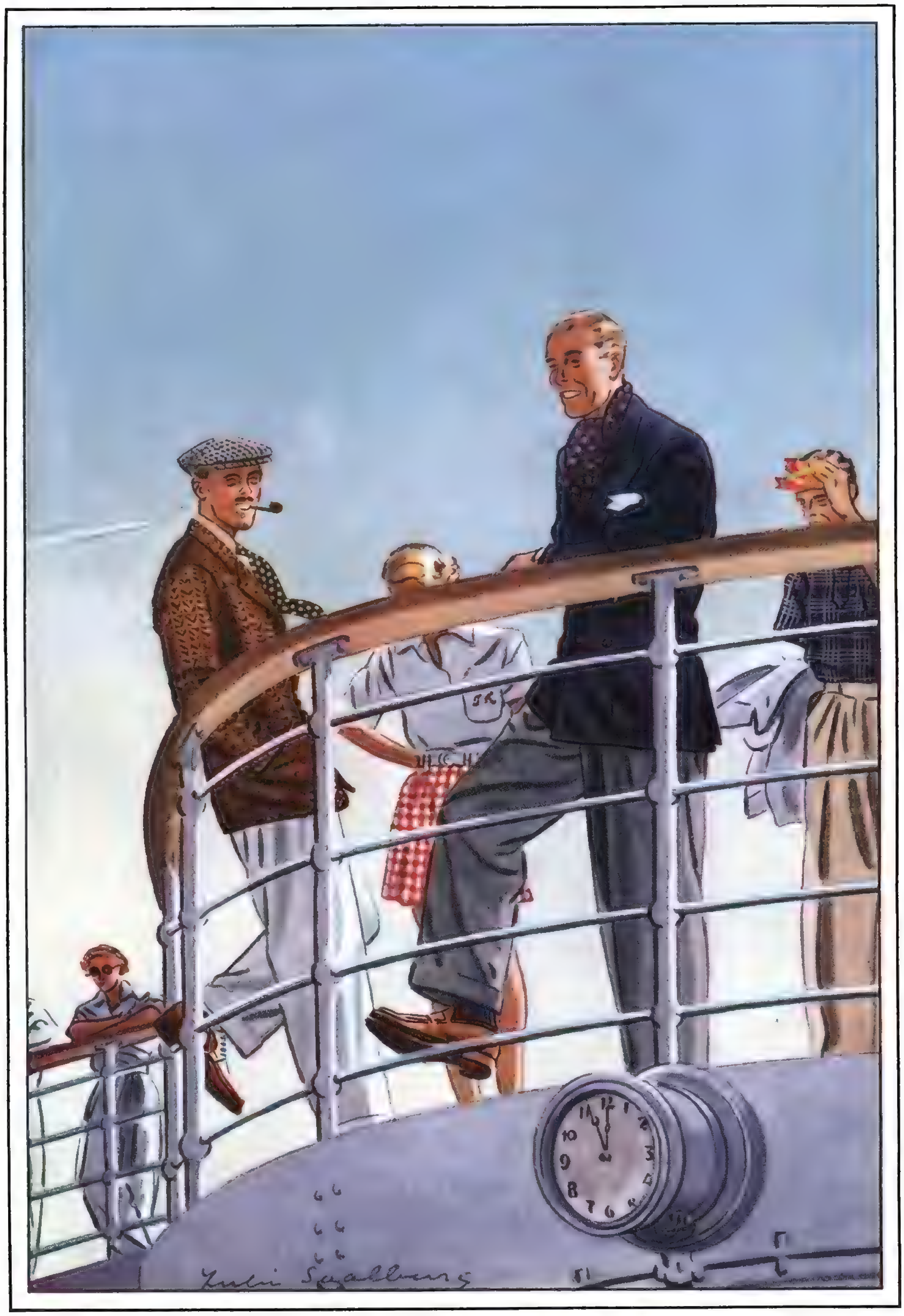
Continued on page 159

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

HENNESSY
★ FLAVOUR
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE
84 PROOF

AMONG the virtues that so endear Hennessy Cognac Brandy to connoisseurs the world over is its amazing uniformity. The Three-Star Hennessy you buy today is the same as that of a century ago, despite changing seasons and harvests. This uniformity is made possible by Hennessy's large reserve stocks of naturally-matured brandies . . . reserves that have been building since the founding of the business 172 years ago.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



TO WEAR ON DECK AND AT PORTS OF CALL

Cruise ships are taken for comfort rather than speed and, since the prime purpose of the voyage is relaxation, it is obvious that comfort should be the first consideration in the selection of cruise clothes. This mandate has been smartly observed in each of the outfits pictured. The man in the cap (which he will change for a straw or light weight felt in ports of call) wears a light weight Shetland herringbone jacket with colored overplaid, white flannel trousers, brown and white sport shoes, a soft colored shirt and a foulard tie. The next man combines a light weight homespun tweed blazer with grey flannel trousers, Norwegian peasant slippers and a silk foulard muffler in place of collar and tie. Very British. The other man wears gabardine trousers with a light weight wool sport shirt and is carrying a white linen jacket over his arm. For active sports and for informal sightseeing ashore.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Parisian Idyll

Continued from pages 92-156

dinner with me first. She refused, determinedly. No, no, she wasn't doing it for a dinner. She did not want anything. She was doing it just to show her gratitude to the English. I would surely come, *n'est-ce pas?* because she did not want to look foolish to the hotel manager to whom she was going to speak? I promised. After all, I could always decline the accommodation offered.

All the time she had been speaking she had been scrutinizing, more and more closely, the thicker and thicker throng drifting along the boulevard.

"You are expecting someone, *madame?*" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I am worried," she said. "Very worried. At the *pension* where I am staying—it is a very respectable *pension*, for as I told you I have retired now— there is a silly little Breton servant-girl. The little fool is set on going on the streets. I have tried to persuade her to be sensible, but she won't listen to me. Today, she disappeared from the *pension*. I know exactly what is going to happen—the police will arrest her because she has no card. So I came to sit here and look out for her—everyone passes along the boulevard. I might be able to get hold of her, before the police do. She's so young—she doesn't know anything. I was like that once myself. At any rate, she ought to have a card."

I felt that I had sat here long enough. This *café-terrasse* was a little too conspicuous for such company; an acquaintance might drift along. Also, I did not want to entangle myself with this woman. I rose.

"I am afraid I have a rendezvous with a friend," I said mendaciously. Then I had a qualm of compunction. She was perhaps sensitive. I did not wish to offend her when she had meant to be so kind to me. "If you care to accompany me along the boulevard, *madame*, you might perhaps meet your little servant-girl?"

"*Merci, monsieur*," she smiled at me with entirely honest eyes. "I will stay here. The *petite* is sure to pass presently. But you will not forget tomorrow, *monsieur?* At nine o'clock, here. *Bon soir, monsieur! À demain!*"

I paid the waiter, and left her sitting there. I had no real intention of turning up tomorrow. With people like that, one never knew what trouble one could drop into. But still she looked reliable enough. It was impossible to reconcile her respectable middle-class appearance with the past she confessed so equably. The episode amused me. Probably she would not appear on the morrow, either.

On the morrow, after dinner, I suddenly remembered her. After all, I had solemnly promised. Keeping my word is rather a fetish with me. I owed it to myself to go to that café at nine o'clock. Not that for a moment I expected to see her there. Women of that sort say anything that comes into their heads. Well, it would be interesting to go and see if she were there. I could always make an excuse to get away, if need be.

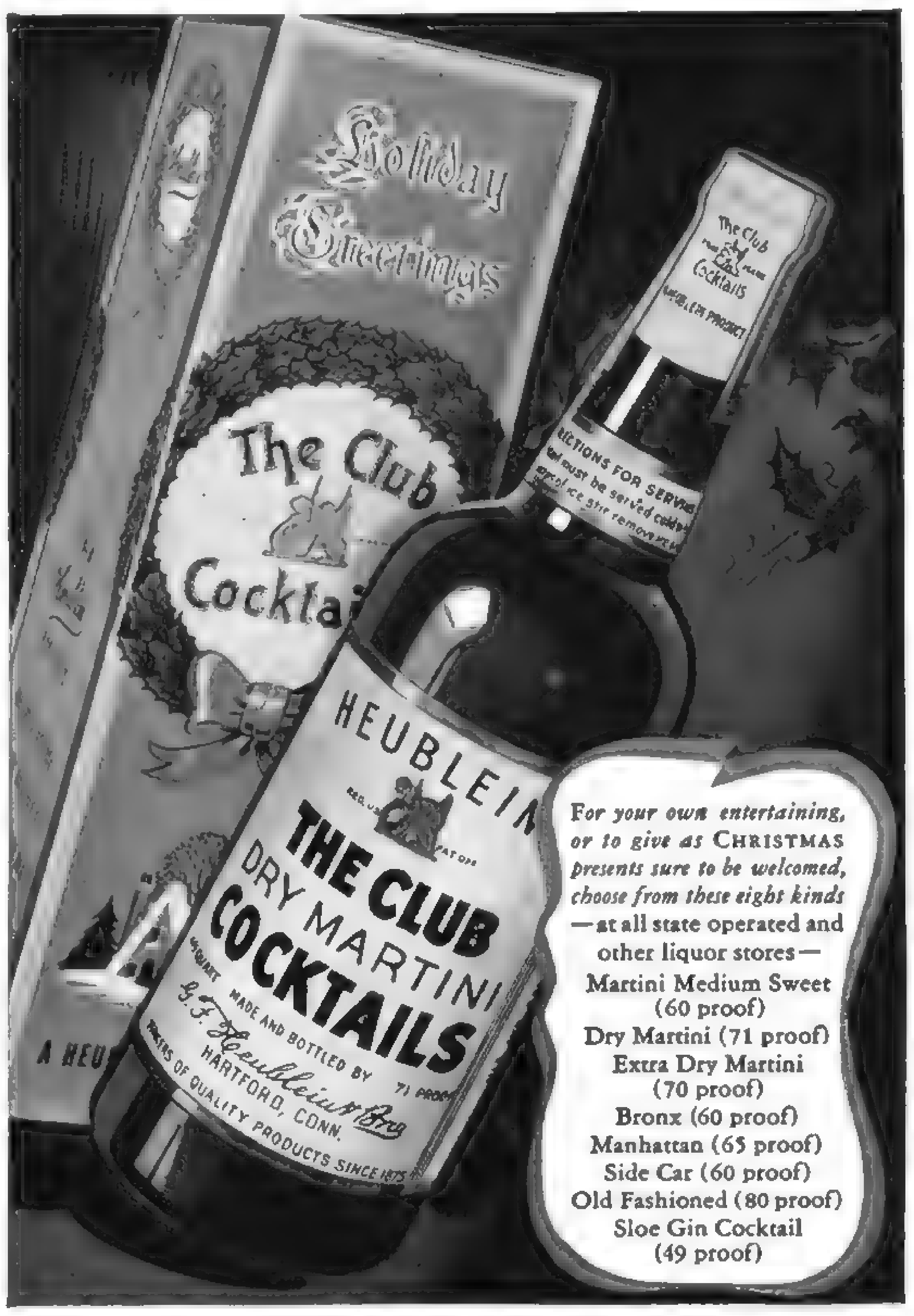
She was there, on the *terrasse*, near where we had sat last night. She was quite pleased to see me. "I knew you would come," she said, smiling at me with her grey eyes. "One can always trust the English. *C'est pour ça que je les aime!*" I was glad that I had not let my countrymen down in her estimation. I thought she looked rather tired this evening but did not, of course, remark on it. Yes, she would have a coffee. Nothing else, thank you, *monsieur*. Nothing else at all. Spoken with the poise of a lady.

"Did you find your little friend last night?" I asked.

Yes, she had found her. She launched into a long story. She had vainly sat on the lookout until nearly two o'clock. Then she had decided that the little fool must have been arrested. So she had set out to make a tour of all the police stations. At four o'clock in the morning—after visiting I don't know how many police stations—she had found her, locked up, of course. Weeping—and hungry. The *petite sotte* had had nothing to eat since the previous morning. In the police stations they do not feed women arrested for being without a card. In the morning, the unfortunates go before a magistrate and a doctor—then, if they wish to continue after they have been warned, they get a card. If they want a meal meantime, they must send out for it. But the little Breton servant-girl, of course, had no money. So my good Samaritan had actually gone all across Paris to the *pension* where she lived, and brought back a can of soup for her *protégée*. Then, she had waited with her for the magistrate's examination, and taken the terrified little penitent back to the *pension*. "But the little fool will surely get into trouble again as soon as I leave. One can do nothing with them, once they get it into their heads. But she ought to have a card. Without a card, one is surely arrested. And that is not pleasant." She spoke as one who knew.

Certainly, with all this, she had not been able to attend to the business of finding me a hotel. Tactfully, I did not mention it. But I was wrong. She had found me a hotel—with a magnificent bathroom—for precisely one-third of what I had been paying. ("Did I not tell you, *monsieur*, that what they are charging you is a scandal? I don't like to see the English robbed like this! These people have no shame!") It was quite near. When I had finished my coffee, she would take me to it. Really, this was a novel experience. I regretted the facile contempt that I had been feeling for "a woman of that sort." Still, the

Continued on page 160



For your own entertaining, or to give as CHRISTMAS *presents sure to be welcomed, choose from these eight kinds*
—at all state operated and
other liquor stores—
Martini Medium Sweet (60 proof)
Dry Martini (71 proof)
Extra Dry Martini (70 proof)
Bronx (60 proof)
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Give them cocktails ready-mixed by experts

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You'll look far before you find a more appropriate gift this Christmas than Heublein's ready-mixed, bottled *Club Cocktails!* They're in the spirit of holiday festivities — the smoothest mixtures that ever delighted thirsty throats! You couldn't give your friends finer cocktails if you had them specially mixed to your order by the head bartender of a great hotel. But *Club Cocktails* cost you less than half what you would have to pay!

Club Cocktails, all ready to be chilled and served, are a unique gift. Your choice of eight varieties.

Serve Club Cocktails yourself . . . so convenient for your parties!

Millions of these famous, new-day cocktails are being enjoyed this month. No fuss of mixing, no waste in serving — for what you don't use from a bottle keeps indefinitely. Your guarantee of highest quality is Heublein's 60-years-old name.

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HEUBLEIN'S

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

8 kinds *prepared and bottled by*
HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD

DUCHESS OF YORK
PERFUME BY
Prince Matchabelli

A Parisian Idyll

Continued from pages 92-156-159

hotel might be a filthy hole. I would wait and see before final judgment. It was kind of her, though, to take all that trouble over a foolish little Breton servant-girl. She was evidently a kind woman. And so freshly natural with her unpainted face and her trim coat-and-skirt, that one could not associate her with the places at Boulogne, Paris, Hamburg, St. Petersburg and Buenos Aires where she had "worked". But, of course, as she said, she had "retired." Phew!

When I had finished my coffee, she conducted me to the hotel she had found. Evidently, she was known there. The manager was most polite to me. It was a very nice, clean and comfortable hotel—not one of the great palaces, of course. And as my introductress (I did not know her name, nor she mine) had said, my room had a magnificently large bathroom attached. And all for precisely a third of what I had previously been paying! I arranged to move in on the morrow.

Out in the street again, she extended her hand to me. "I am glad that the hotel suits you. *Bon soir, monsieur!*" The gesture took me aback. She had completed her self-appointed job, and was saying goodby!

"But, *madame*, I have not yet thanked you. Really, it is most kind of you—"

She smiled. "It is nothing, *monsieur*. For the English to whom I owe so much!"

"But, *madame*, you must allow me to make some small recognition—a little present—or come and have supper with me—dine with me tomorrow—"

She was firm.

"*Non, non, monsieur! N'y pensez pas!* It was nothing."

That was unsatisfactory to me. I don't like to be under an obligation—I believe it's a Freudian complex or something.

"But isn't there anything I can do—? Really—?"

She looked at me, and hesitated as we stood there under the street-lamp on the corner.

"If you insist, *monsieur*—" She hesitated again. "There is something you could do—"

"I shall be glad to do it if it is in my power."

She hesitated, as though about to ask me for too much. I wondered what was coming.

"*Monsieur*—today is Friday—if on Sunday you cared to take me to St. Cloud—very simply—like a gentleman with his lady—" she checked.

"But certainly!" I said. "I shall be delighted. Give me your address. I will call for you in a car."

"No, no!" She was very firm. "No automobile. Quite simply. I said like a gentleman with his lady—*comme un monsieur avec sa dame, vous m'entendez.* We will go by the tramway. I live in the rue X, near the rue Y. You cannot come to the house. It is a most respectable *pension*. If you care to wait for me at the corner of the rue Y—at 11 o'clock, *monsieur*—you will give me a great pleasure!" She looked at me hesitantly. "You are sure that I am not asking too much of you?"

I laughed. "It is altogether too little! I was intending to go again to St. Cloud myself. And in your charming company, *madame—!*"

She was a little doubtful still.

"I can count on you, *monsieur?* At the corner of the street—at 11 o'clock? And we take the tramway?"

"I will be there. And we take the tramway, if you insist."

Her face lit up. "Thank you, *monsieur*. I know I can trust the English. *Merci, mille fois.*" Abruptly, she shook hands with me. "*Bon soir, monsieur—et au revoir. À dimanche!*"

She left me, walking with a quick decisive step that sharply differentiated her from the ladies of her former profession. I wandered back to the hotel I was going to quit on the morrow. She certainly was not greedy, that woman. It would after all be rather fun to take her to St. Cloud on Sunday. At any rate, it would be a novelty for me. The whole of this affair was a novelty.

On Sunday morning, faithful to the tryst, I took a taxi to the corner of the rue Y, arriving three or four minutes ahead of time. I stepped out, and told the driver to wait. I detest riding in tramways and buses. When my companion saw that I had a taxi waiting, she would doubtless change her mind. If, of course, she came at all. I decided that I would wait a quarter of an hour.

There she was! Punctual to the minute, soberly neat in a tailor-made, she approached me along the street. She smiled happily at the sight of me.

"*Bon jour, monsieur!*" she said. "I knew you would be here." That was flattering. I felt that the reputation of England was in my keeping.

We shook hands, and I explained that I had not discharged the taxi. Wouldn't that be more pleasant . . . ?

She was almost vehement.

"*Mais non, monsieur! Pas de voiture!* It was agreed! Like a gentleman with his lady!" (Her reiterated "*Comme un monsieur avec sa dame!*" made me smile inwardly.) "We are going to take the tramway! We take an omnibus from here to the Louvre where the tramway starts."

Docilely, I paid off the taxi. An omnibus came along. We mounted it, and stood jammed on the tailboard. What the French can cram onto those rear-platforms is phenomenal. Privately, I cursed at the discomfort, but she was quite happy. She smiled to me serenely. I noted again that her face had no touch of paint, not even a dab of lipstick.

At the Louvre, we descended and went across to the streetcar

Continued on page 162

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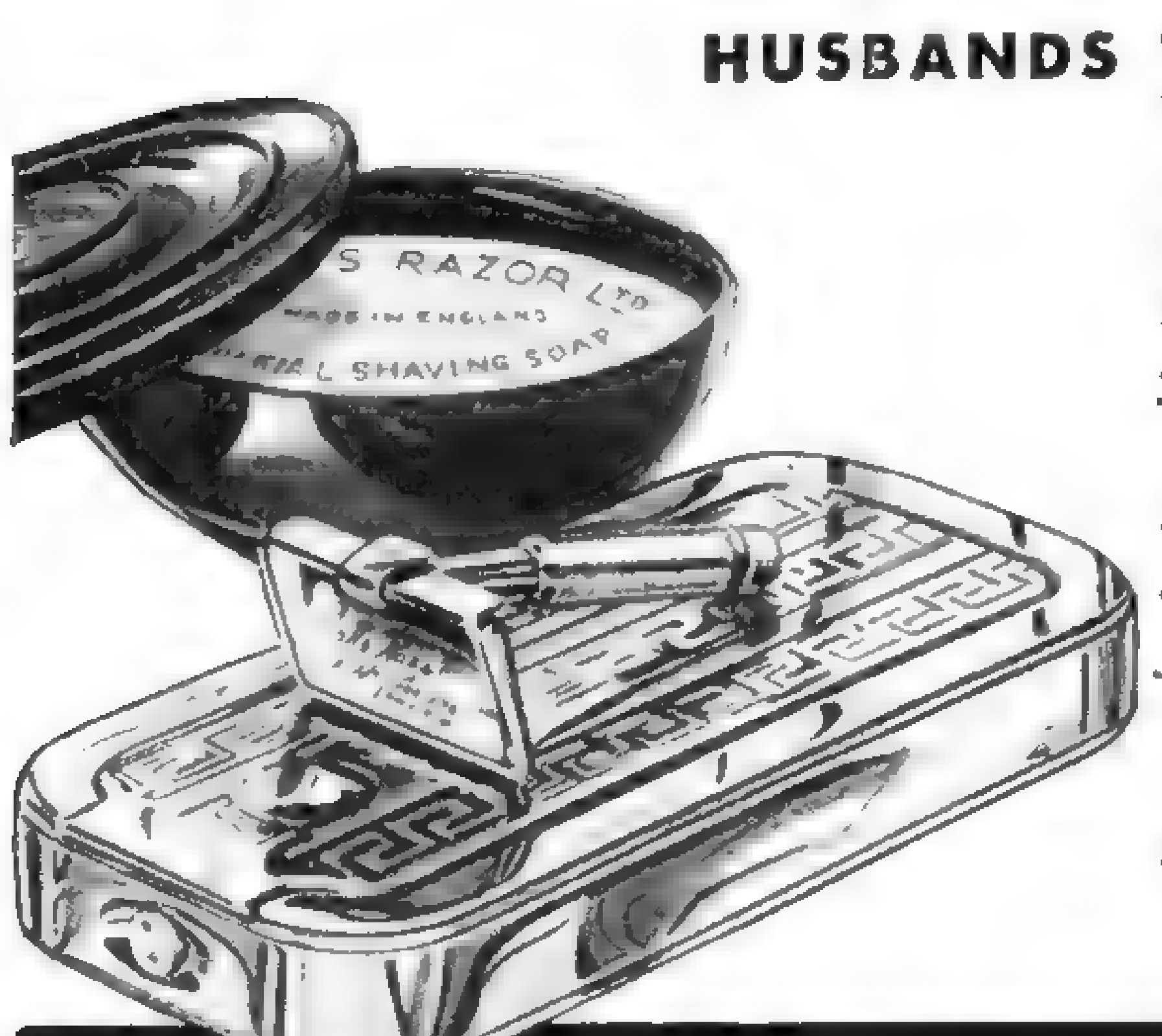

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS Rolls Shaving soap has a habit of disappearing. Seems wives try it as a toilet soap—hang on to it for personal use. Best solution to the problem: buy the lady an extra refill cake . . . keep *your* cake for he-man use only.

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ROLLS
RAZOR

A Parisian Idyll

Continued from pages 92-156-159-160

for St. Cloud. It was already crowded with lower middle-class people, stiffly in their Sunday best, only too often accompanied by their offspring. For me, the jolting journey was a penance I had to endure as heroically as I might. We were separated and could not talk. But she sent me approving little glances, as in a mutual confidence. Evidently, this was as she would have it be. Although in her sober tailor-made she was a little smarter—more *chic*—than most of the women in the "tramvay" as she called it, nevertheless she blended well with this middle-class environment. I saw her chatting amicably with a fat *bourgeoise* at her side.

We crossed the bridge and arrived at St. Cloud, descending with the crowd opposite the large blue-painted restaurant of the Pavillon Bleu. The Pavillon Bleu had been a famous place in the days of the Second Empire, and it still looked as if it might be good. To myself, I decided that we would lunch there. But it was still too early for lunch. We passed through the iron gates into the tree-lined avenue that leads up to where the Château used to stand before it was burned by a French bombardment during the German occupation in 1870.

Side by side we strolled up the avenue. It was a grey day in autumn. The foliage had turned golden. Leaves were thick underfoot. Throngs of middle-class French couples, the wives solemnly on the arms of their husbands, were proceeding in the same direction. It was a typical French Sunday, *monsieur* and *madame* taking the air together, exhibiting their connubial bliss.

Somewhat timidly, she touched me. "You permit, *monsieur?*" Then she slipped her arm in mine. She smiled. "*Comme un monsieur avec sa dame.*"

Gravely, arm in arm, we walked up the avenue, as nearly as possible like all the other *messieurs* with their *dames.* I noticed that she sighed deeply, but whether from satisfaction or from other, unguessable, thoughts of her own I could not tell.

It flashed upon me that I did not even know her name. I asked it.

"My name is Charlotte," she said. I asked her surname. "The other does not interest you," she replied with quiet firmness. That was that.

For an hour or so, we paraded, arm in arm, gravely through the park. In a secluded autumn-tinted leaf-strewn alleyway, it occurred to me that she might be expecting me to show a little gallantry. I attempted it—a trifling matter of a half-hearted effort at a kiss—but she checked me seriously. "*Mais non, monsieur!* We are a gentleman and his lady." I was abashed. Gentlemen and their legitimate spouses did not kiss in the public alleyways of St. Cloud. The swarms of them in the park were behaving with a correctness that the Court of Louis XIV in its most formal days never attained to.

I began to get hungry. The memory of the Pavillon Bleu arose in me, singularly attractive. I suggested that we should return thither.

"Oh, no!" she said. "The Pavillon Bleu is terribly expensive. There are several other little restaurants nearby, not at all dear. We will go to one of them." She smiled at me, but she was quite serious. "*Nous sommes un monsieur avec sa dame.*"

The little restaurants—"*pas du tout chers*"—did not appeal to me at all. I shrank from them. The Pavillon Bleu seemed even more attractive. I had a brain-wave.

"All the same," I remarked, as seriously as herself, "even a "*monsieur avec sa dame*" celebrate sometimes. Let us suppose that it is your birthday."

She lit up brightly.

"Ah, yes!" She gave a little laugh, "today—*c'est mon jour de fête!* Let us go to the Pavillon Bleu!"

We walked there gaily, arm in arm. She was really quite a pretty woman, and I knew that I did not look so ridiculous as I felt. Many a Frenchman in the park might have envied me my "*légitime.*" Perhaps some of them did.

The Pavillon Bleu was quite satisfyingly good. I sensed it from the moment of entrance. Charlotte accepted an *apéritif* while we scanned the large menu. I was all for ordering the best available, a sumptuous meal to mark this "celebration." But she would not permit me.

"No," she said. "You are being extravagant. We are a gentleman with his lady. Gentlemen with their ladies do not do things like that." She ordered a luncheon as a typical French housewife, with an eye on the weekly budget, might have done. "*Ca, c'est bien!*" she said, with satisfaction. I could not do other than abide by her choice. But I insisted on ordering a wine from lower down the list. She conceded that; perhaps she regarded it as being within my rights as the—hypothetical—lord and master.

She was very bright and chatty over the lunch, obviously happy. "*Dieu, que je suis contente!*" she said, ecstatically, more than once. "You are really very amiable, *monsieur.* But then the English are always amiable." I thought of the Canadian sergeant who had swindled her out of twenty thousand francs, but perhaps she did not consider him as English. And evidently no thoughts of Boulogne haunted her. She was a "*dame avec son monsieur.*" She spoke to the waiter with a proper dignity, saw to it that we were not overcharged.

When, somewhat late in the afternoon, we had finished our coffee and liqueur—she had permitted me the liqueur, although

Continued on page 165

"Sorry . . . we're holding out for White Rock
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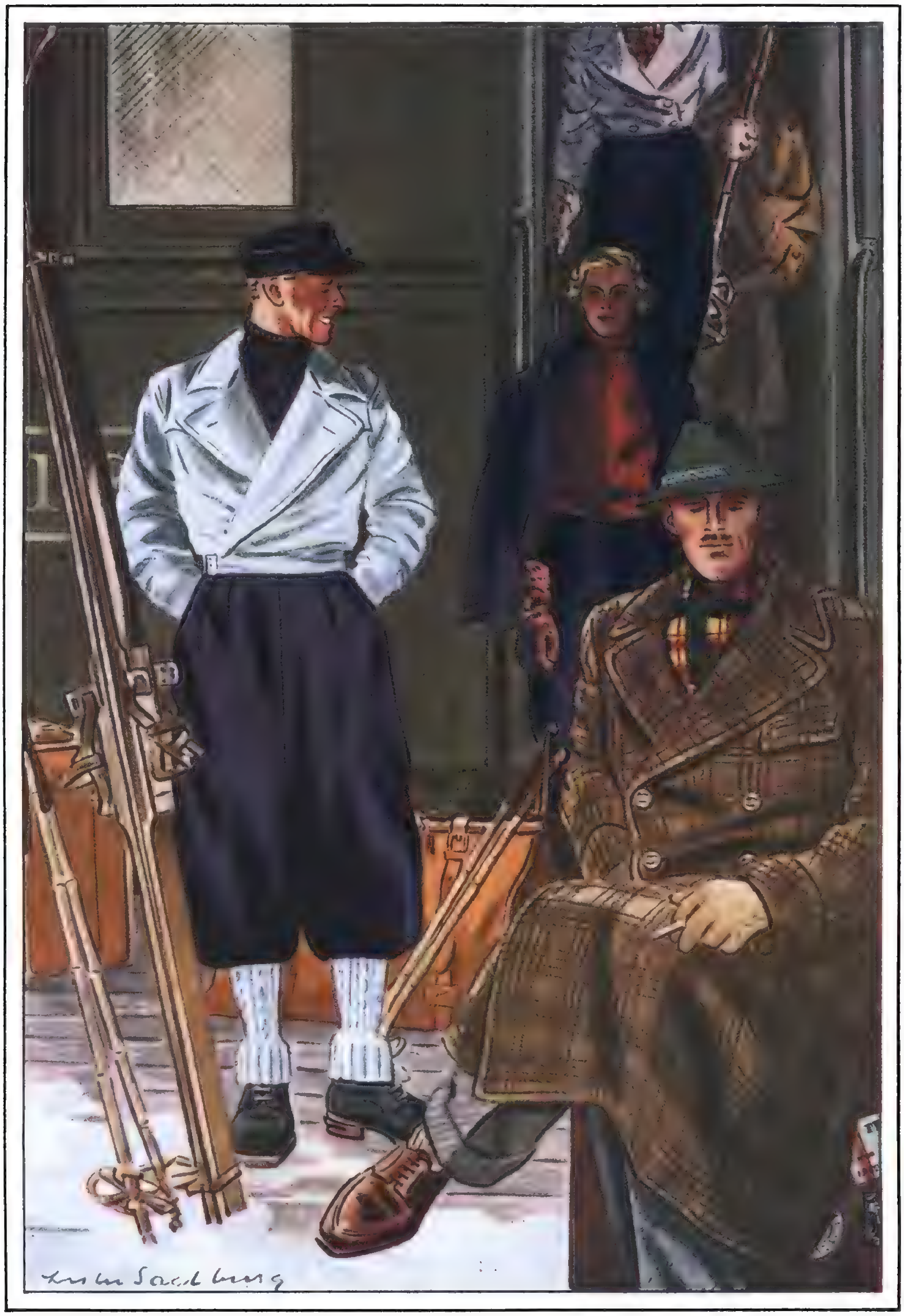
White Rock OVER ON THE ALKALINE SIDE



EASTERN INVASION OF SUN VALLEY IDAHO

Clothes like these would have stopped a clock in Idaho a few years back. But the enormous growth in the popularity of winter sports during the past three seasons has made the sight of fashionable winter sportswear a commonplace virtually everywhere in the northern half of the United States. The fashions themselves, however, are still distinctly European, as witness the outfits pictured on this page. The man on the left is dressed for down hill skiing, his garb consisting of a short, double breasted white jacket made with a blouse effect at the waist, worn with a medium weight turtle neck sweater, wool knickers, heavy cable stitched hose, anklets and ski boots. Note that the long lapels of the jacket are convertible, so that they may be buttoned up snugly at the throat. Wool knickers are practical for all types of skiing except for ski-jumping, which calls for a pair of the regulation long ski trousers.

(For anwers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Parisian Idyll

Continued from pages 92-156-159-160-162

rather grudgingly—I asked her what she would like to do now?

"If monsieur would be so kind, I should like to go for another promenade in the park. Afterwards, we will go back to Paris."

Once more, arm in arm, we sallied forth into the park. She made appropriate conversation, commented tritely—but with complete gravity—on the beauty of the foliage, on the children who ran hither and thither. Presumably, that was the way a "*dame*" would talk to her "*monsieur*." She found path after path she wished to explore, "you do not mind, *monsieur?*—You can spare the time? *Merci, monsieur, vous êtes gentil!*" There was an anxious sincerity in her tone as she asked me again and again. It was obvious that she was prolonging this pleasure to the utmost.

Finally—my legs were beginning to ache, but she seemed still entirely tireless—she said, with a little accent of regret, "Let us go back." It was becoming dusk.

We returned down the long avenue to the exit from the park, emerged to the tramway-terminus. I beckoned to one of the taxis on the rank. I thought that she would not mind now that the day was over. But she caught my arm, waved back the taxi.

"But no!" she said. "We must go back as we came—by tramway! *Comme un monsieur avec sa dame!*" Privately, I anathematized the economical and uncomfortable habits of "*messieurs avec leurs dames*." But she was sincerely insistent. To have taken a taxi would have hurt her. I had to acquiesce. She brightened up again, was really happy. This performance was the reverse of all I had ever heard of as an outing with a "*fille galante*."

Once more, a "gentleman with his lady," we mounted the tram, mercifully not so crowded this time. We could sit together. But she did not speak—or only very little, in answer to my polite attempts to talk. Really, she was not thinking of me at all. She was measuring herself with the other highly respectable middle-class ladies in the streetcar. (I noticed her various glances at them, as from equal to equal.) Her eyes were bright. Her mouth was naturally relaxed into a hovering smile. She was content. I could not help thinking that she would have made an excellent little *bourgeoise* wife. As I was thinking that, she brusquely informed me that the whole day had only cost I forget how many francs—a really trifling sum. She had been adding it up.

I told her that, what with the economy she had insisted upon and the cheap hotel—which was excellent—that she had found me, my acquaintance with her had saved me already a great deal of money.

She nodded her head.

"*Très bien!*" she said. "You English are much too careless with your money. Here in France we have to be careful." She paused. "The best things are not bought with money. Of course, one must always have a little."

We jolted onwards through the gathering twilight. The lamps along the Seine sprang into yellow bright jewels. Our conversation languished. Really, I did not know what to talk to her about. She did not appear to mind my silence. The other "*messieurs*" in the streetcar were equally silent towards their "*dames*." All, perhaps, was as it should be.

We arrived again at the Louvre terminal. Once more, I desired to take a taxi, see her home. Once more, she was firm. "We will take the omnibus," she decreed.

We did take the omnibus, and endured once more the purgatory of the rear-platform. At the street-corner where we had met in the morning, we descended. I walked side by side with her for a hundred yards or so. She did not now attempt to take my arm, for which I was secretly and ungallantly grateful. Presently, she stopped me.

"You cannot come any nearer," she said. "That is where I am staying. It is a very respectable *pension*."

I removed my hat, began to say my farewells. She broke into them, took my hand, spoke in a voice of controlled emotion.

"I have to thank you, *monsieur*, for the most beautiful day of my life. It was exactly what I wished. *Je vous remercie infiniment—infiniment.* No one has ever been so kind to me." She broke off, looked at me with an intense earnestness. "No one. Ever! But only the English can be so—" she checked for a word "—so *honnête*."

If I were Guy de Maupassant I should of course finish this story with the perfect ending. I can imagine de Maupassant's ending. She would have said: "Wait for me a moment, *monsieur!*" She would have darted up the street, disappeared, and returned in an instant with a naïve young girl—the Breton servant-girl she had rescued from the police station. She would have thrust the girl into my arms. "Only to you, *monsieur*, would I confide her!"

That would have been the perfect ending, satisfying all the canons of profound irony which make a masterpiece.

But it didn't happen that way. Life is never so artistic as our invention.

She merely gave me a final pressure of the hand that clasped mine, looked into my eyes for a moment under the streetlamp, spoke quite simply.

"*Adieu, monsieur.* You will forget me. I shall never forget you."

I have not forgotten her. Nevertheless, I have never gone out to look her up in her little hotel at Rueil. I have no doubt that it is excellent. #

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A Land Beyond the River

Continued from page 37

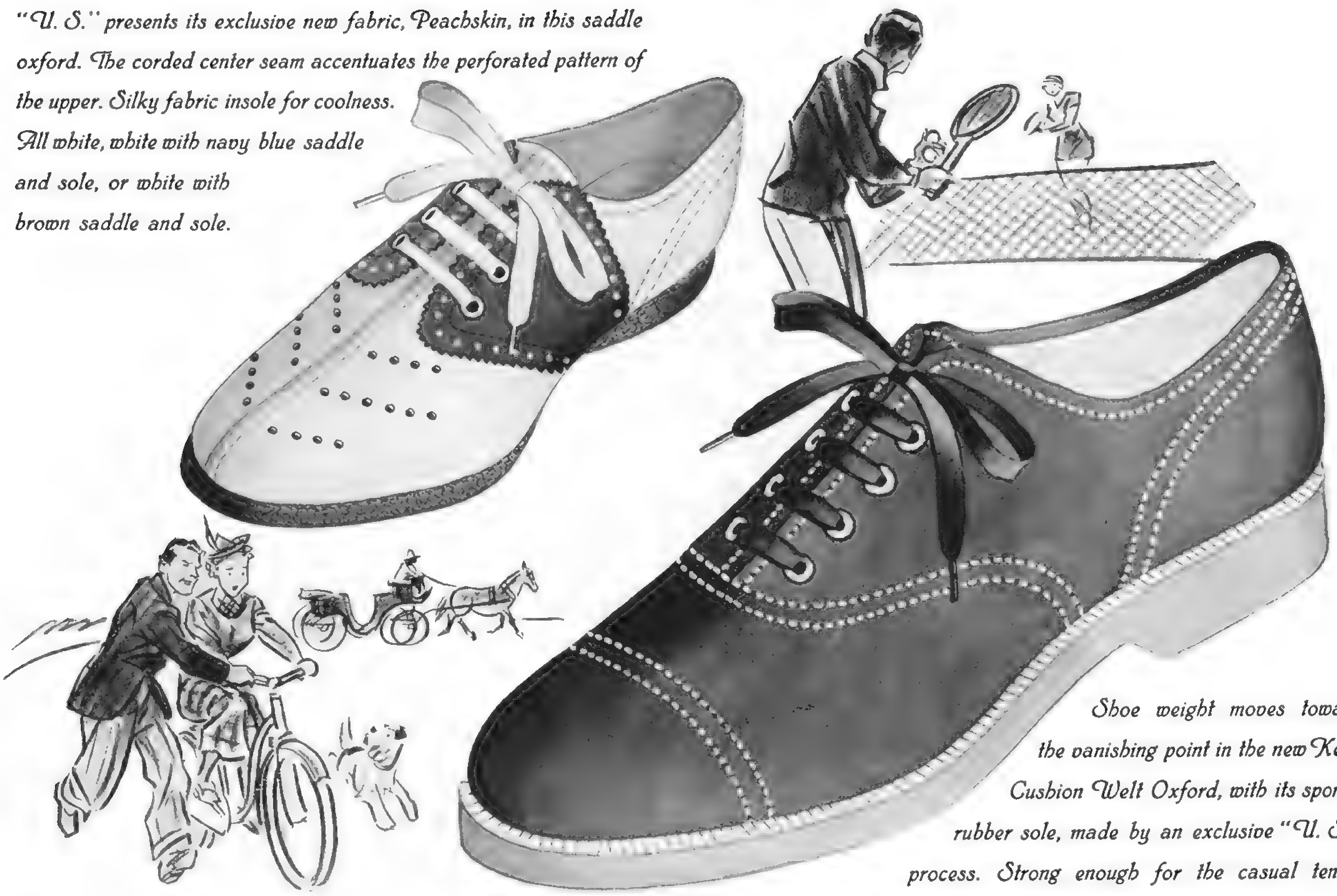
for anything but just reach over the table and if they couldn't reach a thing one would say: "Dam it Zack can't you give a body a lift to the dumplings? Can you hand over the beans there—what the hell do you think this is—your birthday?" And they just went on like this and Pop would say: "By-God boys not so Goddamn much cussing around over my grub." And Mom and Grace would just get out of the dining room and let them have it. They'd clean every plate and sop them out. They'd come out with eggs in their whiskers and gravy all over their vests—picking their teeth with goose quills they carried for that purpose and they'd light up a long green cigar apiece and pat their stomachs and stretch and make it back for the boat. And we'd see them far up the river—we'd see Pop wave goodby to Mom. It seemed like Pop just come and went and Mom went about the place hunting for Pop. And the days just come and went—spring on the Big-Sandy when the trees leafed along its rippling blue waters—and then the rains and the muddy waters and then blue waters again with mountains that come down—mountains of quivering green clouds of leaves. Then would come a dry season when white clouds would float in the West Virginia and Kentucky skies and the water would get low and a raft of logs would run on a shoal—water would get low and the river bottoms would look white in the sun—mare-tails would float in the sky. Pop would wipe his sweating brow and say: "Mare-tails in the sky. Sign of rain in three days." Butterflies would flit along the Big-Sandy and water moccasins would sleep along the banks on a log and just plump in the water when they saw the raft coming. Turtles wouldn't move—there were so many of them. And they had been in the Big-Sandy so long and knew as much about the river as the men and the snakes.

Another night and I dreamed I saw, or went to sleep dreaming I saw, a light downstairs and a man get out and come up the bank. I dreamed that it was Pop. I just don't remember. But I thought this or I dreamed this: "Now the other time I didn't go down. I don't know whether it was a light or whether I just dreamed it. Tonight I'm going down and see." But I didn't go down and see. I must have just dreamed it was Pop back to see Mom but he hadn't been gone up the river but three days. He didn't have time to be back. I told Hilton about it and Hilton told Mom the next day. And Hilton said: "Don you must be having nightmares. I never saw a thing and I just sleep right across the room from you." But it seemed to me like there was something. I just felt it. Something bothered me. It was something very strange. I thought of Pop on the water. I wondered where Pop was and if he'd shot at anybody for calling him a water-dog. I just know Pop would kill a man and do it quick. We don't know but we heard once Pop and a fellar quarreled over a bottle of licker and they agreed to shoot it out. So they turned their backs—each one holding a pistol of the same kind with the same number of cartridges in it—and they walked so many steps apiece—ten I believe, and turned and started shooting. Pop got the fellar. That was when Pop was a young man though. Pop's got a big scar on his wrist. We heard there was where he got it. He never told us. We don't know.

When Pop come down the river with the next train of logs and blew his horn it was on a pretty day—sun high in the sky—and Mom just piled in all the grub she had cooked in a basket that she always kept waiting for Pop and the men about the time for them to get back. And Hilton took the basket out in the john-boat. He brought a letter back to Mom. And Pop said in the letter: "Elizabeth when I was going up the river old Jim Hailey was coming down with a train of logs. He was on the front raft with a white shirt on. He was all dressed up and on the river. And when he passed me he just looked at me and laughed and laughed and the men all laughed and looked at me. I'm not for taking such foolishness. I thought once I'd tell my men to fire on them after I'd bumped Jim off for the signal to start. I thought I'd redden this river to the mouth with their blood. I don't know why he's got the laugh on me. You know the only laugh us river men have on one another is when we get the other man's money playing poker, out shoot or out holler the other fellar, or take the other man's wife. This is something Big Jim ain't done to me, can't do to me, and never will do to me long as my pistol will bark." I found the letter in Mom's room. I read it.

Pop and Big Jim both were down the river now. Big Jim had been down the river five days. He'd had time to get to Gate City with his log train. Pop had just passed. He would be down the river at least a week. The next day we saw Big Jim at the head of his big john-boat with a white shirt on and he looked toward the house. Mom was not in the yard. We didn't wave at him. We had been taught to hate Jim Hailey from the day Pop could tell us a word about him. He's getting mighty friendly to us. Pop ought to have been here when he waved. Pop would have killed him like he would shoot a rabbit. It was five days before Pop got back up the river and we told him Jim Hailey passed

Continued on page 168



"U. S." presents its exclusive new fabric, Peachskin, in this saddle oxford. The corded center seam accentuates the perforated pattern of the upper. Silky fabric insole for coolness. All white, white with navy blue saddle and sole, or white with brown saddle and sole.

Shoe weight moves toward the vanishing point in the new Keds Cushion Welt Oxford, with its sponge rubber sole, made by an exclusive "U. S." process. Strong enough for the casual tennis player, this new Keds is designed for wear with flannels and linens and more formal attire. Available in white or navy blue. Note the extension sole.

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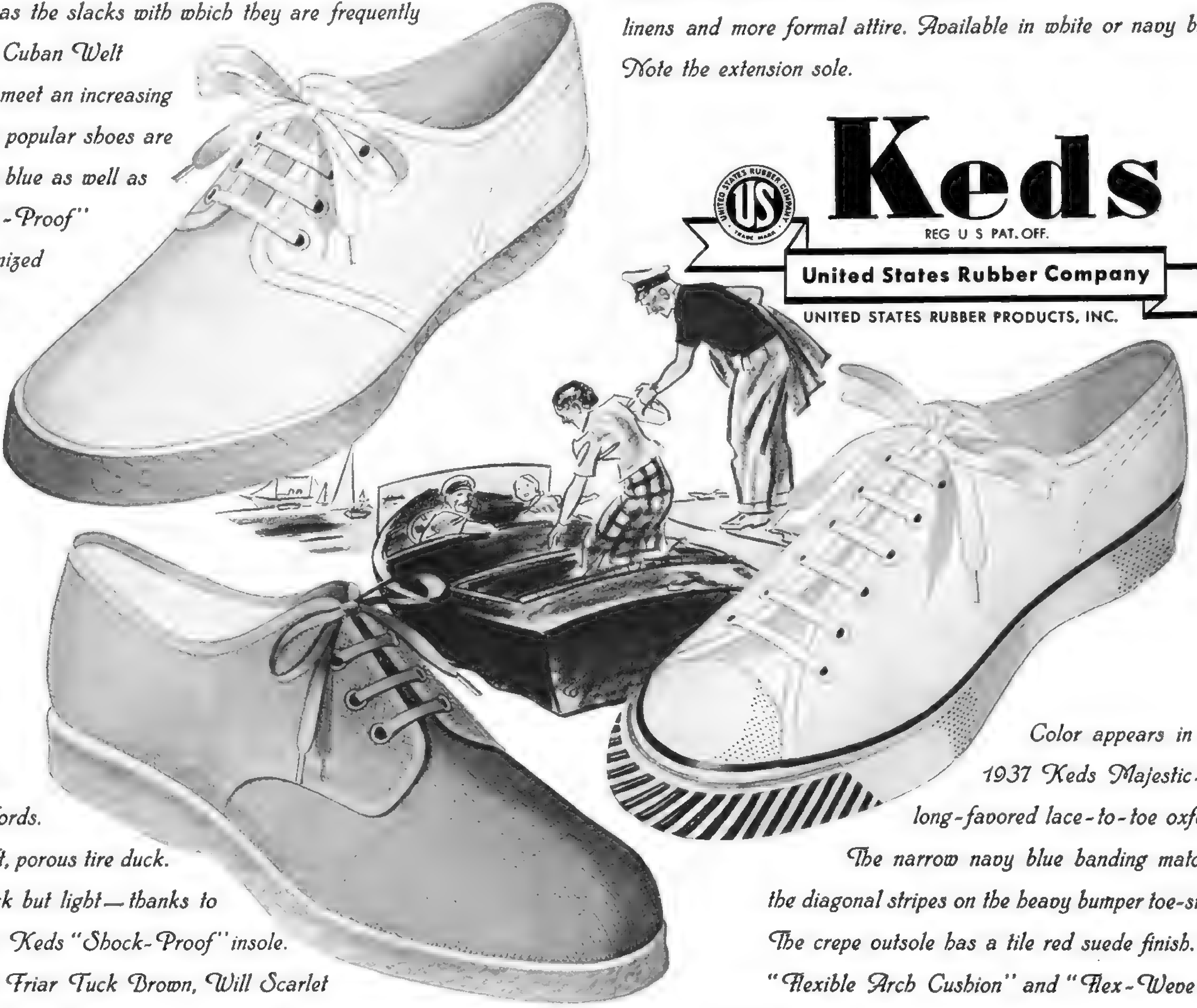

Color—masculine and brilliant—is used in Keds Yeoman Oxfords. Uppers of soft, porous tire duck. Soles are thick but light—thanks to "Korkcrepe." Keds "Shock-Proof" insole. Horn White, Friar Tuck Brown, Will Scarlet Red, Alan-a-Dale Blue, and Nottingham Blue.

Color appears in the 1937 Keds Majestic—a long-favored lace-to-toe oxford. The narrow navy blue banding matches the diagonal stripes on the heavy bumper toe-strip. The crepe outsole has a tile red suede finish. "Flexible Arch Cushion" and "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole. A fine shoe for active sports.

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A Land Beyond the River

Continued from pages 37-166

and waved at us. Pop said: "He's getting too smart of his pants. That low down vile water rat!"

Pop said to Mom: "Fix us a basket of grub and we'll take it to the boat. We'll mosey on up the river. We don't have time to stop long. A train of logs is waiting us up on the Levisa Fork." Mom and Grace fixed a big basket of grub. Two of Pop's big hairy men took it down to the boat. The rest of the crowd followed. I remember seeing them grabbing into the basket as they pulled away up the Big-Sandy—I remember seeing the boat dip and swerve as they hogged into the basket.

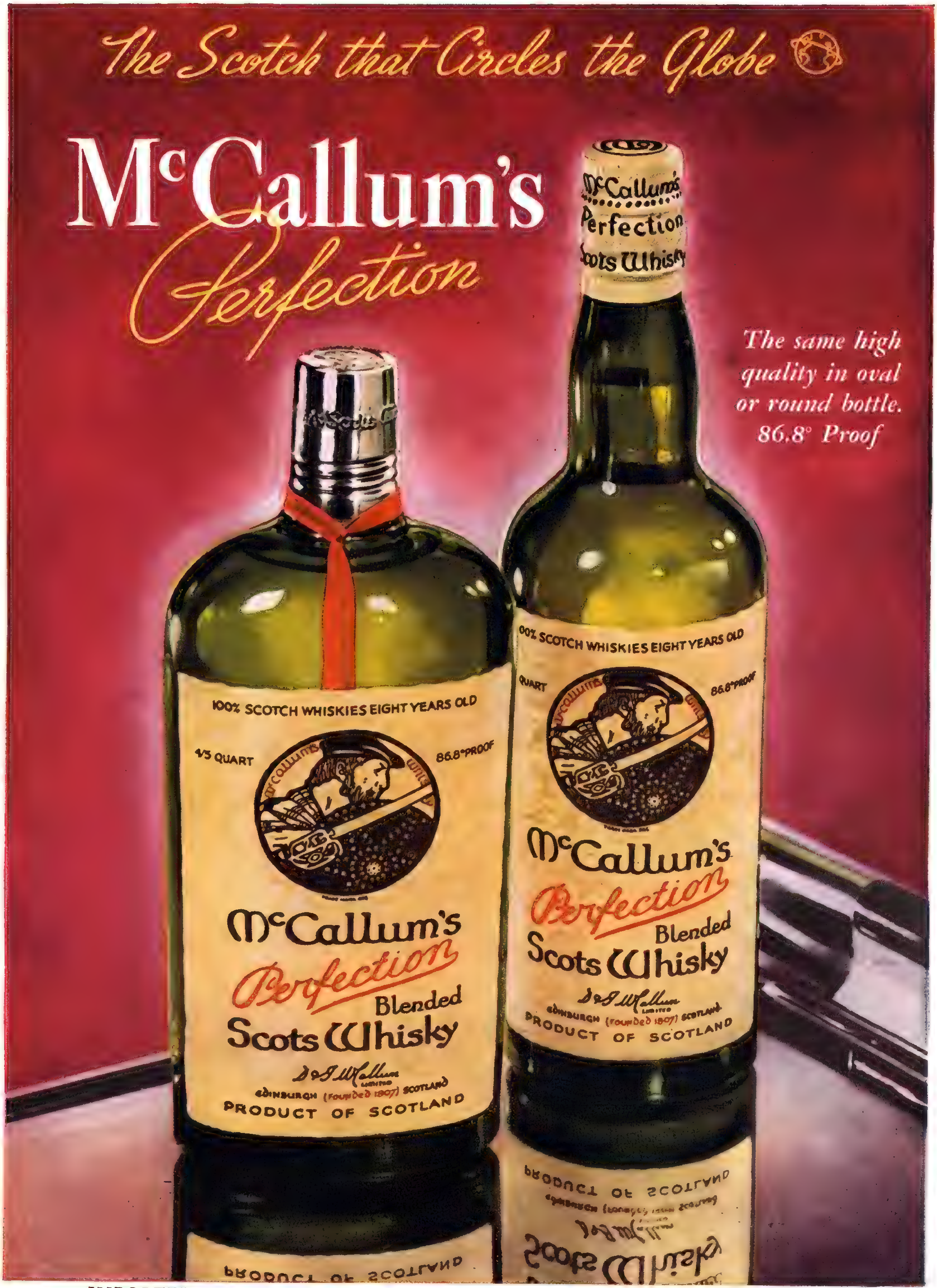
Eleven more days and I remember. It was night and a full moon was up. Was I dreaming when I heard a shot fired? I heard a scream! It was not the wind among the oaks this time—the wind that blows from the Big-Sandy. It was gunpowder. I smelled it. Hilton and I jumped out of our beds. The girls rolled out on the other side the dog-trot. I heard them. "Who was that that shot?" hollered Hilton and we run downstairs. "You lowdown vile skunk of a water rat may God send your soul to hell—trying to break up my home," said Pop and he kicked a man lying on the floor bleeding and he held to Mom's hand. "Goddamn you and your kind—roast in hell damn you—and you Elizabeth, what do you mean! That's what the lantern's been hanging out for and what this son of a bitch has been doing wearing a white shirt on the river! Stopping to see my wife—you children get back up them stairs—every last one of you! No man that is a true river man on the Big-Sandy can wear a white shirt and go clean-shaved on a log-train—that's why you done it you lousy river rat. I'd throw you in the river but you are not worthy to pollute the water with blood of your kind!"

Pop was standing over a man on the floor. I could see from the stairs the gun Pop was holding and the blue smoke leaving the barrel. "Don't shoot Mom!" said Clara screaming. "Oh, I fooled you," said Pop to Mom, "I've been smelling this rat ever since he laughed at me when we passed on the river. I just went up to Evans with the boys. I sent them on, I slipped back and waited for the lantern. I saw the boat let a man out—I saw them anchor a boat that they run in from the log-train—oh, yes—And that's why the lantern has been out—a signal that I am not here. I happened to be here tonight! And you damn you—" And Pop kicked the man on the floor—kicked him over and he kind of drew up one of his legs like a swimming frog—moaned and his head fell over on the floor—his breath sizzled and he lay there perfectly still. We could see the white shirt and the blood down the front. We didn't go all the way up the stairs. Mom there holding to Pop and crying—just bawling on his shoulder and all us children crying like we'd take fits. All scared to death too. Lord that smell of gunpowder and smoke! And Pop there—the big bearded iron faced man that he was—his shirt torn—his hairy body in the light of the lantern and the moon that hung above the river! Lord what an awful time it was. Hilton got on the mule and rode for Sheriff Lakin to come and get the dead man out of the house. Pop told him to. He held Mom in his arms. "For one cent," Pop said, "I ought to blow out your brains for being with Jim Hailey. Jim Hailey! My God, Jim Hailey with my wife—Well, he'll never be anymore."

We went upstairs and went to bed. Mom and Pop stood together by the dead man on the floor. Blood had run a big stream and dripped through a knot-hole in the floor. Mom was holding to Pop and crying: "Bill spare my life for my children. I'll never do this again. I didn't love Jim Hailey—I love you—you was gone so much. You was always on that river. You never stay with me. You leave me. A woman can't be left so long as you leave me." And Mom sagged to the floor crying—almost into spasms.

Sheriff Lakin came. He put Big-Sandy Jim Hailey in the express, took Pop to Evans and Uncle Jake went Pop's bond. Pop had to appear in one of the biggest murder trials that there ever was on Big-Sandy. People talked about us. They talked about my mother. When I would go to school the children would say: "Don's mother had a man killed over her. She ain't no good for my Mommie said Don's mother wasn't no good." And the children wouldn't play with Clara, and Grace either. The big boys would say things to Hilton at school and he would fight. They would talk about Mom. Mom never left the house. She never went to see a neighbor. She would sit out under the oaks and smoke her pipe—her blue eyes gazing steadily at the waters that flowed forever past our door—through drought and freeze, summer, winter, autumn and spring. The waters of the Big-Sandy kept flowing on and on and boats passed and big rafts of logs in the spring and corn in the fall went down by barge loads to the mills at Gate City. Mom would talk to herself and look at the river. Pop went back to work on the river. Pop went back to the log-trains. He kept two guns on him now. Once Pop was shot at from the bushes and the bullet hit Tim Zorns in the arm after it had gone through a bunch of men and just glanced off Pop's spike pole. It left its mark right in

Continued on page 171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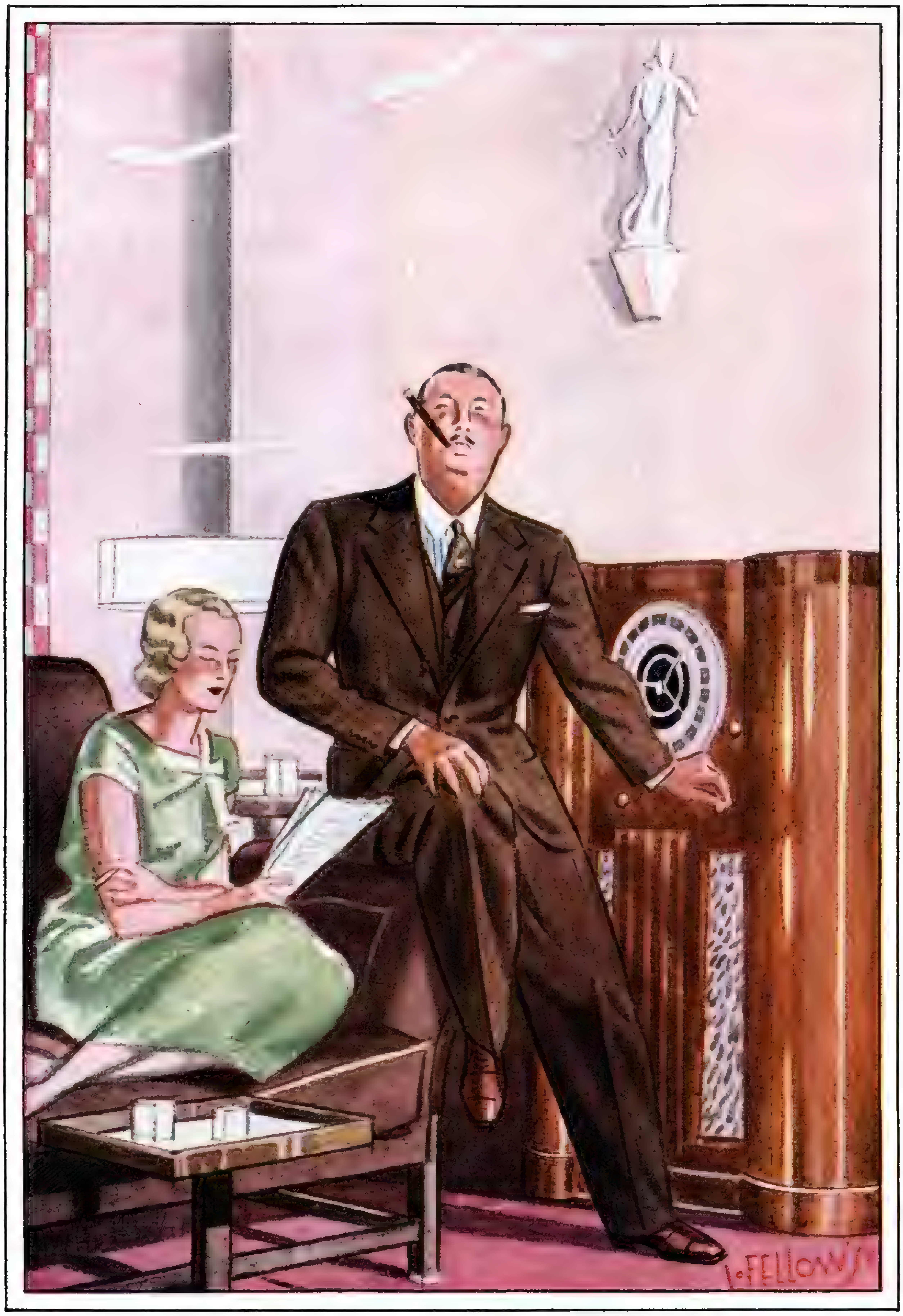

HOW TO REDUCE A FAT MAN WITHOUT DIET

Every so often, in revolt against the convention that endows nine out of ten fashion figures with the build of a Gary Cooper, we pause for a page to point the moral that any man may be well dressed provided he makes a careful study of his physical attributes, including the common middle-aged tendency toward too, too ample flesh. That the man in this sketch is no bean pole may be seen by a glance at his clock shaped face. But the body job looks pretty respectable because of (a) the subdued stripe in his suit, (b) the high placement of the notches in his lapels, (c) the close spacing of the three buttons in the front of the single breasted jacket, (d) the vertical stripes in his shirt and (e) the sharply defined points of his stiff collar. Note, too, the cuffless trousers and the narrow plain shoes. The tie is of satin, a new London fashion. P. S. You just know he wears one of those elastic belly band dinguses.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Land Beyond the River

Continued from pages 37-166-168

front of Pop's heart. And word was sent to Mom: "We are going to kill old Big-Sandy Bill—he ain't died yet but we guess he will."

They took us to the trial for witnesses. They asked to tell about the light. And I told them I didn't know whether I'd dreamed it or whether I saw a light. But it was one of the two. The whole house was crowded with people and Pop's men that worked on the log train with him was right there with their hands on their guns waiting for Big Jim's men to start something. They were all there and the Law was there but the Law would a had a time if one shot had been fired. Mom told that she didn't love Big Jim and he didn't love her—that she had told him to get away and stay away and he wouldn't do it. And that he come there that night with a gun and said if Pop ever come while he's around there he'd kill Pop. So Pop beat him to the draw. And somebody said in the back of the house: "That woman ought to go to a limb. Having men killed over her." And the tears come into Mom's eyes. She just sat there and waited for the lawyers to ask her questions. And they asked her a God's plenty. They asked her how many times Big Jim had come to see her. And a lot of stuff like that. And Pop just sat there mad as a hornet. He looked like the very devil was in him. The jury was out awhile—about an hour I guess and when they come in the foreman of the jury said: "Murder in self-defense." Pop come clean of the charge. There was all kinds of cussing around the court house. And one fellow says to Pop: "See that sign up there on the court house. Reads 'God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' And you, Big-Sandy Bill will reap a bullet in your own heart. Kill a man over your vile wife. Oh, we are going to get you. I am a Hailey. I have not washed my hands with you yet. I am a second cousin to the man you murdered. There are many of us left yet." And Pop said: "Bring on all your damned Haileys. There are many Fraziers yet in these mountains. Bring 'em on and shutup—bring 'em on and be damned. I love my wife. Or I would have killed her right there! I would kill another man over her." Pop walked out down the road to the wagon. Mom never lifted her head out in the crowd. They were all looking at her.

When I would go to school the children would not play with me. They would whisper to each other about me. I would go home and go upstairs to my room and cry and cry. I couldn't help it. They would talk about my mother. And I would hear them say at school. "I'll bet Charlie Hailey gets Big-Sandy Bill. He's a laying for him. He's going to kill him. He's gone longer now on Big-Sandy than any other man has ever gone to kill a good man over a woman. Big Jim Hailey's men must not have anything to them to let him be killed like this and them not do anything about it." I would hear all this. And to think Pop was back on the Big-Sandy! I would think this: "I can see Pop. He is on the floor. He, too, has on a white shirt. He is bleeding at the heart. A stream of blood runs from his heart to a knothole in the floor. It runs down the knothole. Pop works his leg like a frog that's swimming. He turns on his back. He moans. His last breath sizzles. He is dead. Pop is dead. Pop, a mountain of a man—one unafraid of men and the river—but Pop is dead. A bullet went into Pop's heart from the dark. His heart was easy for a bullet as any man's heart. Now Pop is no more than a dry clod of yellow clay in August. Pop is dead."

Mom would turn the coffee cup in the morning after she had drunk her coffee. She would say: "I see the river—I always see the river. I can see a dead man floating down the river." Then Mom would scream. She would get up and go out in the yard. She would sit down in the chair where Hilton sits and fishes. She would sit there and look at the river. It was the valley where we had lived for more than a hundred years—ever since the first white settlers had come to the valley. Now we would have to leave the valley—not that we were afraid to die—we would have to leave. Mom would have to leave. When a woman in the hills meets another man—she and her girls for generations are doomed. We would have to go to a new river.

Pop stopped the john-boat at the willows. He got out and threw the chain around a willow root. He walked up the bank holding to the oak roots to pull his heavy body up the bank—Mom was out in the chair under the oak trees. Pop said: "Timber is growing scarcer in these mountains than ever before. Things just don't work like they used to. I got the whole river to myself now and I don't want it. Big Jim is gone and God be thanked for the riddance. But we are going to have to leave this river for a new river. Hilton cannot do any good on this river because he is your son. No one will ride his boat. Grace and Clara will have a hard time marrying a respectable man because they are your daughters. We'll have to go to a new river. Let's pack on a barge all the things we have and pass through Gate City and go down the big Ohio and land where there are hills on the Kentucky side. We must have hills coming down to the edge of the blue waters. We will be lost without the hills."

I remember packing things that

Continued on page 172

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM

—the Holiday Gift Supreme

"Bristol Cream"—the world's *de luxe* Sherry—and other Sherries and Ports from the House of Harvey, have long been an important part of the world's festive occasions.

Alcoholic content 20 percent by volume.

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CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY

HARVEY'S
Sherries & Ports
ESTABLISHED 1796
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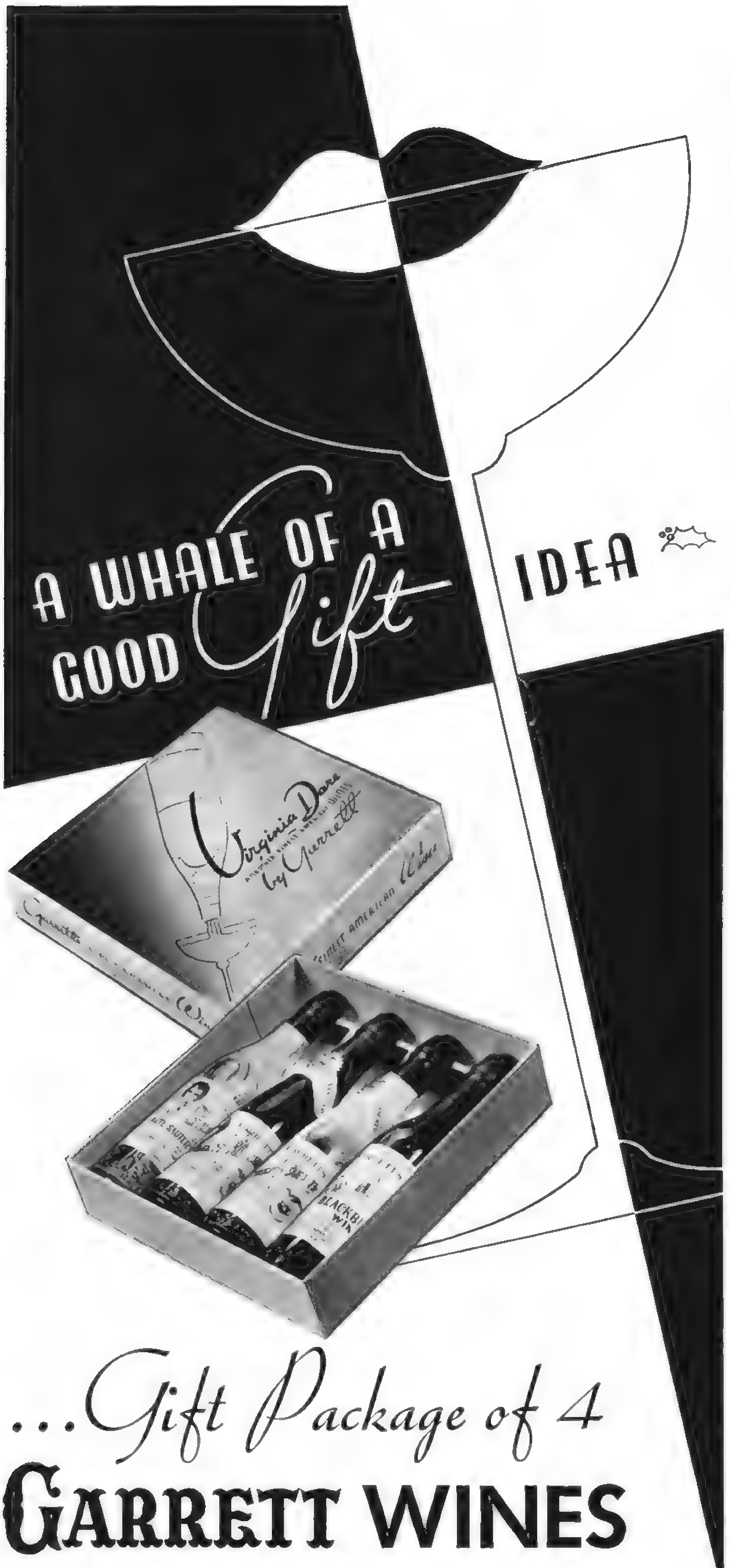

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GARRETT WINES

Express your holiday greeting with America's fine wines. Each of Garrett's 27 wines is as fine-flavored as Garrett's famous VIRGINIA DARE WINE. Try Garrett's Sauternes, Claret, Blackberry—for ruddy health and appetite. To assure success of special occasions, serve Paul Garrett Special Champagne or Sparkling Burgundy. Buy your holiday supply of Garrett Wines, now—at your local dealer. Garrett & Company, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

$1.00 plus tax for Gift Package of 4 Garrett Wines.

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RHINE WINE
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PORT WINE
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SAUTERNES
SHERRY WINE

FINE AMERICAN WINES FOR 101 YEARS

A Land Beyond the River

Continued from pages 37-166-168-171

afternoon and putting them on the barge. We took all we had and put on the barge—Pop's men helped us load. Big hairy men would carry big loads down the bank. They would sweat and work—their guns in their belts. We got all our belongings and left down the Big-Sandy—not anything to pull the barge—it floated down the river that we had known all our lives—the river that had carried Pop so much up and down on its blue bosom—sheltered by the tall mountains and the green timbered slopes—the high jagged cliffs near the tops of the mountains where the mountains shouldered to the skies—

We looked back to our house on the bank. The sun was on the other side of it. We could see the oak trees and the swing between us and the sun. We could see the willows and the well-gum and the barn. We could see the sun moving down over the green hills we had seen so many times. And Pop looked back and said: "Well, old river it's goodby." Pop steered the boat—it floated along. And Pop would say: "I know this river like a scholar knows a book. I know every shoal in it and almost every snag. It is like a person to me. I know even how its heart beats. I've been over it since I was seven years old. And I've started down the other side of the hill." Mom would say: "I hate to leave this river. I've loved it all my days. Lived on it since I was a little girl. All my people lived on it in these mountains. I was born here, raised here and I've never been any place else in my life. I learned to swim in this river. I first dived in this water. Lost a comb from my hair and I jumped down after it. I got it too. But now we leave." And Mom looked at the water—blue rippling in the sunlight—water pretty and flecked with little whitecaps. We moved down the river—night came and a pretty moon and we kept floating—floating to the new river. The next morning we passed through Gate City and onto a broad river of blue rippling water. One man stood on the bank at Gate City and I heard him say to another man; "Look at them Big-Sandians won't you on that barge. Going down the river like a lot of them here lately to find a pot of gold."

We floated down the Ohio all that day and till a moon came up that night. The moon was up in the sky. And Pop said: "Must twist her in to the bank and wait for morning. Here is where we stop. I have been here and found this place. I come on down here after I brought the last log-train down the Big-Sandy. See these mountains on the Kentucky side. Over there is a town in Ohio. It is Radnor. We can boat between Lowder, Kentucky, and Radnor, Ohio. A lot of Kentuckians work over there in town and they must cross the river."

We moved from the barge to a house overlooking the Ohio. It was a pretty house with maple trees in the yard. There are no mountains in Ohio. We could see the town. Pop started to build a boat. He called it the *Hilton Frazier* for my brother Hilton. He would start it to making trips across the river. My brother Hilton would pilot the *Hilton Frazier*. He was learning to be a pilot now at a boat down the river between Anderson, Ohio, and Vanlear, Kentucky. He was working without pay. He didn't get to fish in the river and swim like he used to when he was free as the wind on the Big-Sandy. Now he was a water-dog. He had followed our people, the Fraziers.

Mom would turn the coffee cup and she would say: "No women here to talk. I cannot see the Big-Sandy in this coffee cup. I see a wider river. I see more money. I see my daughters married to steamboat captains and boat owners. Life looks so much better now." And then she would go out under the maple tree and watch the boats pass with barges on the Ohio. Great loads of coal and sand and steel. But Mom would look for logs. We never saw the log trains on the Ohio we saw on the Big-Sandy and we never saw the men with guns around their belts we'd seen back in the mountains. And the man that got to run a crew of men didn't get his job by being able to holler the loudest either. He got it when the old got too old to do the job if he was of blood kin and next in line. That's the way it works on the Ohio.

Pop built the boat. Pop saved some money on the Big-Sandy. "A Frazier is never without money," people would say on Big-Sandy, "them Scotchmen can live on a rock." Pop said: "Now this boat will break us or make us. It just depends on how the town on the other side of the Ohio grows. If it does much growing we'll not be able to handle this business in a few years."

First the steel mills came to Radnor, Ohio. Then the shoe factories came. Kentuckians went over the river to work. The days passed and the gold poured into our hands. When a man paid his fare in pennies to brother Hilton, he would throw the pennies in the Ohio right in front of their eyes. Brother Hilton grew to be big like Pop and he was a pilot first and then captain of the *Hilton Frazier*. Pop made a new and bigger boat and we ran two boats across the river. The years passed. The days passed into months and the months into years. We grew to be men and women. We learned to love the Ohio as Pop loved the Big-Sandy. Pop never went back to the Big-Sandy. He would say: "Elizabeth

Continued on page 174

It's a "Gift".. at $2.75

Your
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1. The Happy Ending (or beginning). No fussing or fumbling with Edro. *Snap* – and you have a perfect flame, just right for any light, cigarette or cigar. *Snap* – and it's out!

Your
favorite
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package

2. Slip Edro into the pack of your favorite cigarettes as quickly as you wink and almost as easily. Edro holds it firmly and securely at all times. *Clever folks, these inventors!*

A new Lighter

that slips neatly into your cigarette pack!

3. Edro is always on the job! A single motion and there's your cigarette, round, fresh and full. *It tastes better because it's kept better.*

Give the one gift that's *doubly* valuable – *doubly appreciated* because it's utterly different, completely new . . . The Edro Lighter is just what you and a million other cigarette smokers have been looking for. It holds a whole pack – protects your cigarettes from bruising – and keeps your pocket (or purse) free from tobacco crumbs. Gives a grand light, *instantly*. Easy to use – simple, positive action. Durable – nothing to get out of order! And it's *guaranteed!*

SO NEW your department store may not have enough! But — Cheer up, IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO SEND THIS COUPON! Mail orders will be shipped special delivery to arrive on or before Xmas Morning. No extra charge.

EDRO Manufacturing, Inc.
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I enclose check or money order for $______ to cover total cost, including all mailing charges, of______ Edro Lighters as indicated herein:

______Chromium Plated . . . . $2.75 each
______Engine-turned Chrome with Enamel Stripes . . . . $5.00 each
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Name____________________
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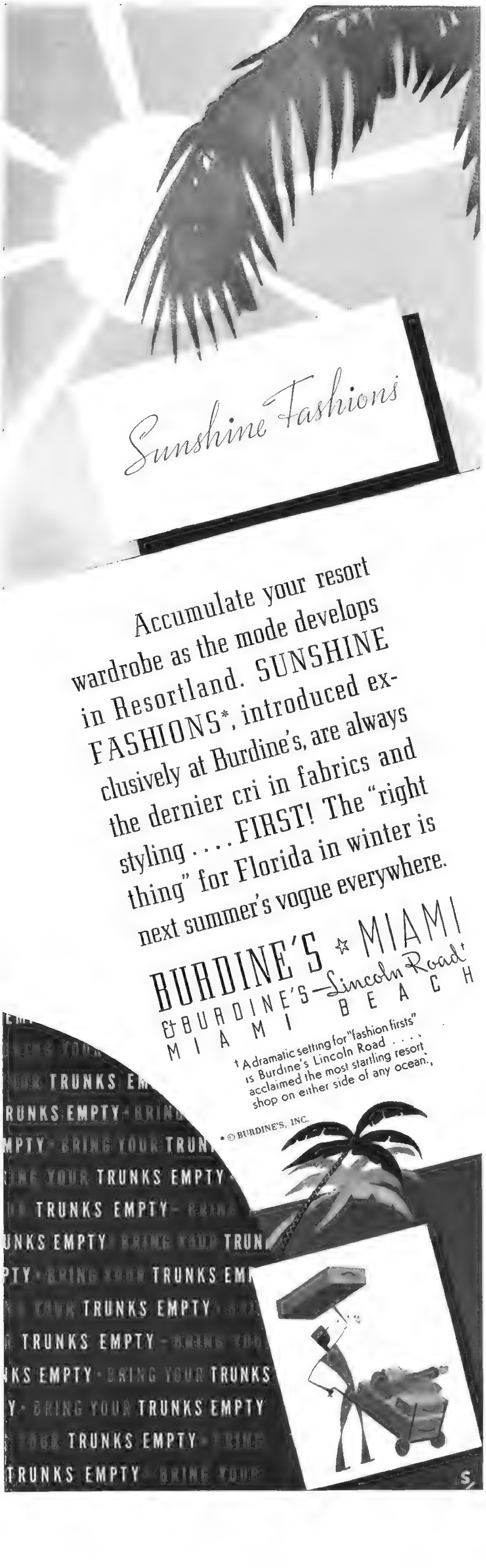
Edro

Lighter and Pack Holder
540 Twelfth Ave., New York City

DEALERS are invited to write for details of Edro Merchandising Plan. No obligation.



Accumulate your resort wardrobe as the mode develops in Resortland. SUNSHINE FASHIONS*, introduced exclusively at Burdine's, are always the dernier cri in fabrics and styling . . . . FIRST! The "right thing" for Florida in winter is next summer's vogue everywhere.

BURDINE'S ☆ MIAMI
& BURDINE'S—Lincoln Road†
MIAMI BEACH

† A dramatic setting for "fashion firsts" is Burdine's Lincoln Road . . . acclaimed the most startling resort shop on either side of any ocean.

* © BURDINE'S, INC.

A Land Beyond the River

Continued from pages 37-166-168-171-172

we'll live here together until we die on this river. They can take us back to the Big-Sandy and bury us in the old churchyard where we was borned and raised."

When Pop got on the Ohio River he shaved the whiskers off his face. Pop didn't look like he used to look upon Big-Sandy. We remember how he worked there. He worked yet. He would swim to the middle of the Ohio River and catch a boat that had broken loose somewhere upon the river. Pop was still a water-dog. Gray hair on his head didn't matter. He worked and told the men what to do. Money come in and plenty of it. Pop built another boat with a dance hall on it—a fancy boat and called it the *Elizabeth Frazier*. And Brother Hilton piloted it up the Big-Sandy with the calliope playing. He stopped at Gate City and gave a big dance. Had his old time band right on the boat. No one remembered Elizabeth Frazier. They remembered Big-Sandy Bill Frazier that shot Big-Jim Hailey. But a young man in a blue suit with a cap, white cuffs, a black tie and bright buttons on his suit took the boat up Big-Sandy. He went right up Big-Sandy with the music—stopping at every town for a dance. He went right in with the music playing, *My Old Kentucky Home.* People shed tears to see the big boat and to know this nice looking captain was old Big-Sandy Bill's boy that left the river years ago over killing a man over his wife. People danced on the boat and had a good time. Horses scared at it and broke the tongues out of the wagons. And children ran from the banks of the river afraid of the big boat. People would say: "Big-Sandy Bill's boy, Hilton Frazier, captain of that boat. They say Big-Sandy Bill's made money like dirt since he left here. Made barrels of money and got rich down on the Ohio. Had a bad wife though. Remember that trial? It's been about twelve years ago—you remember don't you?"

While Brother Hilton was up to the Levisa Fork—the only man to ever put a boat that far up the Big-Sandy and the biggest boat that ever plowed the waters of the Big-Sandy—a big rain fell and the water raised. It got so high the smoke-stack on the boat couldn't go under the new bridge that spanned the river right above Evans, Kentucky. Brother Hilton had to lay up twenty-four hours. The Government paid him $300. He told the people that spread over the Big-Sandy River valley: "W'y Hilton Frazier is a big enough man that when his big boat is delayed the Government pays him." And the Big-Sandians went on the boat and talked to Hilton and asked about old Big-Sandy Bill Frazier—when the boat stopped at the town and the calliope played, *Old Kentucky Home.*

At home Mom turned the coffee cup after she finished drinking her cup of coffee. And she said: "I can see Hilton. Hilton is dead. Hilton married. Hilton, dead. My first son! I can see the gun. I can see it spitting smoke." And Mom screamed. She said: "I tell you when you sow the seeds of life you reap the seeds of life. When you sow the seeds of death, you reap the seeds of death. Things come home to you on this earth. There is not any getting around it. I'll reap what I sowed on Big-Sandy. There is not any escape. I can see it here. I know it is coming regardless of the money we have and the three boats we have."

Hilton told Mom: "Mom I am going to marry Hilda Thombs. Her people are river people. They've been on the Ohio for three generations. Her Grandpa used to run the old Grey Steamer here fifty years ago. I love her. I make the money. I am going to marry her."

Hilton did marry Hilda Thombs. She was a pretty girl. She looked like Mom used to look. She was every bit as pretty as Mom. And when Hilton married her, he started running a boat from Hardin, West Virginia, to Cincinnati, Ohio. It was bigger money for Brother Hilton. He ran the *Elizabeth Frazier*—one of the big passenger and freight boats—on the Ohio. We would be out and wave when he passed. He would always whistle and whistle for home. Mom was proud of her boat and Hilton running it on the Ohio. Old Jink Hammonds tipped Brother Hilton off: "Hilton do you leave a light hanging on your porch on every Thursday night? Is that a signal you leave?" One night—I remember—Mom had read the coffee cup that night and she said: "I see a dead man. I see him bleeding. It is Hilton." And Grace said: "Mom you think too much of Big-Sandy. That is over. Forget about it. Coffee grounds are coffee grounds. They don't mean a thing."

Hilda and Hilton just lived a stone-throw from us. Mom said: "The other night I saw a lantern swinging at Hilton's house. If I did not I was dreaming. It looked to me like a lantern."

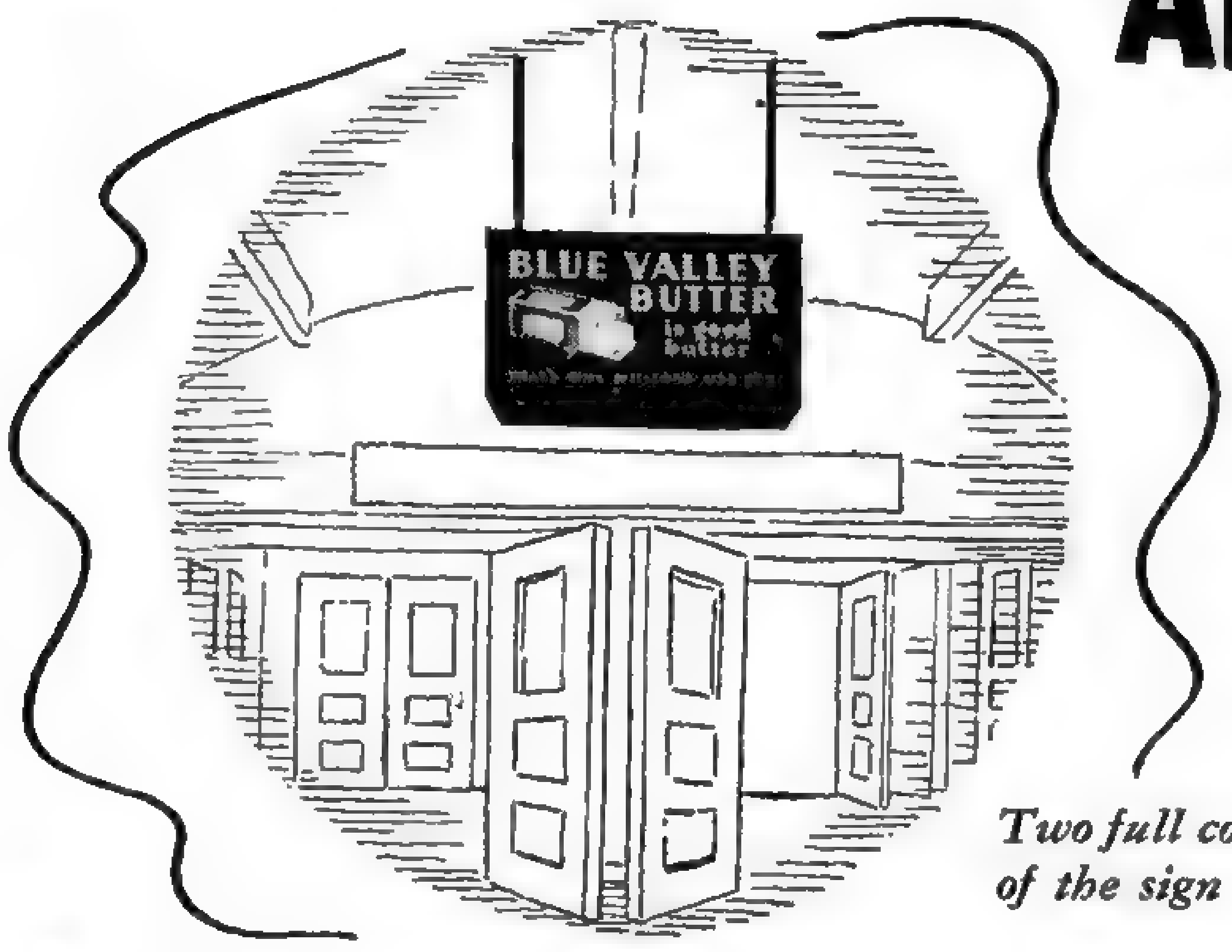
The boat whistle never moaned this night on the river. It always whistled before. Hilton slipped to the house.

There was a lantern on the porch. Lester Shy, captain of the *Little Ann,* beat Brother Hilton to the draw. Mom heard the shot. She screamed. She jumped out of the bed. "I told you," said Mom, "Hilton is dead. Hilton has been killed."

We jumped out of our beds. We ran over to Hilton's house. Hilton was on the floor. Blood was spurting from his heart onto the floor. Pop was along, "Oh, my God," said Pop. "Oh, God—I remember." Mom was screaming. "You will

Continued on page 176

★ distinctive IDEAS SOLVED THESE CHICAGO ADVERTISING PROBLEMS!



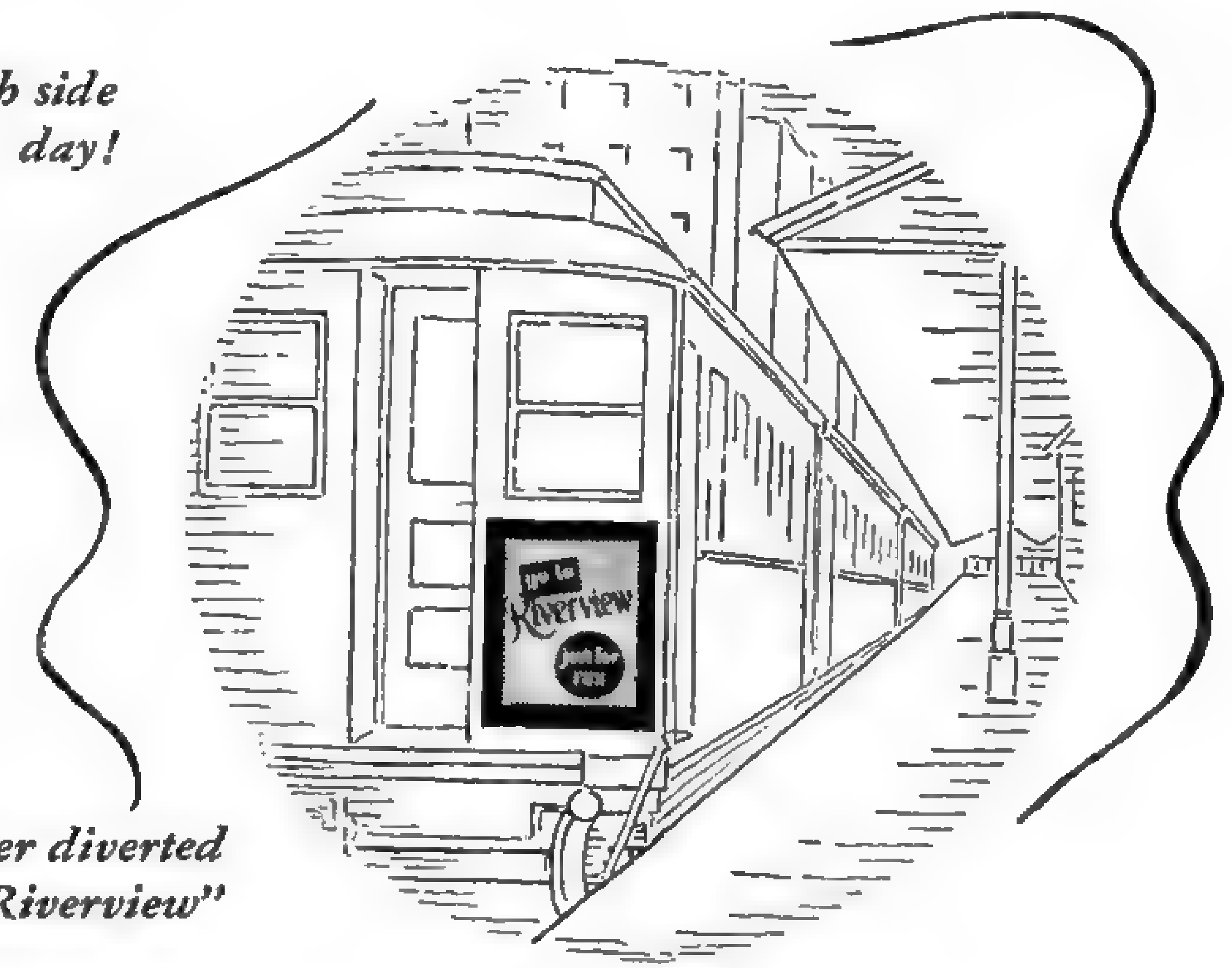
★

Outstanding displays of full color "appetite appeal" in neighborhoods with best sales possibilities was the problem Blue Valley Creamery Co. presented to us. Our solution placed 100 electric signs on "Elevated" platforms, *localizing* Blue Valley advertising.

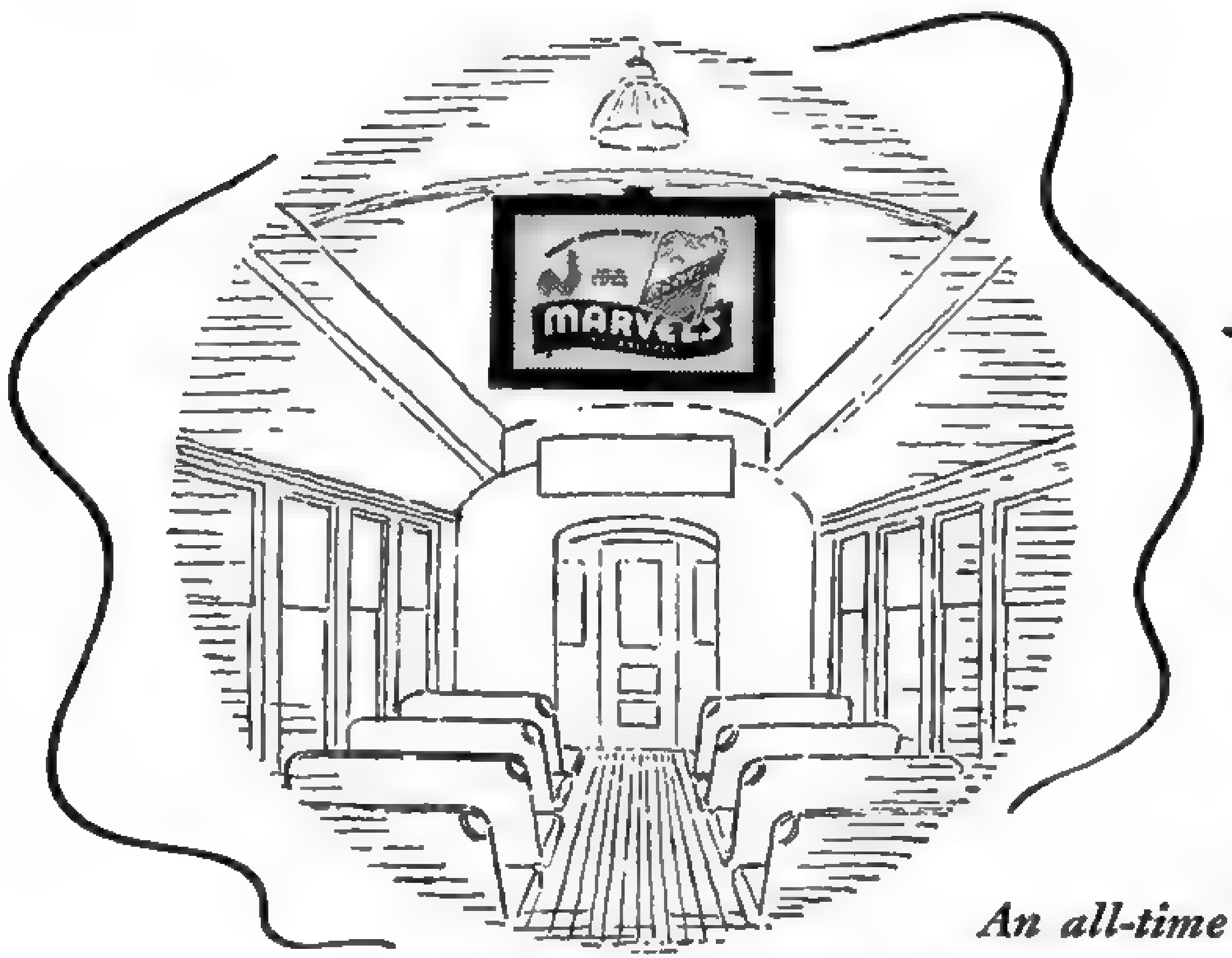
Two full color displays, one on each side of the sign . . . lighted 24 hours a day!

★

Riverview Amusement Park wanted to catch the crowds on their way to . . . somewhere! So we placed "dash" signs on the *front* of Elevated coaches—where a daily million riders must get a quick reminder.



This quick reminder diverted many dollars to "Riverview"



★

"The most advertising our Chicago appropriation will buy—from standpoints of both circulation and display," so stipulated Stephano Brothers when they introduced Marvel Cigarettes into the Chicago market. Our answer was a "Center Special," and the illustration shows how we met the needs of the advertiser.

An all-time high in attention value—in view from all parts of the coach!

Does your advertising demand distribution of recipes, folders, booklets, coupons? We have a method of placing your literature directly into the hands of *your prospects*—at the amazingly low cost of a poster or car-card campaign.

Would scores of window displays of your merchandise on Elevated platforms, with a million circulation *daily*, increase your sales? These displays in direct connection with an advertising campaign...and at the cost of the advertising only?

We like to solve specific advertising and *sales* problems—we would like to discuss yours.

Chicago Elevated Advertising Co.

509 S. FRANKLIN ST. • WEBSTER 7788 • CHICAGO

Car Cards and Posters Covering Metropolitan Chicago

CHICAGO RAPID TRANSIT LINES

SUBURBAN: CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN R. R. • CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R. R. • CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL & PACIFIC R. R. • ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. • NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES • CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R. R.

Half & Half Makes
ONE Swell Smoke!
HALF AND HALF
LUCKY STRIKE
GENUINE
ROLL CUT TOBACCO

No Bite!
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HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

A Land Beyond the River

Continued from pages 37-166-168-171-172-174

reap what you sow," said Mom, "I was twenty-eight when this happened on Big-Sandy. Hilton is twenty-eight." Mom fell to the floor screaming. She had her hand in the little stream of blood running from Hilton's heart. Lester Shy had gone. "He'll be brought to justice," said Pop, "Big-Sandy justice where each man is his own law. I'll bring him to justice. I still can shoot." "No you won't," said Mom, "we have just reaped what we sowed. I've thought this was coming all the time. I have expected it. You'll lay your gun down. You'll not shoot any more. Enough has been done already without any more killings and heart-aches in a world where you and I are growing old. We are growing out of the world. It is not leaving us. We are leaving it."

Hilda was down beside of Hilton. She was screaming: "I have caused it all. It has been my fault. Hilton has been away so much. God knows a man on the river is never with his wife. If I'd been on the boat with Hilton." And she would scream. And Mom took her by the shoulder and said: "Take it easier than that Hilda. No use to cry now. It is all over. I believe I understand."

I could smell the gunpowder. It smelled like it did that night on Big-Sandy—the night I was a lot younger than I am now. I remember the stream of blood that night and how Big Jim moved his leg up like a frog. I saw Brother Hilton do the same thing. I wonder why a man shot through the heart always does it. Grace and Clara just having one fit after another over the death of Hilton—they, too, heard his last breath go like a sizzle of wind and he fell limp. His whole huge body relaxed and would be relaxed forever—Hilton, so much like Pop—his big arms—his hairy chest—his hairy arms—his color of a clay-clod hair—his big body stretched on his own floor in death and the killer gone free to kill again.

The *Elizabeth Frazier* did not makes its regular trip on the river. It hauled the clay of its young Captain Hilton Frazier up the Ohio and through Gate City—Pop was piloting the boat. Pop can take a boat any place. A flag was floating at half-mast from the boat. We passed through Gate City and onto the waters of the Big-Sandy: "I used to know every snag in this river," said Pop, "but I guess it's changed as my hair has changed in the years I have been away. It seems like home to me—this little river where it takes more work to make money—more skill to pilot a boat." Mom never spoke. Her eyes were swollen. We stopped at the little house we left—the oak tree in the yard—where we had played—we anchored to one of the oak trees. We carried the casket up the steep bank to the house where the funeral would be preached that night. The old men that used to work for Pop—that used to river-rat with him would come back. They would be there. They would come from the mountains.

Mom walked into the house. She saw the old stains of blood upon the floor. Mom screamed and started to sink to the floor. Clara caught her.

That night, mountain men, huge men—tall and bony with steel bearded faces, filed up the path from the river. Women came with them—women lean and tall—dressed in long flowing loose dresses and with shawls around their shoulders—came up the bank with their men. I slipped into the room where Hilton was in his coffin. I had played on the river with Hilton—the river whose water washed him to cleanse him for burial—I had talked to him. I knew him as intimately as I know a stalk of corn in the garden. I went in the room while the crowd was gathering in to hear Brother Ike Strickland preach the funeral. I went up to where Brother Hilton was laying a-corpse. And I said: "Speak to me Brother Hilton. Speak to me about the river. Tell me about the Big-Sandy—did you know you was back at the old house on the Big-Sandy. Speak to me—oh, speak to me Brother Hilton—" The wind came through the window and moved his hair and ruffled the window curtain. "Uncle Jake lives here now. Do you know it—you remember him don't you Hilton." But not a sound came. I could see the moon and the white clouds in the sky. I could see the Big-Sandy up between the two mountains—a ribbon of silver fading away between two rows of willows—far up between the mountains.

I could hear them in the other room crying. I could hear them singing, *There's a land beyond the river, that they call the sweet Forever.*" The moon was high above the Big-Sandy and the wind was blowing through the window. Hilton lay there with his lips curved like Pop's—just like he wanted to say something. I could see the tombstones around the church where we used to go to Sunday school and church—the place where all of Pop's people are laid after they left the Big-Sandy. Tomorrow we'll take Hilton there. He'll be laid there among his kin that have followed the river—have been shot and shot others—those who have cut the timber from the mountain slopes and cleared the valley. That is where Hilton will sleep. The Big-Sandy will flow not far away—one can hear it murmuring from the church where Hilton sleeps for it is not a stone's throw away. It knows the dreams and holds the dreams of three generations of Fraziers now sleeping in this Big-Sandy earth. ⧺

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A FULL LINE OF TOILETRIES FROM BATH TO BOUDOIR

Next Time He Walks

Continued from page 39

Suddenly the Duke reappeared on the double quick, shouting:

"It's a boy—eight pound, three —mother and baby doing nicely!" In a jiffy he had shed his midwife's garb and reappeared in his duke's outfit.

Caldwell decided suddenly to play smart. He called the Duke to the car window and turning on his high-pressure sales personality said with a smile:

"Listen. There's five bucks in it if you give me back my clothes and gas and water my car in two minutes. You can do it, I know, if you really try."

The Duke's face flushed. His shoulders went back haughtily. He pressed a button on the bulletin board. Caldwell read:

"Tipping is Un-American
Tipping is a form of blackmail
Tipping is the lowest type of graft

Tipping is a throwback to the feudal system. Good Samaritan Gas pays its attendants a just, adequate annual living wage. Do not insult our help by attempting to tip them."

Then as if to vent his spleen the Duke reached in and slapped a steel and leather harness over Caldwell's head and chest. It held rigid his arms, neck and head. Then he forced a cotton wad between Caldwell's jaws and drawing down a dentist's drill from the top of a gas tank proceeded to go to work on an upper incisor.

"Lucky you smiled," said the Duke in true professional dentist style. "Just noticed a little speck here—Oh, pardon!"

He turned and pushed the sign button. The harness held Caldwell like a vise. He felt his mind going blank again. He rolled his eyes wildly. The sign flashed:

"To be happy one must be healthy. And health begins with the teeth. Each Good Samaritan Gas station attendant is a *bona fide* D. D. S. and as competent to service your teeth as he is your car. This service is free except in the case of fillings where a customer prefers gold to the standard porcelain furnished by us."

Caldwell's mind was reduced to a series of flashing pictures, mostly blank. He did faintly remember the Duke appearing with a huge bath towel over his arm, opening the car door and saying:

"Your bath is ready, Sir."

The tepid water must have saved his tottering reason for his next impression was clear and distinct. The Duke stuck his head in the bathroom door and said:

"Be back in five minutes, Sir. Cat up a tree on Locust Avenue. Must get it down. Part of Good Samaritan code to be prepared and available for all such neighborhood emergencies."

The door had scarcely closed behind him before Caldwell was out of the sunken marble bath and rushing, naked and dripping, through the station in search of his clothes. He found a door marked "Valet Room" and—curses—it was locked. Dashing into the front of the station he seized a jack and a tire iron, then battered and pried the door viciously, meeting with success in a few minutes. There, on a rack, hung his suit, freshly pressed, and below his shoes, neatly shined, and—break of breaks—a telephone booth.

He gave his office number as, singlehanded, he struggled, still dampish, into his trousers.

His secretary answered.

"Oh, Mr. Caldwell, I'm so glad you called! Oh, I'm nearly frantic! Mr. Bildieu just called and said he had been kidnapped. Yes, kidnapped! At Front and Birch Streets. Yes. And he asked me to call the G-Men and the police and the fire—"

"Who the hell would kidnap him?" Caldwell shouted.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure, Mr. Caldwell," his secretary was weeping now. "He said he was being held in a Good Samaritan Gas station at Front and Birch and—"

"Listen," Caldwell shouted. "Don't do a thing till you hear from me."

He dropped the phone and dashed to his car in his stocking feet. Working fast against the return of the Duke he seized the water hose and filled his radiator. Then he roared out into the street in high and stopped with a jerk in front of a lone curb pump two blocks away. A shabby individual rose reluctantly from a milk box beside the tank.

"Can't give yuh nothing but gas, brother," he said. "Water's shut off and air pump's busted."

Caldwell could have kissed him but instead flung a five spot at him and drove away with his tank at last full of *modus operandi.*

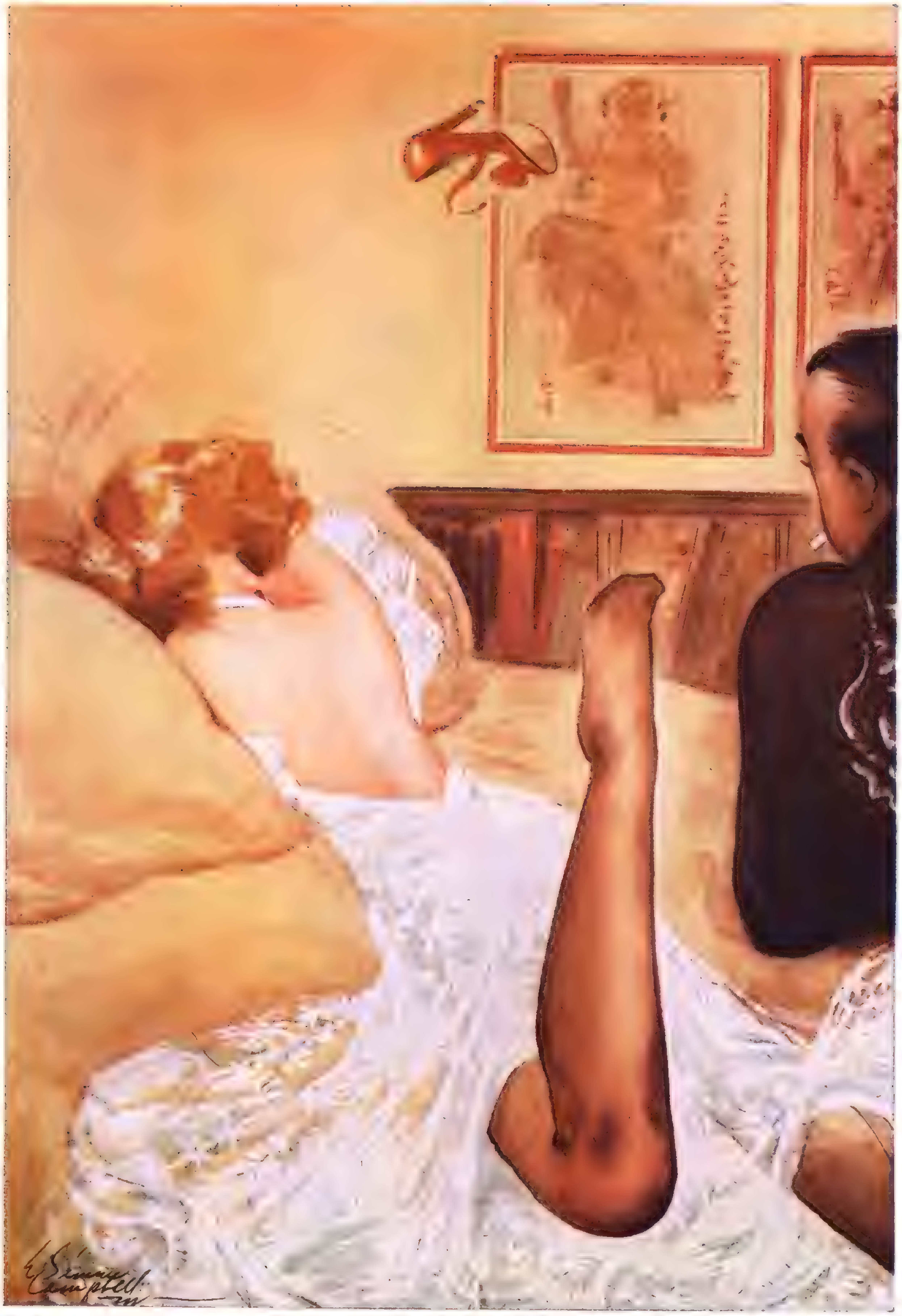
He sped to Front and Birch Streets. Wiser now, he did not go into the station's driveway but drove directly over shrubbery and lawn to the station door. Two disappointed pages with silver horns ran after him angrily.

Brushing them aside Caldwell dashed into the station to find Bildieu, stark naked, kicking with his bare foot like a maniac at the door marked "Valet Room." Caldwell seized the first piece of covering in sight, a long white midwifery uniform. He threw it on Bildieu, grasped his hand, rushed him into the car and raced away.

"Caldwell," said Bildieu with fervor, "you have saved my life. Get out your order book and get ready to take the biggest contract in your life."

But Caldwell at the moment was busy bringing the car to a stop. A long line of children was filing across the street into a school building on the other side.

And standing guard over them in the middle of the street, with white gloves on his hands and a traffic officer's hat on his head, but still in his morning tails, was a Good Samaritan Gas station attendant.



"But darling—Buckingham Palace isn't for sale"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

EVOLUTION OF AN EX-NEUTRAL

When I finished Mr. Poling's treatise on torture I realized, suddenly and with a good deal of consternation, that I had been left with the impression that Russians are the most brutal people on earth, and their government by far the cruelest. In spite of the wealth of such material to be found from Maine to Mogadore so many instances of Russian savagery had been given... and the figures on the Cheka's tortures and executions, almost two million in eight years, are appalling if true.

It is only natural that a casual reader may be left with a dim belief that if Russia and Communists and Communism are like that, the daily hue-and-cry to abrogate the Bill of Rights and declare open hunting season on all three may be justified. This belief is purely accidental, I am sure. Esquire doesn't purport to be a magazine with any other mission than that of giving half a buck's worth of pleasure for fifty cents. Attacks on systems and people aren't usually found in its lovely pages —flattery, huh kid?—they have no place there. Esquire is Esquire; the *Nation* and *New Republic* and *New Masses* are something else again.

The man previously neutral on the subject of Russia will probably be left with an active hostility after finishing Mr. Poling's article. The quotation from Lenin, divorced from context, sounds pretty damn bad. The story of the Cheka executioner who slew his thousands, yea, his eleven thousands, is ghastly, if true.

Liberal readers may fall into a pit by the way. If they know anything at all of Russia the chances are they know Essad-Bey. Essad-Bey is the guy that wrote the biography of Stalin that appeared in the Hearst papers, and he still knocks out an occasional article on the Murderous Muscovites for Mr. Hearst's vehicles of public information. Stalin may be World's Monster No. 1, but it is preposterous to go to a Hearst paper for a verdict on him. To get back to the point, because Essad-Bey is the source of these tales, the man who knows something of Essad-Bey's connections may dismiss not only these tales, but all others of the Cheka's horrors, as lies. That they all aren't; just as much cruelty and sadism cropped up in the Russian Revolution as is aroused by any social upheaval on large scale.

About Nilostonski and his *Blautrush des Bolschewismus* from which that precise figure of Cheka tortures and executions, 1,761,065, may have been taken. Who is Mr. Nilostonski? When did he write his book? And where was the book published? If Mr. Nilostonski turns out to be *persona grata* with Herr Goebbels, for instance, may we not be just a bit skeptical of all Mr. Nilostonski may say on Russia? A pal of Stalin writing on Nazi Germany, and a pal of Hitler popping off on Russia are both less reliable authorities than a reasonable man accepts. Mr. Nilostonski writes in German; maybe he is a German; maybe he is at present in Germany; may there not have been just a teenchy-weenchy bit of pressure on him not to enthuse over Russia and Bolshevism?

I think all reasonable men will agree that cruelty is a trait common to the human race, and that men overcome by fear or anger or passion of any sort will do things at which a hog would shudder. And as for the laurels for refinements in torture which the caption for Mr. Poling's article grants to American cops and the Russian Cheka, tut, tut; those wreaths belong indiscriminately to all the races of man. The Yaquis of Mexico are acknowledged artists in the field; how about Merrie Englande's disembowelments and hanging, drawing, and quartering. Or the Hebraic custom of stoning to death . . . simple, but satisfying.

Mr. Poling can't be expected to cover his subject in anything less than a few million words. It is just an unfortunate accident that a few hasty readers of his article will be left with an impression that Communism and cruelty are synonymous, and that a Jehad against Russia wouldn't be a bad idea.

"Hell, we had prosperity during the last war, didn't we? And fighting a nation as large and numerous as the Russians is bound to make us even more prosperous than did fighting a comparatively small gang like the Central Powers. And everybody hates them, and the Spanish people were happy and contented till some goddam Russians came along and started trouble. And remember that article in Esquire by a guy named Poling, Geez, they ought to be wiped off the earth."

Every American citizen who loves his life and his children and his country and his freedom owes to himself, at the very least, an *unprejudiced* ignorance of the European scene. We want peace. Ignorance can never help us keep out of war. And prejudiced ignorance—how easy it is to get all cooked up over what you don't know anything about.

Remember "brave little Belgium" and "making the world safe for Democracy." No more of that for Heaven's sake. If you want to know anything about Fascism or Nazism or Communism read Mussolini and Hitler and Lenin. If you don't want to know anything about any of these things or people, for God's sake remember you don't know a damn thing about them, and don't ever let yourself start getting steamed up about them.

Yours, truly,
Pittsburgh, Pa. Samuel Ginsburg

THEY'RE OFF

Just in case no one else in the Navy lets go a broadside at that East Coast Marine (the odds are 100,000 to 1), I will fire a few salvos myself. I have purchased every Esquire since the first issue, and always the plaintive cry of "Hows to borrow your Esquire?" has haunted me in all parts of the ship, but nowhere so loud and so long as in the Marine Compartment. I still maintain no Marine ever put out four bits for a magazine, this guy Cliff evidently having borrowed a copy from his girl friend's red-headed sailor husband. As for seducing willing females, the rep most Marines have among Navy women couldn't be printed here. If the glory-grabbing, medal-wearing, highly advertised Marines could ever afford to get married, the lowliest seaman second would consider it beneath him to seduce Mrs. Marine. But how could a Marine, 21 bucks and a horse blanket ever keep any wife warm? That trite but true statement known throughout the services aptly states the case—"The Army makes the men, the Navy makes the women, and the Marines stand by with the situation well in hand."

U.S.S.Texas R. W. Grefe

P.S.—I know you will print this letter, if you were dumb enough to print one from a Marine.

Something to Tell the Boys

Continued from page 41

then draining all the wine in one gulp, plinking the glass on the marble-topped table and tapping her fingers on her crossed thick knee.

When the night had finally come a cool wind arose and swung the lighted lanterns along the edge of the terrace. Patrons at other tables now and then glanced toward these two men who looked so much alike and the two girls, puffing in soft impatience on their cigarettes. All four of them felt very good. Elsa, who had said almost nothing all evening, only a stupid, animal unawareness on her face, abruptly turned to the son. She had a wheezing, steady voice, the lips parting in a polite but slow smile, the pendulous growth slowly dilating as she talked. "Your father," she said in German, "would like to go with me, but he doesn't know what to do about you."

Without hesitation the son rose to his feet. "This lady and I would like to go over to watch the *Schuhplatteln* for a while," he said to his father, putting his hand on Gertrud's arm.

He did not know whether there was surprise or not in his father's eyes when he glanced up, laughing amiably as he rose to his feet along with Gertrud and his son, and once, fleetly, with a hidden, amused grin, winking at the boy and making his whole body tighten. Lowering his eyes and quickly hunting for a cigarette in his coat pocket, the thin, tightly-packed *Blauen* they smoked in Germany, the son felt his cheeks burn again as they had when the girls first joined them. He kept his glance in the cup of his hand while he lighted his cigarette. "All set?" he said to Gertrud, not looking up.

"*Natürlich! G'n-Abend,*" Gertrud said to the father.

"I'll see you later, Dad," the son said, raising his hand in a fleet wave as they began moving away, he and Gertrud, with Gertrud's plump fingers resting on his arm, the fingers working as though in a kind of indifferent restlessness on his biceps. Once he glanced back, his eyes half shut with puzzlement at what was happening or not happening—and kept in his mind the picture of his father and Elsa still seated at the table, and Elsa, so still before, now leaning backward with a husky, slow and shattering laugh, and his father likewise laughing, lighting a cigarette as he had done, glancing up and seeing his son with Gertrud, waving, for a last moment, his taut brown hand, a quick, sheepish smile on his lips before he turned back to Elsa.

* * *

They watched the *Schuhplatteln* from a table set close to the platform, the American always receiving the swiftest and most cordial attention, the many eyes of the peasants, in bright red and green and black costumes, turned on him with friendly adoration. Across from him at the table, Gertrud smiled first at him and then at one of her friends when she recognized one, nodding, repeatedly lifting her wine glass, the little finger extended, its imbedded opal ring glowing with soft fire in the dim café's light. He felt the finger kept pointing at him. The dancers kept up their rhythmic patterns, the clack-clack of their wooden shoes and their bright shouts never ceasing.

He kept telling himself that this wasn't what he thought it was going to be, but did not let himself think further, keeping his eyes fixed on the thousand minute lights and colors reflected in his wine glass. He was quite white. He looked at his one hand resting on the wooden table, the fingers long and the flesh brown from the sun though not yet hardened and remembered his father's taut strong hand uplifted to wave at him. In the cool night-breeze the smoke of his cigarette went straight upward, swayed, toppled, then was sucked away in a gust of wind. He laughed, curtly, and was surprised to hear Gertrud laughing with him.

She sat with her legs crossed and leaned heavily backward in her chair, her body all luxury, from time to time casting him curious glances. Each time she took a cigarette from the table he was surprisingly quick with the match, holding it cupped in his lean hands away from the wind until she slowly bent forward, her dress falling loosely away from her throat, her eyes searching his with a direct, fawning smile. Her loose lips were upturned at the corners.

Yet he repeatedly jerked his glance away. He watched the dancers on the platform intently, with one hand quickly brushing back the hair that had a little drunkenly fallen over his forehead.

"Do you want to stay longer?" she asked at last, a kind of impatience came into her voice but still the expectant mirth like something painted on her broad face.

"Why, yes. Let's. This is good," he answered.

"We've been here a long time. Wouldn't you like to go some place else?"

He kept his gaze on the dancers, lowered to their ceaseless, wooden, noisy shoes. "Why, no. This is good—" and before she could ask anything further, his head had quickly jerked away and the nervous eyes, beginning to grow bloodshot but fiercely intense, sought out the waiter. He ordered another pitcher of wine, though that on the table between them was not quite empty. It was the same pinkish wine they had drunk at the first café.

He was suddenly aware that he was waiting, though he did not know for what. Gertrud drew

Continued on page 182

How to Pick a Winner

TO select *stars* for your tie rack, remember that Arrow, Shirt-maker-in-Chief to America, is now Style Authority No. 1 on *ties*, too!

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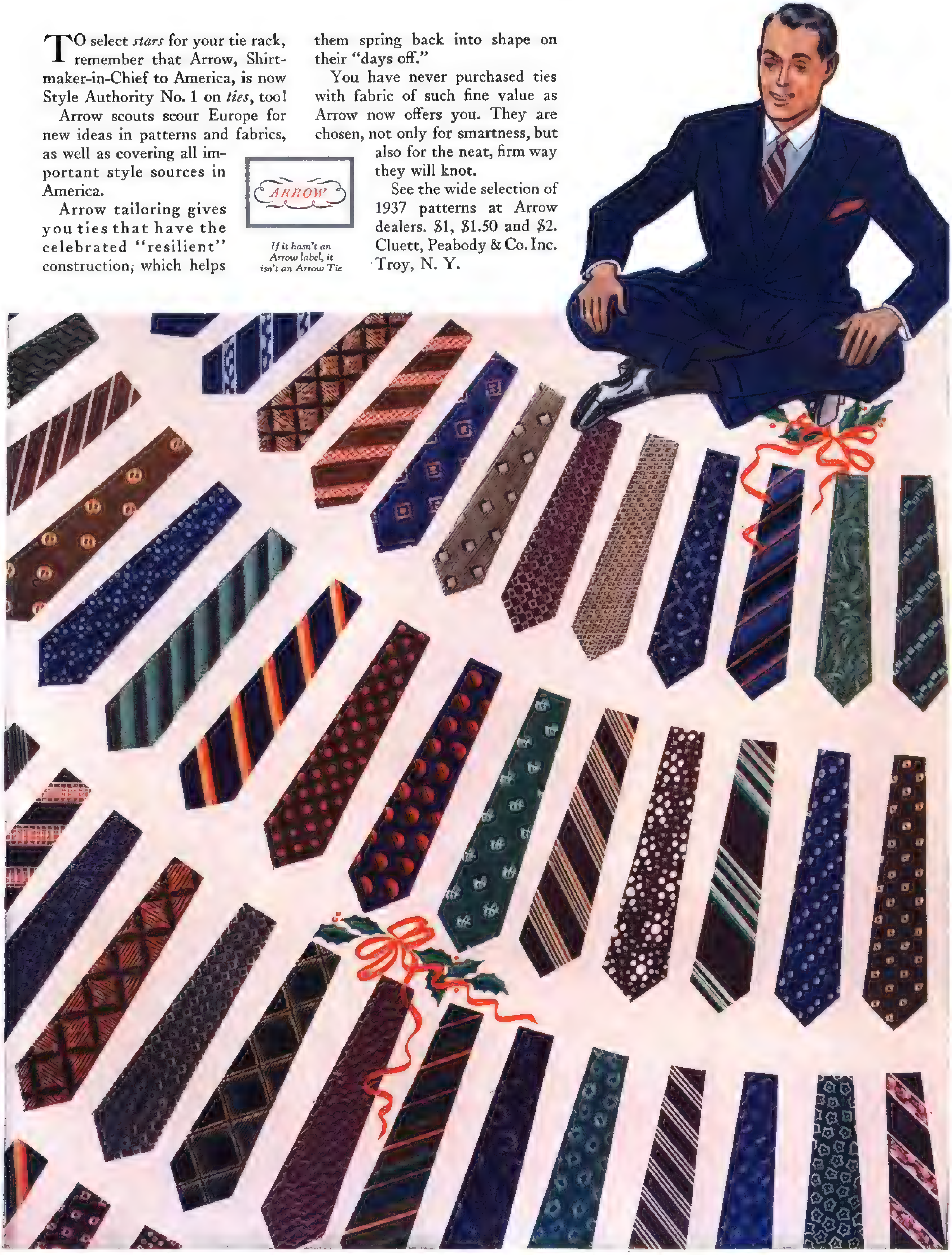

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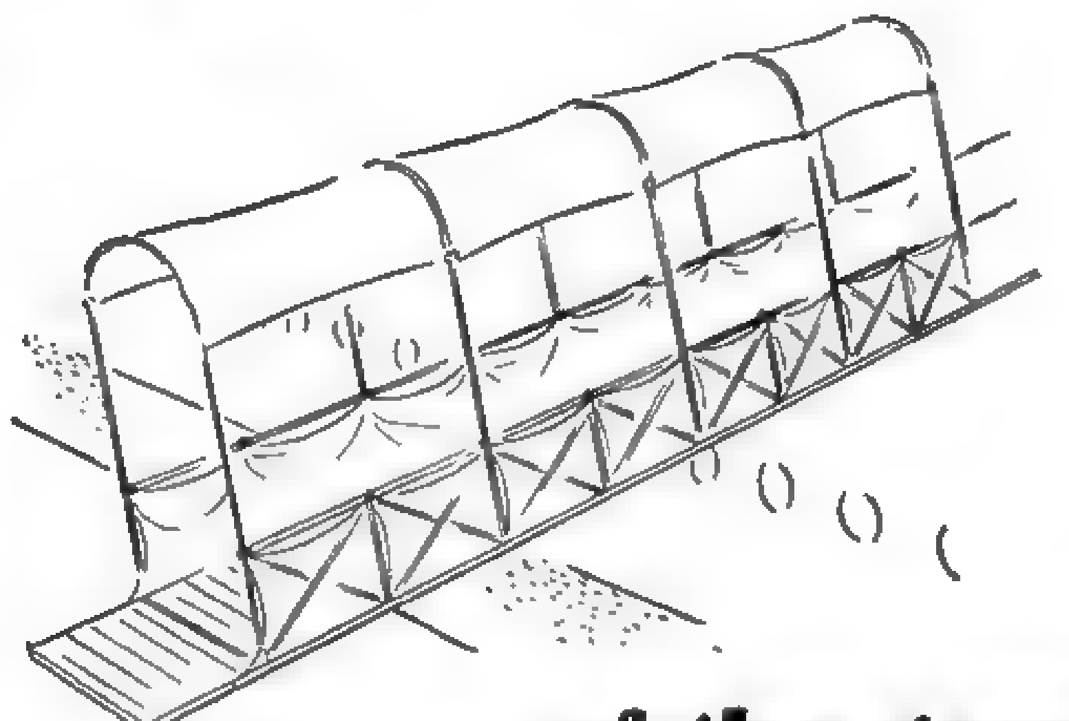

of the gang-plank

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Something to Tell the Boys

Continued from pages 41-180

back in her chair with a short sigh and listlessly amused herself with watching the dancers she had watched all her life. But he knew he did not want to go. He lit another cigarette though the one he held in his fingers was only half smoked and then as casually as he could ordered another pack of *Blauen* though three or four still remained in the thin packet. Glancing up, he again caught Gertrud's eye, but this time a patient, slightly weary smile hovering there. So he called the waiter again, and had a pitcher of wine sent out to the dancers and then nodded with a laugh of embarrassment as they called loudly to him, affectionately, all lifting their glasses to toast him.

"You are a quiet one," Gertrud said. She stifled a brief yawn. "Wouldn't you like to go some place else? Wouldn't you like to do something else?" she said again, the glassy, fixed, inviting smile returning. And she reached under the table with her foot and put it against his, her fingers sleekly running up and down the thin stem of the wine glass. "Would you like to go with me?" she said softly, tapping her toe against his. "I have a place."

The wind, growing still colder, was fresh on his burning face. "Why, perhaps later. Not now."

She tilted back her chair and shook her head, with mild affection and perplexity laughing her mirthful laughter, a glint of a gold tooth showing as she parted her lips. "You are a young one. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two," he said, adding three years to his age.

But with his flushed face and flicking eyes and his throat sickly white above his collar he seemed even younger than before. The dancers seemed indefatigable, constantly returning to the platform and waiting in line until the zither-players started the music, then beginning the whole series of dances over, but always growing livelier, their faces become drunkenly gayer and hotter, the eyes glistening, but always their feet in the heavy wooden shoes growing lighter, detached from their bodies. He thought they would never grow tired. Gratefully he kept his eyes on them and suddenly, he felt very drunk.

He squinted very slightly to watch them better, and once or twice his head nodded, so that he jerked it swiftly upward, a swift shock like something electric in all his body as he revived. When the dance ended, he applauded more loudly than before and saw every dancer's smile fall directly on him, as though it had all been his show. They shouted to him and unsteadily he waved back. He nodded, laughing suddenly, seeing everything blur before his eyes and then swim clear again, and sent out another pitcher of wine to them. A few times he found himself wondering about his father but at once made himself stop wondering about him. He shifted his eyes and looked stonily at Gertrud.

"Perhaps we had better go now," she said, looking at him sidewise, her free plump arm resting flat on the table, the impatience no longer concealed in her voice. "We can go back to the Café Grassl. I must meet my friend there."

Like an explosion he felt his whole drunken body quiver, his head pounding like the pistol shot that had bounded and re-echoed all through the mountains that afternoon, as he rose to his feet, thinking only one thing. He thought they might perhaps still find them there, at the Café Grassl, waiting at the table where they had left them. He was abruptly sure of it. Then he grew immensely sick with shame, even frenzy, thinking what if his father thought *he* had been the one—

At the Café Grassl only three or four patrons remained, sitting together and talking with stunningly clear but sleepy voices at a corner table. All the other tables were empty. They sat at a table though not at the one they had had earlier, and drunkenly, but again with a pitcher of the pinkish, now sickenly sweet *Praelaten* between them, he watched the sky clear itself, only a little night still remaining between the naked peaks of the mountains. He sat leaning with both elbows on the marble-topped table, his head drowsily cocked to one side, his hair rumpled, his eyes bloodshot with wanting sleep. He still waited, though at no time sure for what. He could find nothing more to say to Gertrud. His head even wobbled suddenly from wine and being tired. He glanced up at her. She was yawning, tilted back in her chair and the dawnlight falling whitely on her broad, coarse face, streaked now with lines. She held her plump fingers lightly to her lips and elegantly covered her yawn, turning to him, when she felt his eyes on her, with a smile of forbearance and polite condescension.

At a quarter to four, all the mountains grey with morning, strands of mist slowly rising, slowly sinking, moving liquidly over the hard rocks and gaunt fir trees, Elsa returned. The first flash of the hot red sun glimmered on the distant *Königssee.*

He was so drunk with wine and sleeplessness he only looked up at her. Gertrud greeted her with a peal of sharp, brittle laughter, so harsh in the fresh morning that even the few patrons left at the corner table glanced over their shoulders. He saw Elsa's answering smile, slow and animal, the protrusion on her upper lip dilating as her lips parted. Then she turned her smile from Gertrud to him, and put her hand on his wobbly head, the fingers slyly moving back and forth to rumple

Continued at top of page 184

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Somethings to Tell the Boys

Continued from pages 41-180-182

his dark hair. Again Gertrud yawned, her fingertips to her mouth but her eyes brighter and more alive. The whole terrace was fiercely white with morning. As he glanced up, the string of lanterns on the edge of the terrace flicked out.

"And how was the young one?" Elsa asked with her slow smile.

He rose unsteadily to his feet, jerking his head from under her caressing, sly fingers. He was hardly aware of what he did, feeling so sickeningly unsteady on his feet as he called to the waiter, paid the bill, tipping freely and even returning the waiter's unctious smile at the size of the tip. He handed a ten-mark note to each of the girls, even smiled blearily at them. "*G'n-Abend,*" he thickly said.

"*G'n-Abend!—Glückliche Reise!—Schlafe wohl—!*" they called together. Again he looked back and swayed a little, seeing them together at the table, each with a wine glass, still drinking the wine he had left, raising their glasses in a forbearing, maternal farewell. He staggered, and waved feebly to them before going on.

* * *

Late the next morning they ate breakfast without any laughter on the father's balcony, with a view of the mountains and the *Königssee* and spoke very little, until they both lighted cigarettes with their coffee and the father, softly, glanced out toward the lake and asked, "Well, what time did you get in last night?"

"About midnight," the son said.

Then the father looked at him swiftly and cocked his head, suddenly laughing again, shaking his head with the same amiable closeness he had avoided all morning; the questioning gone from his eyes. "About when I did," he said, his face once flushing darkly but then quickly returning to its natural taut brownness as he rose to go inside, beginning his packing.

The son hazarded the same kind of laughter. They looked even more alike than ever, even more of a same age—the father's face unchanged but the son's grown older. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 103

Leopold and Mr. Loeb. As a dramatist, further, it grieves me even more to intimate to him that he is somewhat less in the company of Sophocles and Shakespeare than in that of Max Maurey and his old school of Rue Chaptal horrorhacks. His idea of nervous dramatic shock, further still, it gripes my innards to have to confide to him, is that of a small boy rattling a spool against someone's window on Halloween. If you don't believe it, get a load of this:

Old Mrs. Bramson: Goodnight here, goodnight there; anyboy'd think it was the night before Judgment Day. What's the matter with . . . (*Seeing the room is empty*) Talking to myself. Wish people wouldn't walk out of rooms and leave me high and dry. Don't like it. (*She suddenly, terrifiedly stops as if she has heard something.*) What's that? . . . (*She listens again. A cry is heard far away.*) Oh, God . . . Danny! (*The cry is repeated.*) Danny!! (*The cry is heard a third time.*) It's only an owl. Oh, Lord! (*She falls back in relief.*)

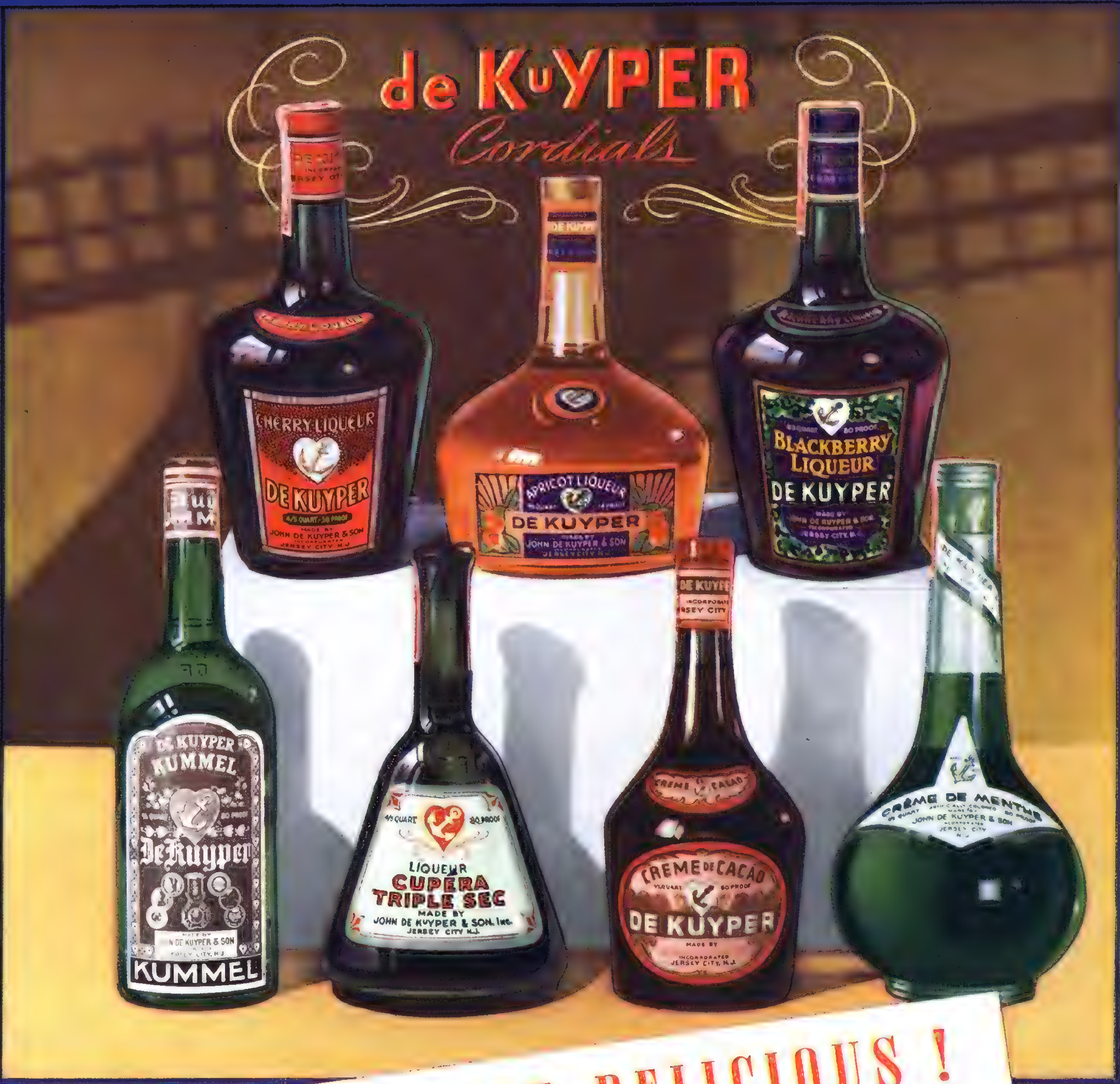
We had thought that that old owl hoke passed out with the shuddery midnight crash of china in the deserted house and the revelation that it was only the family cat.

Mr. Williams' masterpiece, in short, is just another juvenile hunk of the venerable Oh Lord, help me, help me! . . . Oh, oh! . . . That's all right; it's only Danny . . . Thank God! Ah, thank God! species of suspense flubdub; its humor is of the if-you're-so and-so-I'm-the-Prince-of-Wales species; and its stellar acting performance essays to project the suggestion of calculating neuroticism by a kind of delirium tremens now and again suddenly punctuated with a paralytic stroke. *Love From a Stranger* enjoys, as a play and performance, most of the faults of *Night Must Fall* and, in addition, discloses even poorer playwriting.

* * *

Robert Turney's *Daughters of Atreus* is the season's best American play in the storehouse. It was sent there by some of the worst casting, worst acting and worst direction that our theatre has witnessed since the old touring companies of Creston Clarke. Having shown excellent taste in accepting it for production, Mr. Delos Chappell showed the taste of a pre-Raphaelite oyster when it came to putting it on the stage. A finely conceived and beautifully executed paraphrase of the Agamemnon-Elektra legend, he hired as the mouthpieces of its clear poetic prose such a dialect troupe as would have done credit to a revival of Sam Bernard's *The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer* directed by Leo Bulgakov. For the rôle of Klytaimnestra he engaged the German actress, Eleanora Mendelssohn, a charming, experienced and talented player but one who, despite the relative solo competence of her performance, still has achieved so insufficient a mastery of English speech that her lingering Teutonic accent frequently made Klytaimnestra indistinguishable from Hitler's girl-friend, Leni Riefensthal. For his Polymnia, the old nurse, he hired the Russian Maria Ouspenskaya who converted Turney's lines into something that sounded like a cross between Balieff, the

Continued on page 186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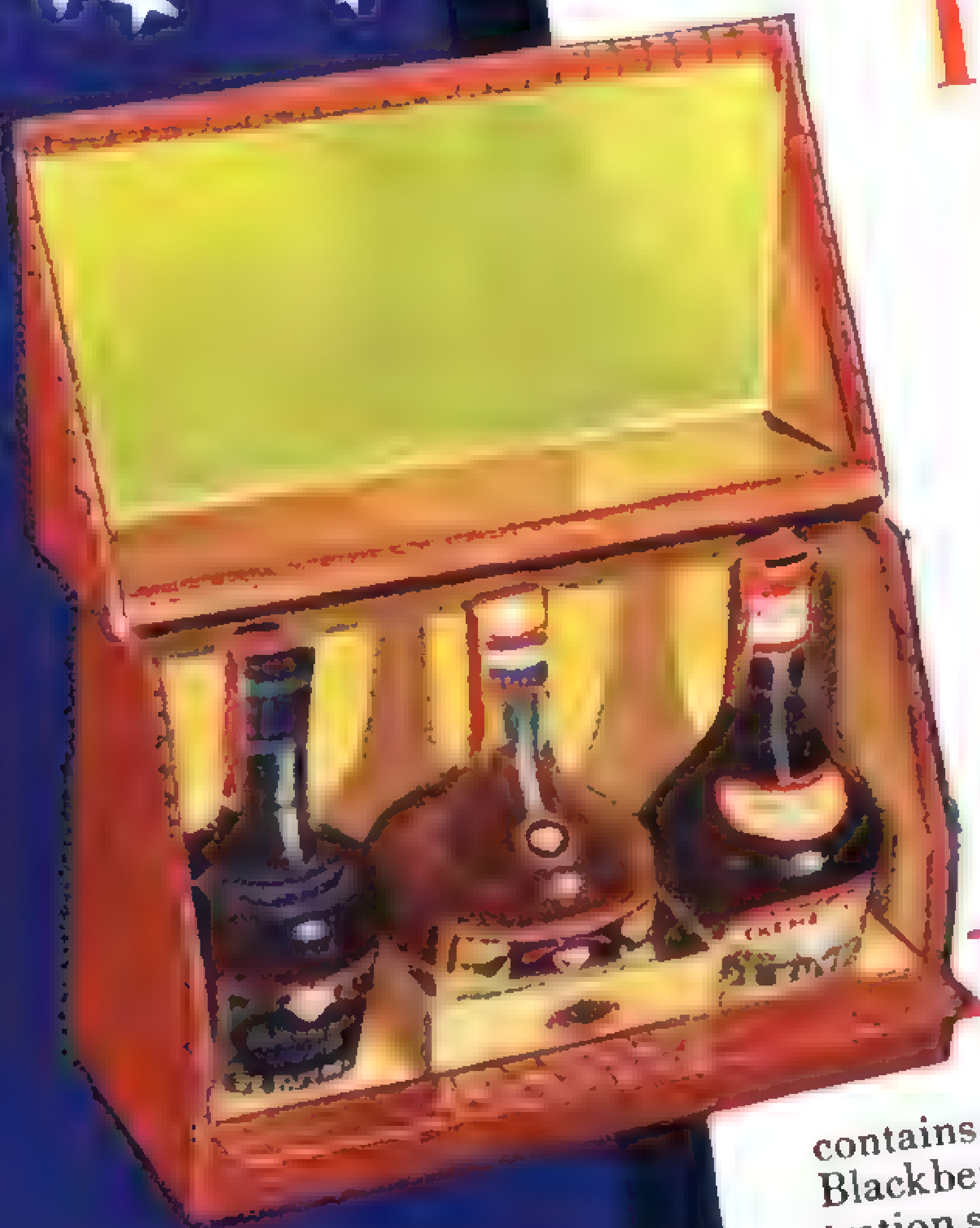

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 103-184

Chauve Souris compère, and the attendant in the men's lavatory at the Kretchma down in Fourteenth street—and who, accent or no accent, acted her rôle as confidentially as if the audience were sitting in her lap. But that wasn't the half, nay the quarter, of it. The speech of the actors Mr. Chappell went out and gathered in for many of the male rôles ranged from gangster barroom to Union College Shakespearean festival, from Mick to Moe, and from Bostonese to pure, unsullied Pike's Corners. The effect was of Berlitz come to Dunsinane. My reviewing colleagues, who discerned the high merit of the play through the thick fog, were to be forgiven for deferring a proper consideration of it until such a time as Mr. Chappell might see fit to offer it in an English translation.

The direction, by a Mr. Frederic McConnell, was of the kind generally associated with a little-theatre director who once made a trip to Germany. That is to say, it concerned itself chiefly with "plastic groupings," "fluid group movement" on flights of steps and other such imitative nonsense at the expense of direct, dynamic dramatic pace. The whole enterprise, in short, was a disgraceful and ignominious botch, and a play that might have added handsomely to the stature of the American stage was sacrificed to dilletantism and rank amateur stupidity.

It was this excellent play, incidentally, that the Theatre Guild abandoned in favor of such a herring as *And Stars Remain*, by the Hollywood scenario-writing team of Epsteins, with which it opened its season. Except for a few funny cracks, the Epstein brothers' exhibit was trashy Brooklyn Behrman and quite in keeping with what are apparently the present standards of an organization that once represented something reputable in our theatre. Falling back on the senescent tale of the fiery young radical who courts the lady of high social station and brings her to a pity and sympathy for the plight of the common man, the Gebrüder Epstein (who proudly displayed themselves in the aisles on the opening night in the latest Hollywood modes in tails, white waistcoats and boutonnières) embroidered it with even more senescent dialogue, here and there modernized with tony allusions to Noel Coward, *soigné* deprecations of New Yorkers who live on the west side of Fifth Avenue, and other such personal proofs of their fashionable eminence and high-toned sophistication. The loudest and most pleased laughs of the evening were those of Paddy Cain, the storehouse man, when he gave ear to such rococo passages as a society matron's admiration of the young radical's vitality and her world-weary observation on what a relief it was "to our set, for whom it is always Florida in the winters, Southampton in the summers, and Hot Springs in the fall." Clifton Webb was the only person in the cast whose performance had the faintest degree of comedy style, the rest conducting themselves, doubtless largely due to Philip Moeller's direction, as if the whole thing were an Actors' Equity meeting called to pass a resolution on the death of a not particularly beloved member.

Another dramatic dishful out of the old oaken bucket was Samson Raphaelson's *White Man*, the venerable stuff about the paleface with the dash of Negro blood in his veins who passes himself off for white, who takes unto his bosom a Nordic, who quivers in fearful anticipation when his wife tells him she is going to have a baby, and who eventually wanders out into the world an outcast from both the black and white races. The hero's mad and unquenchable desire to be considered a member of the white race was under present circumstances and conditions not so easy for the audience to understand, considering the fact that if he got his wish he would be free to associate merely as an equal with such exemplars as Hitler, Goebbels, Avery Brundage, Oswald Mosely and dramatic critics. Mr. Raphaelson occasionally writes such slices of good, fluent and natural dialogue that it is a pity he invariably throws them away on what is otherwise wholly mildewed and tedious theatre. The best performance was that of Louise Campbell as the creamy wife. Sam Byrd, the star of the exhibit, walked the leading rôle as if it were a dog. And Sylvia Field wore a blue and red dress which of course got her good acting notices from all the critical boys, now including me.

Tovarich, by Robert Sherwood out of Jacques Deval, is quite as ancient in basic materials as *White Man*—it deals with the old business of persons of rank who are forced by circumstances into menial jobs—but the mustiness of the substructure has been so artfully and humorously concealed in the treatment that there emerges a comedy with a superficial and very persuasive air of gay novelty. Marta Abba and John Halliday are exceptionally tasty in the central rôles and Gilbert Miller's general casting, direction and staging should make Mr. Chappell, Mr. Moeller and a lot of other such gents in this neighborhood go into a corner and hang their heads. ⧺

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 109

a fairly wide acceptance of the idea that the motion picture is a necessity, rather than a luxury to the population. It is no longer a shock when a relief client confesses that a quarter out of the minimum-standard-food-budget allowance for the week is devoted to the purchase of movie tickets.

We are all familiar with the escape-mechanism theory as an explanation for this strange need. Perhaps it is the complete, and the proper explanation. An escape once a week into the other-world of the films, and the heart is able to go on. I think there is something more involved than simple escape; I think the need for congregation is there, the need to feel one's self in a room with other folks, sharing a common experience; and also a kind of religious experience in confronting the unnatural together with other folks. Something primitive, like what makes a bunch of savages gather together and watch a witch doctor.

Too, there is the factor which those who have recently looked at Veblen will call conspicuous consumption. The need to show one's self spending money for something that is not as obviously necessary as food. This is a secondary factor, for it cannot be operative in the screening room, to which we are admitted free; so below this spending factor must be some really elemental, sensory effect of the moving picture.

Maybe it is simple hypnotism. The hypnotist holds an object before the eye—some shining object, that flickers, reflecting light. The willing subject keeps his eye fixed in this single focus. And the hypnotist drones out something simple, something familiar. There is no element of surprise. The subject knows exactly what is coming next. The hypnotist is going to repeat the same phrase, over and over—go to sleep, sleep, sleep—or he is going to repeat it in established, progressive variation, as in counting. He is not going to skip any numbers.

And presently the subject is in a trance state, freed of responsibility, freed of himself, happily guided by an outside force. He is often disappointed when the spell is broken.

Maybe that is why people want to sit in the theatre and see two pictures instead of one. Periodically, this craze for dual programs returns to plague the theatre exhibitors. And as the dual-craze progresses, more and more pictures are made in the secondary category, fill-time pictures which exemplify the trance factor most perfectly. Pictures like *The Luckiest Girl in the World*, or *Adventure in Manhattan*, or *Without Orders*, or the *Isle of Fury*, or what's that little picture I saw yesterday. They roll along, and you would be really shocked if they should roll out of the routine. It would be like a pulp story turning Faulkner.

Sometimes this trance-factor is distilled with super-perfection, and the result is a picture that isn't really a dualler, but a super-special. It has stars, and mob scenes, and is promoted big, and it is *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Here, a confusion is likely to ensue. The confusion is in the group of movie-goers who correspond to the group of people who read the slick magazines. Now, it is well known that presidents and geniuses read pulp fiction for relaxation; but this same type of critical mind will most likely skip the slick fiction field, and go to the literary magazines for edification. Thus, there are people who are choosey about their movies; they can stand punk movies, Westerns, and they can get a sort of critical enjoyment from the higher type of movie, from *Dodsworth*, or *Fury*, or *Romeo and Juliet.* But they don't know how to take the slick movie. Maybe the way to take it is to see it in a second-run theatre, where the expectant mood raised by the advance promotion is no longer in effect.

For instance, in what is perhaps the most highly intellectualized precinct in New York, Greenwich Village, there is a neighborhood movie called the Sheridan Square. On almost any evening, you can run into some of the nation's highest thinkers, standing in line at the box office, to get their weekly, or bi-weekly dosage. I know some writers who, when they are in the heat of creation, go almost daily.

That's the proper atmosphere for a picture like *The Charge of the Light Brigade.* The hypnotic effect is perfect. You find yourself saying each character's speeches just before he opens his mouth. "We must tell him," the girl will say, when she falls in love with the hero's brother. The next shot will be a close-up of the brother's woodenly agonized face saying, "I can't tell him." The next shot will be of this brother trying to tell the hero that he has stolen his girl away, while the hero doesn't give him a chance to finish his speech, because he's impatient to go to his girl. And later, when the messenger creeps out of the besieged guard-house, sneaking over the walls, to get aid, you know that the next shot will show him killed, and you know that the following shot will show the people in the guard-house, hopeful of relief, unaware of their messenger's death. It all follows and leads as beautifully, as comforting, as secure as logic, as certain as, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. It is as satisfying as *Bengal Lancers*, as faithful as *Under Two Flags.* You are willingly hypnotized, and each time the trance is deeper, because you have comfortably given up suspicion, you know the litany, you know the ritual will never be betrayed. That's the movie in its most essential form; it's just a punk picture and I like it. ⧺

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You've Had a Few If—

Continued from page 54

two dozen over the past ten or fifteen years which you would be hard put to choose between.

You are at the bar with various friends, and are joined by a fellow who consistently snubbed you in college. You talk for a while, and it occurs to you that you have been all wrong in thinking him a snob. It was probably, you decide, just that he was shy.

You reflect that it's a good thing that tomorrow is Sunday.

Although it is below freezing, you are sure it won't hurt you to go down to the corner for more fizz water without putting on a coat and hat.

You tell yourself that anyway you've at least got to admit that she has a good figure, haven't you?

The Williams kid, who usually makes a hell of a pest of himself whenever you go over there, strikes you as a pretty smart youngster, and you engage in a lengthy conversation with him, even to the extent of inquiring what he learned in school today.

You anxiously watch your wife's actions, and hope she's feeling pretty good too.

You are a senior in college with an important final exam due tomorrow. You find yourself reflecting that many old grads have told you that out in the business world a diploma doesn't mean a thing. It's the associations you've made in college that count.

You have five minutes to make your train. You're sure you'll make it. ⵌ

Ireland Bowls the Byroads

Continued from page 47

men. They come jammed in pork-packers' lorries chartered for the day, on bicycles and on foot, for bowling in the Irish manner is not a sport that appeals to the respectability. Shouts of defiance echo across the lush green fields causing grazing horses to throw up their heels and go away from there in good Grand National form.

"Up Skibbereen!"

"Up Ballyvourney!"

There are awesome threats of violence, menacing motions and much waving of currency, all part of the preliminaries without which a score of bowls would be a dull affair unworthy of the sporting Gael.

By two o'clock the crossroads at Cloghroe are milling with men extolling the strength and skill of their favorite and backing up their contentions with hard Irish pounds.

One man is appointed by each side to hold the bets and with him it is possible to deposit anything from a thrupenny bit to a sheaf of five pound notes. At starting time the two holders compare purses. If one side has placed a hundred pounds and the other ninety it is a point of honor for the latter to dig down and produce the extra ten thereby balancing the bet.

The money being down, belligerence ceases while the two sides troop together into Cloghroe Chapel to pray. As soon as the two contestants arrive they also hurry to the church surrounded by their friends and advisers. Religion is judiciously mixed with sport in Ireland, especially when the stakes are high, and for a few minutes there is quiet at the crossroads.

Then they come storming out accompanied by a priest who will follow the match in case of undue disorder or, God between us and all harm, of serious injury. The law is *persona non grata* at sporting events in Ireland and especially at bowling matches. This mutual antipathy dates back to the days when the sport was under ban and the police, under orders to seize all accoutrements, often found, rolling obligingly down hill to their feet, bowls, which had been recently heated to a temperature just short of redness at a roadside forge above. A policeman clutching such a bowl to his bosom in pursuit of duty could be counted a violent opponent of bowling and bowl-players for the rest of his life.

The gallery distributes itself along the road in tense anticipation. Shawn Lynch removes his coat and deposits it on Corny Murphy's arm, this being the only amenity of which the game is guilty. He rubs the iron pellet in the dirt, wiping his hands on the seat of his Sunday trousers. He poises himself. His partisans commend him to certain saints who for some reason might have an interest in the course of an iron ball along a byroad in the County Cork. He rushes at the tape and hurls the heavy projectile with all his strength at the friend who is showing him the road. That gentleman sidesteps just in time to save his life. The bowl careens along and the gallery, a thousand strong, falls in behind it, giving tongue like a pack of beagles. It keeps to the road and, taking a slight bend like a thing alive, comes to rest another hundred yards along to roars of delight from the citizens of Ballyvourney.

Corny Murphy grips his bowl while the gallery rearranges itself. He lunges forward and all but duplicates Shawn Lynch's shot. The match settles down to a grim battle of the giants. Let those who doubt the prowess of the Irish strong boys try sometime to hurl a twenty-eight ounce lump of iron a distance of two hundred and fifty yards! Neck and neck they negotiate the first mile where, at a sharp turn, Corny Murphy being hind bowl it is his turn to play. Here it is possible to cut the corner by playing over the farmhouse of one Mr. Hooley, thereby saving distance and, the Lord willing, one shot. Corny Murphy elects to take the chance. Mr. Hooley's premises are promptly invaded and the advisers decide that a shot a yard to the left of the chimney will bring about the desired result. This involves considerable risk to the chimney but Mr. Hooley's fervent cursing is completely ignored. The bowl is played. As true as a bullet it skims the ridgepole, misses the chimney, lands in the road and bounds along another fifty yards to the wild joy of the men from Skibbereen.

Shawn Lynch is left with no choice. He must play over the house or, as the jargon has it, fall behind by "one bowl of odds." He tries. There is a crash and a clatter as the bowl strikes the chimney. Dislodged bricks fall to the roof. The bowl drops with a murderous thud among Mr. Hooley's chickens, losing Shawn Lynch his one bowl of odds and Mr. Hooley a promising pullet. The uproar is terrific but the Hooleys are outnumbered. They are pledged compensation in the dim bye-and-bye and left to bemoan the destruction. The score of bowls goes on.

At the half-way mark stands Pat Lucey's comfortable pub and there is a welcome interval of fifteen minutes. The competitors are pushed inside accompanied by as many of the spectators as can fight their way in. Paddy Flaherty's excellent whisky is the half-time drink for "sure it doesn't log a man at-all!" The fifteen minutes drag on to a half hour. Those who have temporarily slaked their thirst play pitch and toss with coins outside. The competitors, full of new fire and dash, confer with their advisers. Finally the last glass is drained and, taking leave of Pat Lucey, who for obvious reasons is an ardent advocate of bowling as a health-giving exercise, the crowd adjourns to the road.

The excitement becomes intense as Corny Murphy lofts a bowl which strikes the ditch and stops dead, robbing him of his advantage. Some feminine bicyclists inadvertently ride along the road and proceedings are halted while they pass amid stony silence and much muttered cursing of those who refuse to realize that woman's place is in the home.

Corny Murphy regains his bowl of odds when Shawn Lynch's shot strikes the limb of a tree but loses it again when his own, with a peculiar hop, clears the half-door of a roadside cottage and disappears inside. There is a crash of broken china and some shrill screaming. The bowl is recovered with difficulty from the mistress of the house who threatens with some persistence to throw it down the well.

The three miles are almost covered and Dinny Bat's pub is in sight across the hills. A nearly spent bowl from the hand of Shawn Lynch strikes one of Corny Murphy's supporters in the ankle which costs it a few yards of distance. This awkward fellow is the immediate recipient of a right-handed punch to the nose from one of Mr. Lynch's backers. He retires to the ditch nursing both injuries and a brisk party fight is soon in progress. Order is restored by the priest and the game goes on.

Once bad feeling has broken out, however, there is sporadic fighting on many fronts. A crisis is narrowly averted when a shot from Corny Murphy's hand strikes a bicycle, demolishing the wheel and stopping dead. The two players are now on even terms within one bowl of the finish. A tape is stretched across the road from the door of the pub. Both men are capable of passing it and the one who goes the furthest beyond will be declared the winner.

The gallery is too engrossed to fight now and grievances are put aside for future reference. Shawn Lynch is hind bowl. He plays with a mighty grunt. The bowl sails true, bounces unevenly, strikes a wall and, with the mob applying vigorous body-English to keep it in the road, comes to a stop a yard beyond the tape.

There is a hush as Corny Murphy prepares to play. He rushes forward swinging his arm. The bowl strikes the middle of the road, narrowly misses the adviser's head on the first bounce and runs straight along the middle to pass the tape and the other bowl by several yards.

Then there is pandemonium and a wild rush for the door of the pub. Shouting, laughing, cursing Irishmen crowd inside and the leading Skibbereen citizen takes a position behind the bar to pay off. Supporters of Corny Murphy hold him shoulder-high while they collect their winnings. Shawn Lynch and the Ballyvourney men wander about outside in warlike mood, only a few of them having had the foresight to tuck away a bob or two for such an emergency.

The heavy black Guinness foams over the bar. There are snatches of song and wild acclaim of Corny Murphy, the good, the brave, the strong, by the proud and thirsty men of Skibbereen.

Night is falling and little Cloghroe Chapel is three miles away. Slowly and somewhat unsteadily the crowd wanders back through the gathering dusk toward the waiting lorries.

"Corny Murphy is the man, byes!"

"Up, Corny!"

"Up, Skibbereen!"

Take your polished alleys and your velvety lawns. Your Irishman needs room. Sure there's no place at-all like the open road for bowling!

A church bell tolls from the village of Blarney and night descends with healing coolness upon the battle ground, the scarred and battered byroads of the turbulent County of Cork. #

For the Holidays

APRY

"The Soul of the Apricot"

and other

MARIE BRIZARD

Liqueurs

"Apry"—the soul of the apricot instilled in Grande Champagne Cognac—and other Marie Brizard Liqueurs bring the final touch of perfection to your holiday dinner-parties. As gifts, they have the *cachet* of French smartness.

APRY (APRICOT) (80 PROOF) • ANISETTE (50 PROOF)
CRÈME DE MENTHE (60 PROOF) • CURAÇAO (78 PROOF)
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Merry Xmas

GOSH, I CAN'T SEEM TO GET A DECENT SHAVE. MY FACE ALWAYS HAS THAT 'SHADOWY' LOOK NO MATTER HOW CLOSE I TRY TO SHAVE
WHY AREN'T YOU USING GILLETTE BLADES? AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHAT CAME WITH THE SET WHEN I BOUGHT IT FOR YOU..
MY WIFE WAS RIGHT! I DID NEED A GILLETTE BLADE IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR TO KEEP MY FACE CLEAN AND SMOOTH
SMART GIRL, HIS WIFE. SHE KNEW YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE RAZOR
GILLETTE BLADE

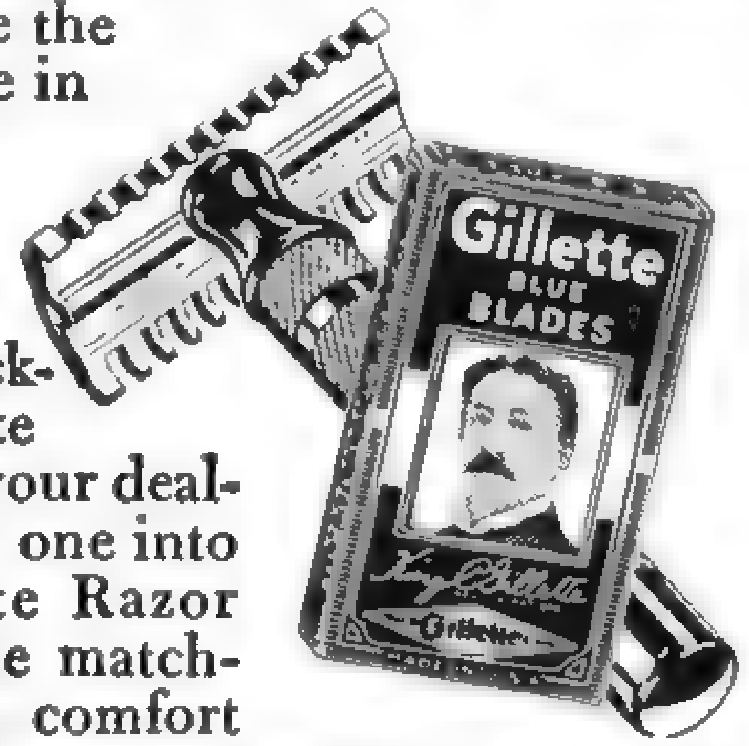
Who Else Wants Smoother Shaves?

—Use the blade that was made for your razor

MEN, remember this: Real shaving comfort depends upon the perfect teamwork of your blade and razor. If you are not getting the clean, comfortable shaves you are entitled to, just try using the blade that was especially designed for your razor.

The Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor *are made for each other.* The same engineers who drew up the specifications for the razor also designed the blade. Both are produced in the same great Gillette factory where equipment costing millions of dollars assures flawless coordination of blade and razor.

No wonder millions of men everywhere agree that shaves are cleaner, smoother when you use the Gillette Blade in the Gillette Razor. Prove this to your own satisfaction. Buy a package of Gillette Blades from your dealer today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor and enjoy the matchless shaving comfort of the world's most scientifically matched shaving combination.



Reputable dealers never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

America's Montmartre

Continued from page 53

West 52d Street houses more nite clubs, cafés, *bistros* and restaurants than are to be found on the entire hill in Paris. The *rue de Clichy, Boulevard de Clichy, rue Pigalle* and adjacent sectors on the *rondpoint* in Paris' Montmartre haven't any more niteries combined than are to be found in this one block.

Which is a lot of nite life. One can get lost for days in any of the spots, as has been known, and not be discovered until perhaps somebody opened a door by mistake. For that matter, some of these joints have been opened by mistake and closed by the creditors several times. It reminds of Georgie Jessel's story about his uncle who lost a nephew and couldn't find him for three weeks until one day somebody opened the bathroom door by mistake to get some coal stored in the tub and there was little Throckmorton.

West 52d Street, as a cross-section of America, is typically American in keynote, is French in cuisine and thirsty in general.

Launched on Volsteadian bathtub vintages, the street has learned to appreciate its *véritables années* d'Rheims and Cognac; its saner appreciation of proper gastronomics; its more exacting demands in service and entertainment.

As a concentrated area, West 52d Street is a phenomenon of America in what post-repeal sanity has brought about along the lines of nocturnal divertissement, be it edible, potable or makable. Life, laughter and the pursuit of youthful yens background the whyfor and wherefore of West 52d Street.

The south side of the block is more ribald, swingo, hotcha and forthright in its hi-de-ho. The capital of the "cats," who are the disciples of Farley and Riley (*Music Goes 'Round and Around,* remember?), Stuff Smith and Jonah Jones (*I'se A-Muggin'*), the blue-note worshippers of Red McKenzie, Art Tatum, the 6 Spirits of Rhythm and Wingy Mannone hold forth at the Onyx Club. All but Mannone have played here. The latter put the Famous Door, across the street at No. 35, on the map for a few heated months, but somehow it was not to be and the Door, with its multi-signatured Hancocks of the greats and near-greats of Tin Pan Alley, now swings over the Café Maria, with its $1 table d'hôtes and 45c come-on luncheons.

As the other extreme, across the street, Jack & Charlie at No. 21 have a much more costly and choicer gastronomic equation as the whyfor of their vogue. It's principally an exhibitionistic and "we belong" premise, because the average New Yorker, if he's not the Big City rube—of which, surprisingly, there are many—will tell you that he resents the rap of a dinner at Jack & Charlie's. He resents having a bread and butter charge of $2 slapped on for a party of four; he resents the maneuvers of the staff to shunt 'em upstairs, even though the downstairs (near-the-bar) room is well nigh empty; and, of course, the fancy tariffs *in toto* are O. K. only for (1) the visiting firemen from Hollywood who have no valuation of money in the first place; (2) the near-celebs around town, and (3) a certain exhibitionistic socialite group which is likewise insouciant about the bankroll.

The international array of West 52d Street is telegraphed by the geographical survey of the various spots. Reading from left to right on the south side:

No. 6, La Petite Suisse, 50c-$1 table d'hôte.

No. 8, The Gangplank, 45c table d'hôte luncheon; nitery with dansapation from 7 p. m. on.

No. 18, the 18 Club, Jack White and his madcap funsters.

No. 20, Billy Reed's Club Rhumba, in process of building at this writing.

No. 38, Yacht Club, Frances (Za Zu Zass) Faye, and variety show.

No. 40, Covent Garden (sole English influence).

No. 40-42, Rey et Pierre, French table d'hôte.

No. 44, Maison Jacques. ("In Paris, it's Prunier's on the *rue Duphot,* at sea it's the *Ile de France,* and in New York it's Maison Jacques," is the slogan.) This and Rey & Pierre are highly competitive, and the McCoy Gallic waiters ballyhoo, on a moderated version, the puller-in method to passers-by who can't make up their minds. Both have sidewalk cafés during the warmer months. The open-front on more than a half-dozen, of the 24 on West 52d, further accentuates that Café de la Paix atmosphere in New York from spring until past Labor Day when the potted plants and the open-faced landscaping come out.

No. 54, Du Pierrot, another sidewalk café, French table d'hôte, which, for the winter, goes swingo with Red McKenzie's jammists.

No. 58, Reilly's Tavern—a good, old-fashioned saloon.

No. 60, Mammy's Chicken Koop.

No. 62, Clover Club, Jackson, Irving & Reeve, headed by Eddie Jackson, of (Lou) Clayton, Jackson and Durante (Jimmy, the schnozzle), plus a couple of constantly shifting hotcha acts. *Née* Bonita's, until this trio shifted over from the Yacht Club.

No. 64, Lou Richman's (Harry's brother) Dizzy Club; nothing like the Volsteadian madhouse adjacent to the old Club Richman on West 56th St., but a hotcha nitery.

No. 66, the Caliente, and like the name, *très chaud.*

No. 70, Chez Lina.

No. 72, Onyx Club.

On the north side, starting at: No. 1, Ella Barbour's prissy

GANTNER WIKIES

Shown below and on the opposite page, WIKIES are sold by the leading stores throughout America!

Ready for the Cruise Season

Baltimore	F. C. Fossett & Son
Beaumont (Tex.)	White House Dry Goods Co.
Boston	Jordan Marsh Men's Store
	R. H. White Company
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	Maurice L. Rothschild
	A. G. Spalding & Bros.
	Capper & Capper
	A. Starr Best, Inc.
	The Hub (Henry C. Lytton Co.)
Cincinnati	Bolles-Brendamour Company
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	Wallach's, Inc.
	John Wanamaker
	Browning King Co.
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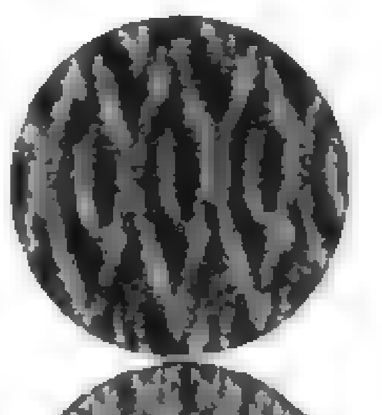
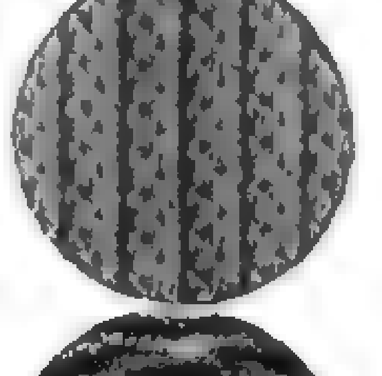
Oklahoma City	Rothschild's B. & M.
Philadelphia	John Wanamaker Man's Store
	Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne Company
Plainfield (N.J.)	Tepper Bros.
Providence	The Shepard Company
Richmond (Va.)	Meyer Greentree
Rochester (N.Y.)	McFarlin Clothing Co.
St. Louis	Greenfield's, Inc.
	Boyd-Richardson Co.
	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co.
	Famous-Barr Co.
	Stix, Baer & Fuller
	Leacock's Sporting Goods Co., Inc.
St. Petersburg (Fla.)	Rutland's Clothing Co.
San Antonio	Fomby Clothing Company
	Magee's Smart Clothes, Inc.
San Francisco	Roos Bros. (of California)
Tampa	Wolf Brothers
Toledo	The B. R. Baker Company
Washington	Julius Garfinckel
	Grosner of 1325 F Street
West Palm Beach	Goldsmith Bros.
Wilkes Barre	The Hub
Wilmington	John W. Toadvine, Inc.



RAISED Stitch . . a smart new fabric used in 1937 WIKIES at $3.95



NOVELTY Rib . . unusually handsome in all colors $3.95

RIPPLESTRIPE, two-tone; also, two-tone distinctive rib . . ultra-smart in de luxe WIKIES, $5.00

restaurant for luncheon and dinner; very conservative.

No. 9, Town Casino, which still retains as its interior decore a Hollywood version of a swank nitery; but the indirected lighting and the gingerbread background last set off Mamie Smith, the Beale Street Boys and allied Harlemites, until again forced to take the veil, by lack of public demand.

No. 21, the Iron Door, yclept Jack & Charlie's. Now also includes its next-door No. 19, as a recent addition to the restaurant, not counting No. 17, still another brownstone building which houses "21 Brands, Inc.," liquor merchants—Ballantine 10 and 20-year-old Scotch; Hine *fine*, *et al.*

No. 33, Leon & Eddie's.

No. 35, Café Maria, née the Famous Door, now a pop priced table d'hôte.

No. 41, Packard's, ditto.

No. 45, Chalet Suisse.

No. 57, Tony's with its face lifted, while next-door No. 59 still shows its pre-repeal pushbutton to hark back to the good old days. An avenue in the back leads from the new Tony's into the old kitchen where the literati bunch was wont to watch its vittles being brewed.

Thus, the geography of West 52d Street runs the gamut of swank and smut; high-hat and hotcha; class and cooch; string and swing; Bisquit and bootleg, in direct ratio to the personal bankroll and yen.

In the joints—in the argot, every spot is a joint, and nobody gets sore—the "talent" is equally pliable. In the main, it's double-entendre in its lyrics, or frankly bawdy in its words and actions. The legmania is of the heated Harlem style, *forte* on the trucking, when it's not of frank Minsky caliber, with its bumps and strips.

Songs are in the modern idiom of what is broadly labeled sophistication. What Dwight Fiske more literately retails at $1,500 a week to the snooty Savoy-Plaza Hotel customers is dispensed in less fancy wordage by the femme singles and male combos, whose professional careers are predicated solely on the ingenuity of their lyricists. Eddie Davis alone pays serious attention to lyrics and delivery in this school of West 52d Street divertissement.

That's the nocturnal phase. The daytime aspect of West 52d Street is soberer. There are 45c and 60c luncheons to attract the business men; Leon & Eddie's $1 club luncheon as a bargain come-on for the gals, so that they'll bring back their papas at night. The "21" alone is consistent in its tariffs at all hours. #

The Oldest Profession, Inc.

Continued from page 48

overlook a wit so quick that it made a lightning flash seem sluggish. No conscience, perhaps . . . but an abundance of It.

But there was none of this about Jimmy Frederico. He was a short, pudgy, fat-bellied man. He had prognathous jaws that jutted out above his paunch, a venomous maw and a glowering streak of black brow that thickened into a solid mass across the bridge of a bulbous nose. Nevertheless, Cokey Flo fell hard for Jimmy Frederico and that's how she came to get mixed up with Charlie Luciano and his gang.

For Jimmy Frederico was a yes-man for Little Davie Betillo, whom Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey one day was to defame in a courtroom as "the most dangerous man in New York." Davie stood only as high as your collar button and had the outward aspects of a nice boy. The truth is that he was a tough hombre. Out in Chicago, he and Charlie Luciano were wont to do the bidding of Al Capone. Which shows you what kind of a crowd Cokey Flo had gotten into.

Charlie Lucky—so called because he had crawled home under his own power after being tossed in the roadway on a gangdom ride—had been spewed up by the streets of the Lower East Side. They pitched him into the reformatory at eighteen for selling narcotic drugs. Next time they caught him at it, he turned yellow and stool pigeoned. And thereafter, he left the rough work to others.

Like Cokey Flo, Charlie Luciano believed the big dough lay in hiring other hands to do the chores. He became a boss racketeer instead of just a rank and file racketeer. He ran dice houses and if it happened the cubes contained other ingredients than ivory, his patrons knew better than to act squeamish. If, at the tracks, he engaged in conversation with a jockey, there were those who were wise enough to know how to place their bets. Luciano, who always played both ends and the middle, took to engineering robberies so that he might serve as the fence. He took over the dope business of New York lock, stock and barrel and organized several important industrial rackets that thrived on the contributions made grumblingly, but with alacrity, by business men.

Expanding into the most luscious field of them all, Luciano went thoroughly into the policy racket. But one Dutch Schultz already had achieved distinction in this enterprise and was no whit interested in Luciano's demands that he get out. Dutch Schultz was making eyes at a lady across the table in a Newark gin mill one night when his terrestrial career was terminated with a generous spray of bullets. The police still profess to find a direct connection between Luciano's quest of a monopoly in the policy racket and the sudden demise of Schultz.

With the elimination of Dutch Schultz and the enlargement of his own criminal operations, Luciano attained the status of Public Enemy No. 1 in New York, con-

Continued on page 192

GANTNER WIKIES

spin a sea-going

yarn

Remie Lohse

GANTNER YARN

TWO strands! Finer, more flexible, and twisted for uniform strength! No weak link! Used in WIKIES!

ORDINARY YARN

Used in most swim trunks! Clumsy, harsh, single-ply yarn . . like a chain, no stronger than its "weakest link"!

SNAP-ON Shirt, plain and fancy stitch, white and colors to match WIKIES. All wool! - - - - - - $2.00

FLOATING BRA suits, with famous pat'd semi-detached uplift! Illustrated above . . . "Uncut velvet" herringbone, $6.95.

(Style folder upon request).

BECAUSE of this superior yarn, Gantner WIKIES fit better . . . wear longer . . . feel more luxurious . . . hold their well-groomed, smartly tailored look!

WIKIES yarns cost *us* 22% more than ordinary yarn, yet WIKIES cost *you* the same, thanks to the acceptance of the American public!

Exclusive Wikies Features:

Patented, snug waist! Self-adjusting Supporter for comfort-fit and trim, smooth front! Free-breathing Lastex belt! Quicker-drying wool!

WIKIES . . smart raised stitch or novelty rib (see opp. page); also, pencil welt and military type - - - - $3.95

De Luxe WIKIES . . two-toned ripple stripe, also distinctive novelty duotone rib - - - - - - - - - - - - - $5.00

Boys' WIKIES, plain or fancy - $2.95

(Garments Pat., Trade Marks Reg.)

GANTNER

SWIMSUITS & WIKIES – FAVORITE OF WATER LOVERS

See Facing Page for Stores Featuring 1937 Gantner WIKIES for Cruise or Resort wear! Or if your dealer hasn't them, write, giving waist measure, weight, style, choice of colors.

GANTNER & MATTERN CO.
S.F. - Chicago - 1410 Bdwy., N.Y.
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

The Oldest Profession, Inc.

Continued from pages 48-191

temporaneously with Cokey Flo's recognition as Madame No. 1.

His business interests had become so numerous and intensive, that Luciano foresaw the necessity of organizing along corporate lines. As a beginning, he appointed Betillo his chief of staff and Tommy Pennochio, a sullen hombre with a violent record, as his "treasurer."

It came to the attention of these henchmen that the vice racket had been overlooked as a possible ramification of organized industry. Their views were confirmed by Jimmy Frederico, who had been trying to crash into the Luciano gang and whose observations of Cokey Flo's prosperity induced him to believe a fine business opportunity was being ignored. So it was put up to Luciano.

At this time, in 1933, the prostitution racket was run by a small group—Spike Green, Cockeyed Louis Weiner, Nick Montana, Danny Brooks, Pete Harris and Dave Marcus. These were known as bookers, or agents, who had their respective stables of prostitutes and strings of houses into which they scheduled the girls from week to week. They received a commission of ten per cent of each girl's half of earnings, the other half going to the madame. These bookers operated independently, with no thought of combining.

Charlie Lucky corrected that situation. Cokey Flo, Jenny the Factory, Sadie the Chink, Redheaded Mary, Hungarian Nell, Nigger Ruth, Silver-tongued Elsie and Stone-faced Peggy were running prosperous houses and it seemed to Luciano that they surely must need "protection."

Word issued to the bookers that Charlie Lucky wanted a moment with them. And a moment was just about all he gave them when they foregathered in a dark room at the rear of a questionable Mulberry Street restaurant.

"You guys are through," he decreed. "I'm turning your business over to Little Davie here."

Can you imagine a pair of thugs striding into your store and bellowing, "You're through! I'm turning your business over to my friend here!"

No, of course you can't imagine it, because you don't mix up with guys like that. But these bookers could imagine it, because they did mix up with guys like that. Indeed, they themselves were guys like that.

But there was nothing the bookers could do about it. They could not write a letter to the Better Business Bureau. Nor could they whimper to the police. And if they squawked to Luciano, he had a way of revising their protests.

Little Davie laid down the law. If the bookers wished to remain in business, they'd have to lay so so much on the line, or go on salary at $50 a week. Cockeyed Louis Weiner wouldn't put up with it—but he did, because one night he was smacked down and next day he said he'd be a good boy and play ball. Nick Montana raised a howl. But they gave him a clip on the jaw that made him yell uncle. Pete Harris put on an act and they made a sieve of his automobile with their guns, pasted him in the face and told him to scram out of town. When he hit New York again, he came around to Little Davie, hat in hand, and said he had been only fooling and couldn't Little Davie take a joke.

It was so easy that Charlie Lucky began to wonder how long has this been going on. In two years he had 200 houses, 2,000 girls and a gross annual take of $12,000,000. His gang induced him to lay out a plan along syndicate lines, with prospective branches in Chicago and elsewhere on a chain-store system.

Getting inmates was a cinch. Prostitutes were a drug on the market. One day the law was to charge the gang with compulsory prostitution. But that was merely legal nomenclature. There was no such thing as compulsory prostitution. Every one of the ladies whose carmine lips and diaphanous gowns wrought wealth for Charlie Lucky's coffers was in business by her own desire. The madames, above all, insisted on women with experience. They would have no dragging in of innocent girls from the highways and the byways of the country towns. If the inmate were a willing and experienced hand, there was no danger of hell being raised back home. And there was that much less to explain to her about the *modus operandi* of the profession.

Even in prostitution, then, the field is hard to crash unless you can provide a certificate of experience. That is a bit hard on the amateur aspiring to remunerative opportunities, but in this day of highly organized industry and sharp competition, what can one expect?

Of course, a girl might remain on the streets and retain all her earnings. But the rain is wet on the head and the puddles of the gutter are damp on the soles of the feet. The sidewalks of Broadway are colder in winter than the steam-heated bedroom of a syndicate house. The girl on the street courted the good will of the booker and placed her name on his waiting list.

When she graduated from the saloon to the salon, from the gutter to the parlor, she had to begin divvying up. She lived in a small hotel, ostensibly a business woman. Which, in a way, she was. At one or two or three o'clock in the afternoon she proceeded to the address the booker had telephoned her on Saturday night for her operations in the week beginning the following Monday. She put in ten to fourteen hours working for Cokey Flo or Hungarian Nell or Jenny the Factory, then returned

★ ★ ★
OTARD COGNAC
the only Cognac
bottled at the
Chateau de Cognac

Ode to Otard
by Ogden nash

O IS FOR OTTO

Everybody laughed at Otto,
Always absolutely blotto.
Buying nameless drinks in haste,
He gulped them down to kill the taste.
He thus missed half the fun in life,
And what is more, annoyed his wife.
"I do not love you when you're blotto,"
Said his wife. "Try Otard, Otto."
Otto did, and thanks to her,
He's now a temperate connoisseur.

Unique distinction for a great Brandy!

Of all the fine brandies from the Cognac region, *only* OTARD is bottled at the historic Chateau de Cognac.

OTARD ★ ★ ★ COGNAC
delicious with soda or straight.
It costs no more!

84 PROOF

A Schenley Import from France

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The Best Stores in your city Feature
Hurlingham
WOVEN FOULARDS

GENUINE
Hurlingham
WOVEN FOULARDS

An entirely new effect in neckwear. Authentic foulard patterns *woven* into, instead of printed on, rich silks. Hand tailored to make giftworthy ties for Christmas!

Hurlingham Woven Foulard Ties are $1.50
(Look for the label). If you fail to find
them, write for name of shop nearest you.

BACHRACH COMPANY • 105 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

to her own hotel and her downy couch.

The girl's earnings depended on her following, the location of the house and the price exacted from the customer. This started at a basic figure, but was sufficiently elastic, upward, to accord with the patron's state of inebriety and the degree of his eagerness.

It was nothing uncommon for a girl to "earn" as much as $300 in a week in a $3 house. The madame, who was the recipient of all funds, kept one-half, or $150, for herself—and her pimp. Of the remainder, 10 per cent, or $15 went to the booker for services rendered. Out of the balance, the inmate paid out $10 to the combination's fund for the raising of bail and counsel in court. This left $125, from which the madame pried $25 for board and $5 for the doctor. The latter was a gyp item, for of more than eighty prostitutes eventually rounded up in a raid on the ring, more than sixty per cent were diseased. In any event, the girl had a net of $95 out of a gross of $300.

Offhand, that may seem a nice enough income for a bum. But bear in mind that she had to accommodate 100 customers, so that her profits really came to only 95 cents each. There was a hotel bill to pay and a boy friend to feed and clothe and provide with cheating money. And, because a prostitute may have a soul of iron but a body of clay, time was taken out for rest and repairs, many of the girls averaging only half the year in work. Thus, the lucrative end of prostitution was with the madames and the Luciano leaders. The girl got only a few dollars out of it.

The mechanics of the industry were directed by Luciano from a suite in a famous hotel in which he had installed himself as Charlie Ross and from which he was tossed out when the hotel got wise to him.

It was a hard and fast principle with Luciano, so that none one day might testify to having observed him giving orders, that he must never meet up with a madame or prostitute. He did make one bad mistake, however. That was in submitting to the wiles of Nancy Presser, a $3 girl working in his houses. It was a grevious departure from his rigorous policy for several reasons.

For one thing, Nancy Presser had syphilis and that's no kind of a dame for any man to play around with and Charlie Luciano should have known better. Too, Nancy Presser was an opium smoker and nobody can trust a dope. Third, she was having to do with Ralph Liguori on the side. Ralph was one of Charlie's most trusted lieutenants and shouldn't have double-crossed the boss. But, as Little Davie once yelled at a meeting with bookers whom he had discovered to be holding out, "Everybody in the gang is cheating on somebody else!" Nancy Presser did plenty to Charlie Lucky the day she took the stand. But if Charlie Lucky squirmed at her testimony, he had a chance to grin, too, when Nancy turned her guns on his double-crossing friend, Ralph.

Lucky was the boss, the czar. Betillo was his chief of staff, the man who transmitted the orders by word of mouth. Pennochio, as treasurer, put up the cash for bail when there was a raid. Frederico was general manager in charge of bookers, collectors and madames. If anybody needed a slap in the face, Frederico took care of that, too.

Being aware by long training that the suasive powers of the tongue are less impressive and less enduring than the suasive powers of the fist, Luciano provided in his organization for such defections as occasionally must reveal themselves in any vast business engaging thousands of hired hands. All employers will appreciate that he was exercising no more than must be regarded as his right, with a huge income to protect, when he undertook to discipline those wage earners who manifested an unholy disrespect for the policies of the establishment.

Thus, if a madame refused to continue assessing her girls $10 a week each for the bonding fund, there was a special department, presided over by Liguori, to see about that. Ralph had been a butcher boy and was not one to faint at the sight of blood. When corrective measures were required, Ralph and his staff dropped in on the madame, saved her the need of going to the dentist to have her teeth extracted, lifted out the money she had hidden in the sugar bowl and spanked the furniture into toothpicks.

Sometimes, a booker strayed from the rules of the game and operated a house or two of his own on the sly. Abie Wahrman was the looker-afterer in this department. Abie was a small guy with effeminate hands. But a small guy with effeminate hands becomes a tough guy with strong hands when he holds a .45 calibre gun.

The industry had other necessary divisions. As in all business enterprises, the need sometimes arose for fresh capital. If a madame wanted a loan to finance new furniture or if a prostitute had a telegram from home saying that little Betsy was laid up with the measles, Benny Spiller was the Shylock.

Quite important was the legal department. It had several units. One of them, in a midtown hotel, was manned by Bingo. It was Bingo's job to sit at a telephone and await a flash from a madame that there had been a raid. Then Bingo would call up Jimmy Frederico, the general manager, and say, "There'll be two packages delivered in a little while to Tenth Street." That meant that two girls had been arrested and were on the way to the Woman's Court on West Tenth Street.

Jimmy telephoned Tommy Pennochio, who hurried over to court with half the cash for bail. The other half, which never went back

Continued on page 194

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The Oldest Profession, Inc.

Continued from pages 48-191-193

to her, was put up by the madame, a penalty for carelessness. Across the street from the court were the headquarters of Abe Karp, Meyer Berkman and Jesse Jacobs. The posting of bond in court was done by Berkman and Jacobs. It was Karp's function to provide an alibi for the girl. Karp, as a disbarred lawyer who had been exposed in the Seabury vice investigation, knew how to go about it. He devised the story to be told to the magistrate. The actual counsel in court was another gentleman of the law against whom, presently, disbarment proceedings were to be instituted by the special prosecutor.

If the case became too tough, the girl was advised by Karp to "take it on the lam." To become a "lamster" or bail jumper, did not mean hopping a train out of town. All it meant was that the girl moved on to another disorderly house. Of the 175 prostitutes and madames arrested in houses operated by the ring, half a dozen "took it on the lam." Another few drew suspended sentences. All the others went scot free. Not one failed to beat the rap. The combination promised protection and the combination delivered the goods.

Luciano was a stickler for business ethics. Thus, bookers must not steal houses or girls from one another. If one booker ran short of girls and could not supply the demand, his colleagues, if they could, must co-operate and help him out in the emergency. Above all, it was a mortal offense for a booker to hold out on the boss.

There was such a tendency at one time, but only for a little while. For Little Davie flocked them together in Karp's office and spoke to them in these dulcet phrases:

"Listen, you lousy skunks! Some of you are holding out. Next time it happens there'll be a $200 fine. And it won't be in money. You, Pete Harris, you yellow dog, I'll punch a hunk off your goddam nose! You, Jack Eller, I'll lop a piece out of your fat belly! Now, get the hell out of here, you rats!"

In all the forensics of debating history there never was a passage so persuasive, however skilled the tongue of the orator, as the untutored but unequivocal language with which Little Davie conveyed to the bookers that they had taken the futile side of the argument.

You see, if you're a business man, you can't have the people who work for you dipping into the till. You can't let them put into their pockets what they're paid to put into the cash register. It may clink melodiously in their pockets, but it rings up more musically on your own cash register.

Nor, if you're going to make the ledger happy reading at the end of the fiscal year, can you permit your heart to be clogged up with asinine chivalry. A madame may be a woman to you and to me. But to the vice gang she's just another bum. Maybe, at that, you and I are wrong and the vice gang is right.

Still, you couldn't blame the madames for getting panicky when Luciano became avaricious and at one of his weekly conferences announced, "Everybody's going on straight salary, even the madames. We're going to have the whole city working for us. We'll raise the two-buck houses to four dollars and put up the price all around."

They never did get around to putting the new scale of prices and remuneration into operation. But the very prospect of it moved one madame to rebel. She initiated her revolt by refusing to continue to take bond money from the girls. So Lucky said, "Give her the works." A few days later, he asked Tommy Pennochio, "Did you straighten her out?" And Tommy reported, "Yes, she's in the hospital." But it took several weeks of doctoring before she really was straightened out.

So that was the way of it.

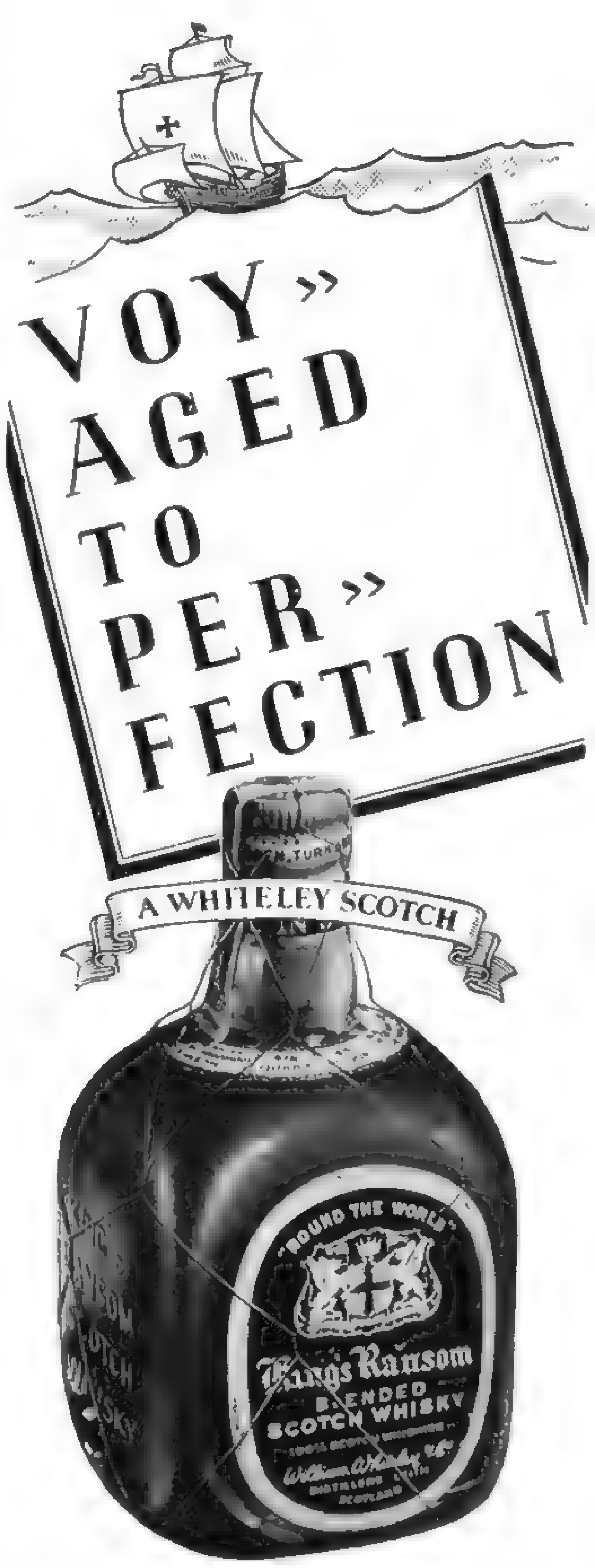
Yes, that was the way of it before it got too raw.

Now, New York can take a lot on the chin. But there came a time when its chin was so blistered that Governor Herbert H. Lehman got mad about it. He told off Supreme Court Justice Philip J. McCook to convene a special grand jury and an extraordinary term of court. Thomas E. Dewey, who a few years before, at the age of thirty-one, had been United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, was sworn in as Special Prosecutor. And, on July 29, 1935, there began the passage-at-arms between organized vice and organized society.

Not that there was any quarrel with prostitution as such. You can't make an angel out of Cokey Flo by telling her that she's a naughty, naughty damsel and will have to go to Bedford Reformatory if she doesn't let the boys alone. Nor can you preach the immorality out of Thelma Jordan. Or punish prudence into Betty Winters. But that wasn't what the law went after. The law went after the organization of vice into an industry.

And to achieve its purpose, the law had to take Cokey Flo and Nancy Presser and Betty Winters and Thelma Jordan and Helen Kelly and some eighty others into custody for four months as material witnesses and then place them on the stand to trace, from prostitute to madame to collector to State's evidence booker, the chain of circumstances that tracked Luciano into his lair and revealed the whole sorry mess.

Now, that's a tough job. Because nobody believes a prostitute even under oath. You'd be too wroth yourself to believe her if you were a juror and discovered that she operated in the very



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apartment building in which you and your children had a home. And how in the world would you bring yourself to place credence in a prostitute who admitted that she was a dope fiend, that she had been a "lamster," that she had served time, that she had taken in 100 men a week even when she was diseased, and that she was testifying against the gang now because she had been cooped up in jail for four months and wanted to talk herself out of custody?

You can't believe a woman like that. But, if you were on the jury, you did believe her. Because there was something in each girl's story that dovetailed into the testimony of every other girl and because Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris and Shirley Mason and all the other phony women with phony names and drugs in their blood and disease in their bodies spoke with a certain earnestness that made it a toss-up whether you'd believe them or not. Perhaps the determining factor was that Charlie Lucky was a rat, anyway; that Jimmy Frederico was a dope-peddling punk; that Little Davie glared at the witnesses; that Tommy Pennochio had a prison record; that Ralph Liguori put eyeglasses on in the courtroom for the first time in his life so that witnesses might not identify him; that Benny Spiller was a Shylock and nobody loves a Shylock; that Jack Eller was a flat slob who had given up a real estate renting agency to get mixed up in a racket with the gang to whom he had leased apartments.

Anyway, it'll be three decades hence—minus time off for good behavior—when the warden at Dannemora hands Charlie Lucky a small sum of money, a railroad ticket and a prison-made suit of clothes. Right now, Betillo, Pennochio and Frederico are trying to visualize the world as it will look a quarter of a century in the future. And six others of the combination are pacing prison cells humming, *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.* Three more are to be sentenced when they have finished telling Mr. Dewey about other rackets.

The eighty and more women have gone their sordid ways. Those who were diseased were treated while in custody and put in condition for a return to their profession or for work in other fields. Some of them said they'd go back to their home towns in the sticks. All of them promised to stop being naughty girls. A fortnight after they were turned loose, two of them were arrested as prostitutes. You see, on their release, almost all of them were met outside by young men who had been awaiting them on the curb. These young men, let us guess, were their pimps.

If Cokey Flo wants to open up a house again, that's her business. Indeed, even now, she may be looking for three more saps like those chumps in Chicago. Or for a very nice married man like that chap in Duluth.

But this was merely a piece about how Cokey Flo came to be a naughty girl and how Charlie Luciano used Cokey Flo and her kind in a corporate business enterprise. ⫲

Three Skeleton Key

Continued from page 51

light extinguished, we returned to the gallery with our glasses and inspected her.

The three of us focused our glasses on her poop, saw standing out sharply, black letters on the white background of a life-ring, the stenciled name:

"*Cornelius-de-Witt, Rotterdam.*"

We had read her lines correctly, she was Dutch. Just then the wind rose and the *Cornelius de Witt* changed course, leaned to port and headed straight for us once more. But this time she was so close that we knew she would not turn in time.

"Thunder!" cried Le Gleo, his Breton soul aching at seeing a fine ship doomed to smash upon a reef, "she's going to pile up! She's gone!"

I shook my head:

"Yes, and a shame to see that beautiful ship wreck herself. And we're helpless."

There was nothing we could do but watch. A ship sailing with all sail spread, creaming the sea with her forefoot as she runs before the wind, is one of the most beautiful sights in the world—but this time I could feel the tears stinging in my eyes as I saw this fine ship headed for her doom.

All this time our glasses were riveted on her and we suddenly cried out together:

"The rats!"

Now we knew why this ship, in perfect condition, was sailing without her crew aboard. They had been driven out by the rats. Not those poor specimens of rats you see ashore, barely reaching the length of one foot from their trembling noses to the tip of their skinny tails, wretched creatures that dodge and hide at the mere sound of a footfall.

No, these were ships' rats, huge, wise creatures, born on the sea, sailing all over the world on ships, transferring to other, larger ships as they multiply. There is as much difference between the rats of the land and these maritime rats as between a fishing smack and an armored cruiser.

The rats of the sea are fierce, bold animals. Large, strong and intelligent, clannish and seawise, able to put the best of mariners to shame with their knowledge of the sea, their uncanny ability to foretell the weather.

And they are brave, these rats, and vengeful. If you so much as harm one, his sharp cry will bring hordes of his fellows to swarm over you, tear you and not cease until your flesh has been stripped from the bones.

The ones on this ship, the rats

Continued on page 196

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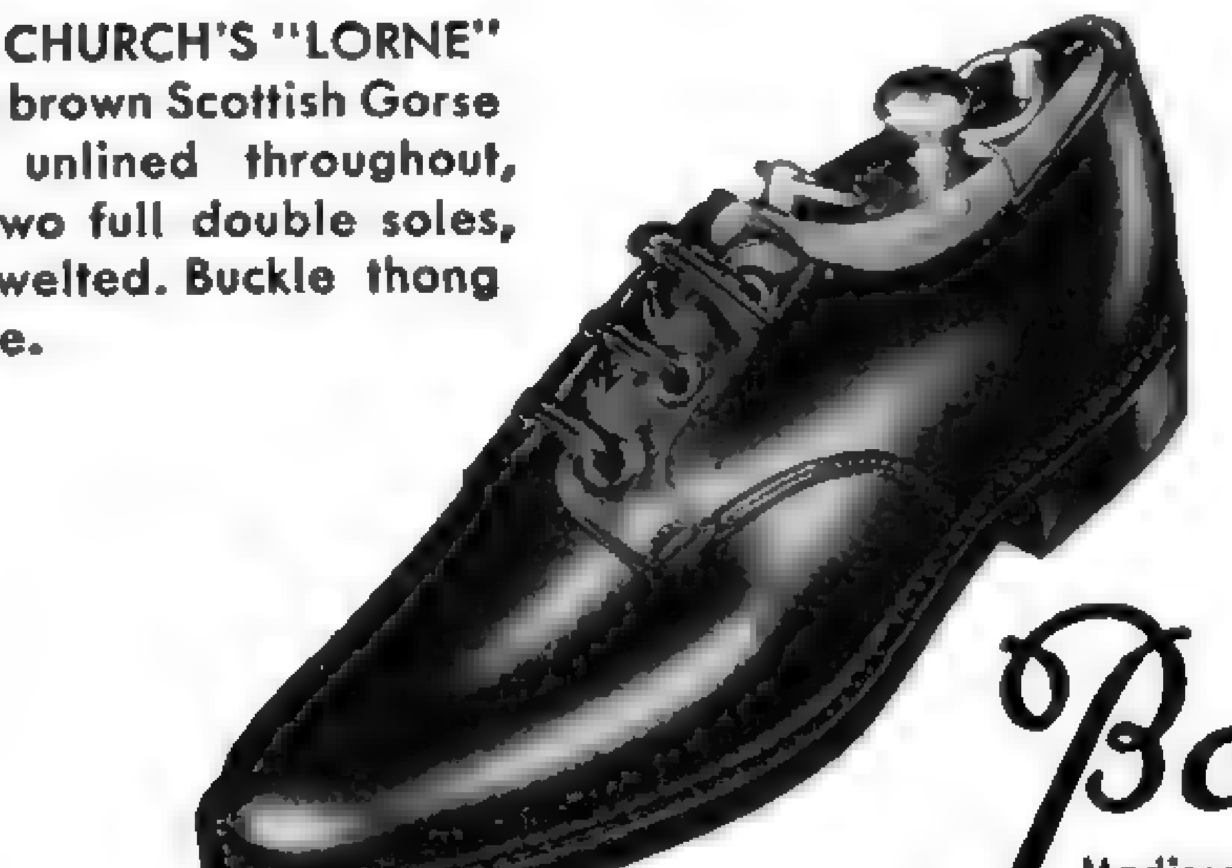

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SAWYER'S FROG BRAND OILED RAINCOATS

Three Skeleton Key

Continued from pages 51-195

of Holland, are the worst, superior to other rats of the sea as their brethren are to the land rats. There is a well-known tale about these animals.

A Dutch captain, thinking to protect his cargo, brought aboard his ship—not cats—but two terriers, dogs trained in the hunting, fighting and killing of vicious rats. By the time the ship, sailing from Rotterdam, had passed the Ostend light, the dogs were gone and never seen again. In twenty-four hours they had been overwhelmed, killed and eaten by the rats.

At times, when the cargo does not suffice, the rats attack the crew, either driving them from the ship or eating them alive. And studying the *Cornelius de Witt*, I turned sick, for her small boats were all in place. She had not been abandoned.

Over her bridge, on her deck, in the rigging, on every visible spot, the ship was a writhing mass—a starving army coming towards us aboard a vessel gone mad!

Our island was a small spot in that immense stretch of sea. The ship could have grazed us, passed to port or starboard with its ravening cargo—but no, she came for us at full speed, as if she were leading the regatta at a race, and impaled herself on a sharp point of rock.

There was a dull shock as her bottom stove in, then a horrible crackling as the three masts went overboard at once, as if cut down with one blow of some gigantic sickle. A sighing groan came as the water rushed into the ship, then she split in two and sank like a stone.

But the rats did not drown. Not these fellows! As much at home in the sea as any fish, they formed ranks in the water, heads lifted, tails stretched out, paws paddling. And half of them, those from the forepart of the ship, sprang along the masts and onto the rocks in the instant before she sank. Before we had time even to move, nothing remained of the three-master save some pieces of wreckage floating on the surface and an army of rats covering the rocks left bare by the receding tide.

Thousands of heads rose, felt the wind and we were scented, seen! To them we were fresh meat, after possible weeks of starving. There came a scream, composed of innumerable screams, sharper than the howl of a saw attacking a bar of iron, and in the one motion, every rat leaped to attack the tower!

We barely had time to leap back, close the door leading onto the gallery, descend the stairs and shut every window tightly. Luckily the door at the base of the light, which we never could have reached in time, was of bronze set in granite and was tightly closed.

The horrible band, in no measurable time, had swarmed up and over the tower as if it had been a tree, piled on the embrasures of the windows, scraped at the glass with thousands of claws, covered the lighthouse with a furry mantle and reached the top of the tower, filling the gallery and piling atop the lantern.

Their teeth grated as they pressed against the glass of the lantern-room, where they could plainly see us, though they could not reach us. A few millimeters of glass, luckily very strong, separated our faces from their gleaming, beady eyes, their sharp claws and teeth. Their odor filled the tower, poisoned our lungs and rasped our nostrils with a pestilential, nauseating smell. And there we were, sealed alive in our own light, prisoners of a horde of starving rats.

That first night, the tension was so great that we could not sleep. Every moment, we felt that some opening had been made, some window given way, and that our horrible besiegers were pouring through the breach. The rising tide, chasing those of the rats which had stayed on the bare rocks, increased the numbers clinging to the walls, piled on the balcony—so much so that clusters of rats clinging to one another hung from the lantern and the gallery.

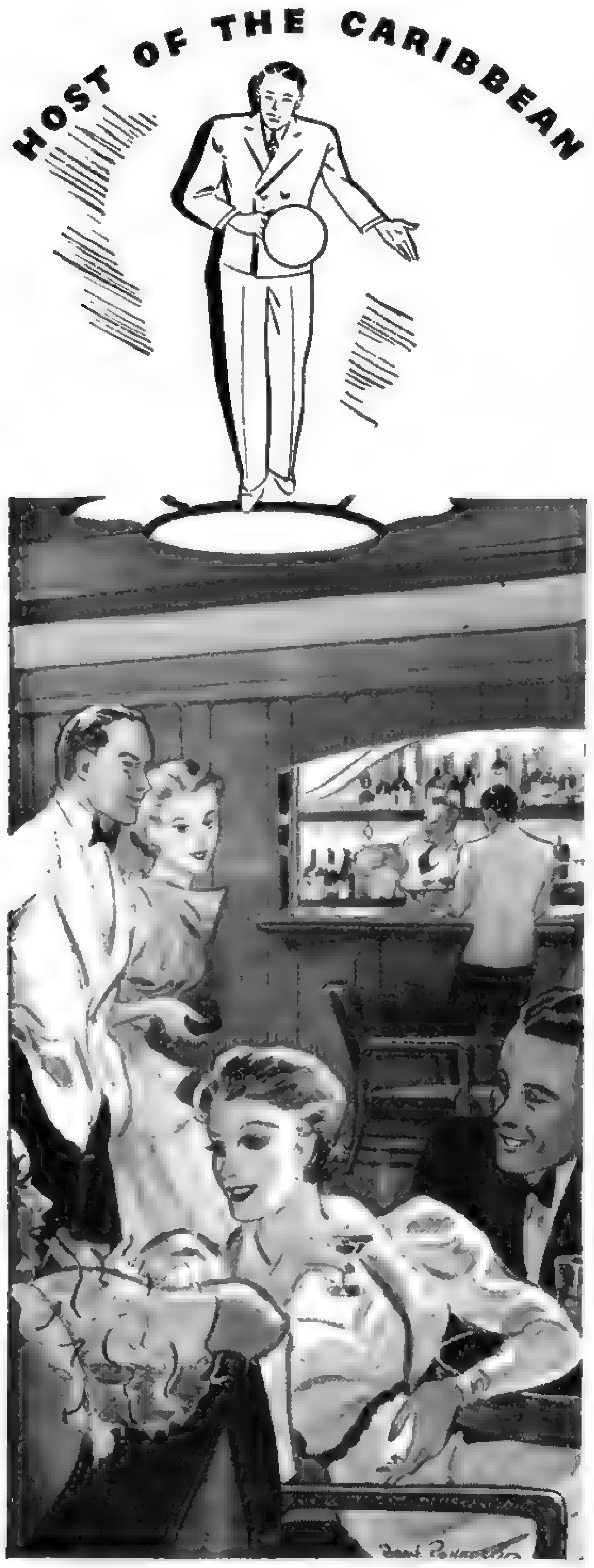
With the coming of darkness we lit the light and the turning beam completely maddened the beasts. As the light turned, it successively blinded thousands of rats crowded against the glass, while the darkside of the lantern-room gleamed with thousands of points of light, burning like the eyes of jungle beasts in the night.

All the while we could hear the enraged scraping of claws against the stone and glass, while the chorus of cries was so loud that we had to shout to hear one another. From time to time, some of the rats fought among themselves and a dark cluster would detach itself, falling into the sea like a ripe fruit from a tree. Then we would see phosphorescent streaks as triangular fins slashed the water—sharks, permanent guardians of our rock, feasting on our jailors.

The next day we were calmer, and amused ourselves teasing the rats, placing our faces against the glass which separated us. They could not fathom the invisible barrier which separated them from us and we laughed as we watched them leaping against the heavy glass.

But the day after that, we realized how serious our position was. The air was foul, even the heavy smell of oil within our stronghold could not dominate the fetid odor of the beasts massed around us. And there was no way of admitting fresh air without also admitting the rats.

The morning of the fourth day, at early dawn, I saw the wooden



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GREAT WHITE FLEET

framework of my window, eaten away from the outside, sagging inwards. I called my comrades and the three of us fastened a sheet of tin in the opening, sealing it tightly. When we had completed that task, Itchoua turned to us and said dully:

"Well—the supply boat came thirteen days ago, and she won't be back for twenty-nine." He pointed at the white metal plate sealing the opening through the granite—"If that gives way—" he shrugged—"they can change the name of this place to Six Skeletons Key."

The next six days and seven nights, our only distraction was watching the rats whose holds were insecure, fall a hundred and twenty feet into the maws of the sharks—but they were so many that we could not see any diminution in their numbers.

Thinking to calm ourselves and pass the time, we attempted to count them, but we soon gave up. They moved incessantly, never still. Then we tried identifying them, naming them.

One of them, larger than the others, who seemed to lead them in their rushes against the glass separating us, we named "Nero"; and there were several others whom we had learned to distinguish through various peculiarities.

But the thought of our bones joining those of the convicts was always in the back of our minds. And the gloom of our prison fed these thoughts, for the interior of the light was almost completely dark, as we had had to seal every window in the same fashion as mine, and the only space that still admitted daylight was the glassed-in lantern-room at the very top of the tower.

Then Le Gleo became morose and had nightmares in which he would see the three skeletons dancing around him, gleaming coldly, seeking to grasp him. His maniacal, raving descriptions were so vivid that Itchoua and I began seeing them also.

It was a living nightmare, the raging cries of the rats as they swarmed over the light, mad with hunger; the sickening, strangling odor of their bodies—

True, there is a way of signaling from lighthouses. But to reach the mast on which to hang the signal we would have to go out on the gallery where the rats were.

There was only one thing left to do. After debating all of the ninth day, we decided not to light the lantern that night. This is the greatest breach of our service, never committed as long as the tenders of the light are alive; for the light is something sacred, warning ships of danger in the night. Either the light gleams, a quarter hour after sundown, or no one is left alive to light it.

Well, that night, Three Skeleton Light was dark, and all the men were alive. At the risk of causing ships to crash on our reefs, we left it unlit, for we were worn out—going mad!

At two in the morning, while Itchoua was dozing in his room, the sheet of metal sealing his window gave way. The chief had just time enough to leap to his feet and cry for help, the rats swarming over him.

But Le Gleo and I, who had been watching from the lantern-room, got to him immediately, and the three of us battled with the horde of maddened rats which flowed through the gaping window. They bit, we struck them down with our knives—and retreated.

We locked the door of the room on them, but before we had time to bind our wounds, the door was eaten through, gave way and we retreated up the stairs, fighting off the rats that leaped on us from the knee deep swarm.

I do not remember, to this day, how we ever managed to escape. All I can remember is wading through them up the stairs, striking them off as they swarmed over us; and then we found ourselves, bleeding from innumerable bites, our clothes shredded, sprawled across the trapdoor in the floor of the lantern-room—without food or drink. Luckily, the trapdoor was metal set into the granite with iron bolts.

The rats occupied the entire light beneath us, and on the floor of our retreat lay some twenty of their fellows, who had gotten in with us before the trapdoor closed, and whom we had killed with our knives. Below us, in the tower, we could hear the screams of the rats as they devoured everything edible that they found. Those on the outside squealed in reply, and writhed in a horrible curtain as they stared at us through the glass of the lantern-room.

Itchoua sat up, stared silently at his blood trickling from the wounds on his limbs and body, and running in thin streams on the floor around him. Le Gleo, who was in as bad a state (and so was I, for that matter) stared at the chief and me vacantly, started as his gaze swung to the multitude of rats against the glass, then suddenly began laughing horribly:

"Hee! Hee! The Three Skeletons! Hee! Hee! The Three Skeletons are now *six* skeletons! *Six* skeletons!"

He threw his head back and howled, his eyes glazed, a trickle of saliva running from the corners of his mouth and thinning the blood flowing over his chest. I shouted to him to shut up, but he did not hear me, so I did the only thing I could to quiet him—I swung the back of my hand across his face.

The howling stopped suddenly, his eyes swung around the room, then he bowed his head and began weeping softly, like a child.

Our darkened light had been noticed from the mainland, and as dawn was breaking the patrol was there, to investigate the failure of our light. Looking through

Continued on page 198

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL!

. . . then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

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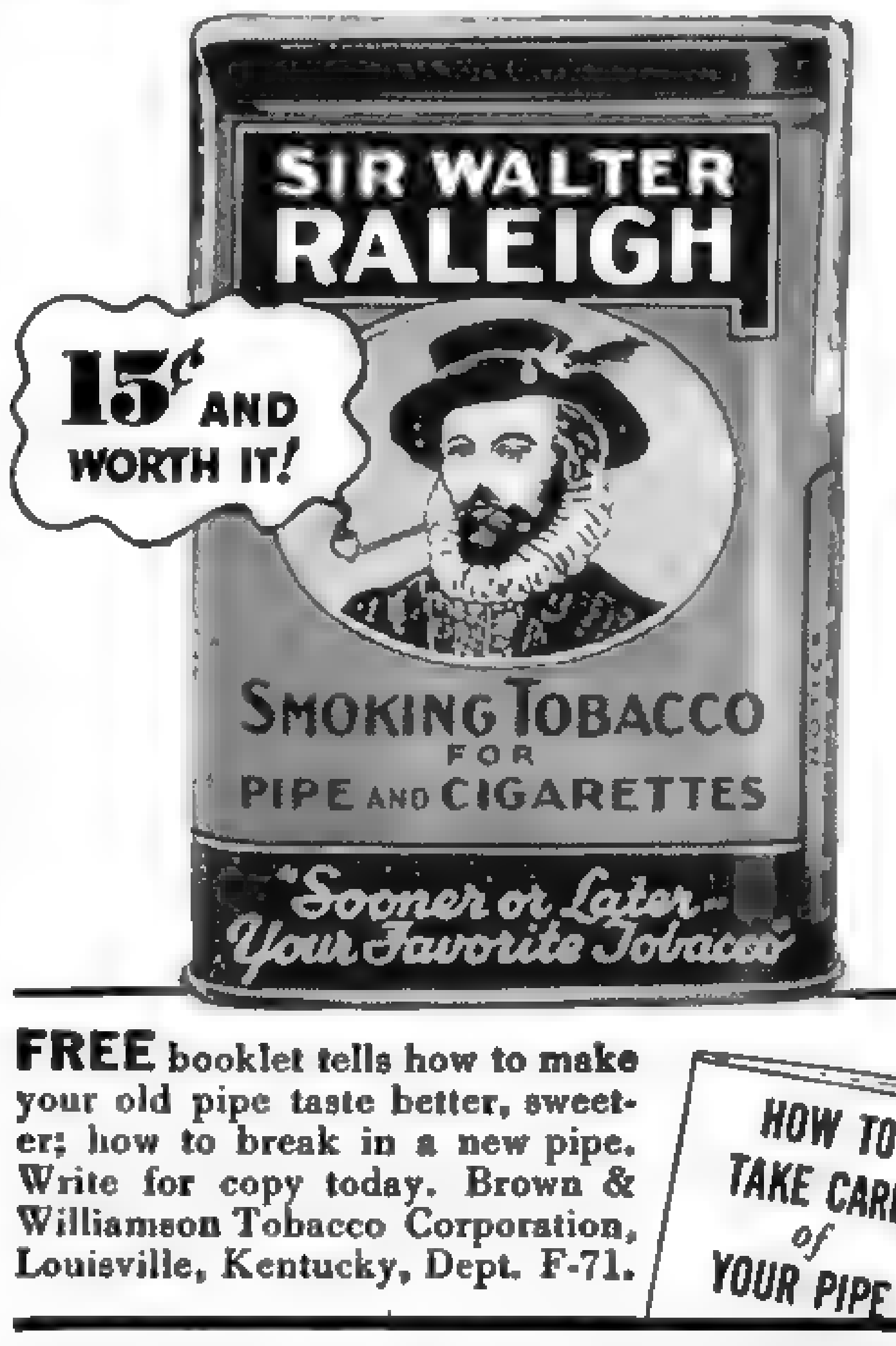
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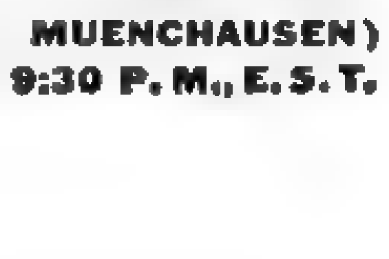
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Three Skeleton Key

Continued from pages 51-195-197

my binoculars, I could see the horrified expression on the faces of the officers and crew when, the daylight strengthening, they saw the light completely covered by a seething mass of rats. They thought, as I afterwards found out, that we had been eaten alive.

But the rats had also seen the ship, or had scented the crew. As the ship drew nearer, a solid phalanx left the light, plunged into the water and, swimming out, attempted to board her. They would have succeeded, as the ship was hove to; but the engineer connected his steam to hose on the deck and scalded the head of the attacking column, which slowed them up long enough for the ship to get underway and leave the rats behind.

Then the sharks took part. Belly up, mouths gaping, they arrived in swarms and scooped up the rats, sweeping through them like a sickle through wheat. That was one day that sharks really served a useful purpose.

The remaining rats turned tail, swam to the shore and emerged dripping. As they neared the light, their comrades greeted them with shrill cries, with what sounded like a derisive note predominating. They answered angrily and mingled with their fellows. From the several tussles that broke out, they resented being ridiculed for their failure to capture the ship.

But all this did nothing to get us out of our jail. The small ship could not approach, but steamed around the light at a safe distance, and the tower must have seemed fantastic, some weird, many-mouthed beast hurling definance at them.

Finally, seeing the rats running in and out of the tower through the door and the windows, those on the ship decided that we had perished and were about to leave when Itchoua, regaining his senses, thought of using the light as a signal. He lit it and, using a plank placed and withdrawn before the beam to form the dots and dashes, quickly sent out our story to those on the vessel.

Our reply came quickly. When they understood our position, how we could not get rid of the rats, Le Gleo's mind going fast, Itchoua and myself covered with bites; cornered in the lantern-room without food or water, they had a signal-man send us their reply.

His arms swinging like those of a windmill, he quickly spelled out:

"Don't give up, hang on a little longer! We'll get you out of this!"

Then she turned and steamed at top speed for the coast, leaving us little reassured.

She was back at noon, accompanied by the supply ship, two small coast guard boats, and the fire boat—a small squadron. At twelve-thirty the battle was on.

After a short reconnaissance, the fire boat picked her way way slowly through the reefs until she was close to us, then turned her powerful jet of water on the rats. The heavy stream tore the rats from their places, hurled them screaming into the water where the sharks gulped them down. But for every ten that were dislodged, seven swam ashore, and the stream could do nothing to the rats within the tower. Furthermore, some of them, instead of returning to the rocks, boarded the fire boat and the men were forced to battle them hand to hand. They were true rats of Holland, fearing no man, fighting for the right to live!

Nightfall came, and it was as if nothing had been done, the rats were still in possession. One of the patrol boats stayed by the island, the rest of the flotilla departed for the coast. We had to spend another night in our prison. Le Gleo was sitting on the floor, babbling about skeletons and as I turned to Itchoua, he fell unconscious from his wounds. I was in no better shape and could feel my blood flaming with fever.

Somehow the night dragged by, and the next afternoon I saw a tug, accompanied by the fire boat, come from the mainland with a huge barge in tow. Through my glasses, I saw that the barge was filled with meat.

Risking the treacherous reefs, the tug dragged the barge as close to the island as possible. To the last rat, our besiegers deserted the rock, swam out and boarded the barge reeking with the scent of freshly cut meat. The tug dragged the barge about a mile from shore, where the fire boat drenched the barge with gasoline. A well placed incendiary shell from the patrol boat set her on fire.

The barge was covered with flames immediately and the rats took to the water in swarms, but the patrol boat bombarded them with shrapnel from a safe distance, and the sharks finished off the survivors.

A whaleboat from the patrol boat took us off the island and left three men to replace us. By nightfall we were in the hospital in Cayenne. What became of my friends?

Well, Le Gleo's mind had cracked and he was raving mad. They sent him back to France and locked him up in an asylum, the poor devil! Itchoua died within a week; a rat's bite is dangerous in that hot, humid climate, and infection sets in rapidly.

As for me—when they fumigated the light and repaired the damage done by the rats, I resumed my service there. Why not? No reason why such an incident should keep me from finishing out my service there, is there?

Besides—I told you I liked the place—to be truthful, I've never had a post as pleasant as that one, and when my time came to leave it forever, I tell you that I almost wept as Three Skeleton Key disappeared below the horizon.

The Flight of the Bumblebee

Continued from page 45

The Bumblebee knew that he left and she also knew that he was not alone. And furthermore, she guessed that they had gone straight to the West Coast—to San Francisco. How could she guess they had gone to San Francisco? Well, some time ago he had spoken of a classmate who had gone to San Francisco and was doing very well. And now when she sensed he was gone she made a wild guess and sure enough her guess was right. That was the woman in her.

She announced that she was going to follow them and, "My God! Won't I show them up!" We were none of us sorry when she left.

A week later on her arrival to San Francisco she was arrested. She was in a trolley car and the conductor pulled the cord. When the car came to a halt he called an officer who had to drag her out of her seat. The charges were simple. She had refused to put a nickel in the box. She was brought to the police station and her name entered on the blotter.

The next morning the Bumblebee found herself—she who had once posed for blind justice—in the police court. And soon her case was called. The moment she heard her name and before the charges could be read she jumped to her feet and let loose her tongue.

"And here I came all the way from New York and it was all right. I didn't need a ticket on the train. They put me off in Chicago and I took another train. And when they asked me for my ticket I just told them: Ain't the company rich enough? Why do I need a ticket? Doesn't the government support the railroads? My God! Have you got to pay twice for everything? And so they put me off at Salt Lake City. What a place to leave you! And then I got on another train and I told them the same thing. The company is rich enough. Everybody rides on a pass so what the hell. And here for a lousy nickel. Well, if the railroad didn't mind why should the trolley car company get so excited? And me, who was the goddess of justice with a handkerchief around her eyes. They ought to be ashamed of themselves to bring me here for a lousy nickel."

The judge pounded with his gavel but it did not stop her.

"And I'm glad to be here and tell you a thing or two. The slops that they brought me last night in the station house was not fit for a dog to eat. My God! A rich city like San Francisco and they can't even give you a decent meal. The system is to blame for it. And you know it cost a hundred dollars to buy a ticket from New York to San Francisco. And if the railroad didn't mind why should the trolley car company. . . . My God! Ain't the company rich enough?"

At last the judge managed to silence her and go into the facts of this case. Name—Bessie Morse. Age 35. Occupation—model. Address—none. Married—Yes. (She told the judge she had come to find her husband but that she did not know his address.)

"Was it true that you came all the way from New York without a ticket?"

"Yes, judge. The company is rich enough. And I never even paid for the dinners I had. I left New York with twenty-five cents and that is all I had. And everybody was very considerate until I got here. And for a lousy nickel. . . ."

The judge tapped for order. This was a strange case indeed. He did not think it would be right to pronounce judgment and condemn this odd creature. Neither did he think she should go free. And so he did the very best thing he knew and ordered her sent to the city hospital and placed under observation. There was something queer about the whole business and he thought the doctors would have time to find out about it.

The Bumblebee raised a loud cry of protest but this did not prevent her being removed.

Dr. Walter Davidson had arrived in San Francisco some time before with the prettiest nurse in the whole of the Catskill Mountains. They had come tourist class on the train until they got to Denver and then they took the bus, which made a pleasant break in the journey and saved a little fare. And it was most necessary for them to save for they had very little money between them and the prospects of a job were a bit uncertain. They had written Doctor Blake and asked him to keep his eyes open for something, just anything at all would do for a start.

After a week of trying one place and another Blake finally gave Davidson a letter of introduction to the official who was in charge of the city Board of Health. This gentleman received Davidson kindly. He looked over his papers and read the most complimentary letter which he had from the sanitarium in the Catskill Mountains. He told him that the only opening at the moment was in the city hospital and this he might have until something better turned up. The pay was not extra good—$150 a month, but then you had your meals and laundry. And you could have a room also if you did not want to live at home.

"By the way, are you married?"

"Yes I am," said the doctor.

As a matter of fact he and the pretty nurse were just about to take the leap. All that was missing was the first pay check to cover the cost of the license and the ring and five dollars for the judge. That was all that was missing and so when he said he was married it was not very much of a falsehood. Besides as anyone

Continued on page 200

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The Flight of the Bumblebee

Continued from pages 45-199

might guess he and the nurse had been living à la carte for some time although no judge or minister had said the magic words over them. And so perhaps it was not a lie at all.

"That will be all right. You can have your meals and laundry anyway and sleep at home. The others will have to do the night shifts. I wouldn't have a married man work nights if I can get the others to do it."

It was arranged that they meet the next morning and go together to the city hospital where this city official would personally introduce Dr. Davidson to the staff. Yes, he wanted to do this because Dr. Blake was a good friend and the letter from the sanitarium in the Catskill Mountains was most glowing. And that is how it was.

In the morning they went through the hospital together and Dr. Davidson was introduced to the other doctors of both the surgical and medical divisions. He was also introduced to the superintendent, the head of the nurses' staff, and to some of the internes and orderlies. They went through the first floor, through the admission rooms, through the clinics, through the accident ward, the G. U. rooms—male and female, and all the others that they had on this floor. Then they did the same on the second floor and finally they made the rounds on the third floor. Dr. Davidson was introduced to everybody. And he shook their hands most heartily. Now everything was going to be all right.

"And isn't there another floor?"

"Well, not much up there," replied the official. "Only a few rooms that we use for a psychopathic ward. But we never have much up there. Only an occasional drunk with D.T.'s. Or some nut or other. You'll never have to bother much up there. Our principle is to leave them alone. If they cure themselves then home they go. If not then they go to a state institution. We haven't time to bother with nonsense."

"We might just have a look in. I would like to know as much about the place as possible." Somehow or other it seemed as though Dr. Davidson was not satisfied to leave well enough alone. He was putting his neck right in the noose.

"Well," said the official, "I don't believe I've been up there once in the last two years. Don't even know if we have any patients there at the moment. But if you want to see the place, well that is simple enough."

He walked rather unwillingly up this last flight of steps and Dr. Davidson walked behind him. Soon they threw open the door and as they did so there came a wild scream. A shrill piercing scream cut through everything.

"Walter!" she cried. "My Walter! I knew you would come to take me out." It was the Bumblebee.

Well, there was a lot of explaining to do and somehow or other none of it seemed to come out very well. The doctor told the truth. He told everything, even about the fifteen dollars a week and the letters that she wrote to the officials of the sanitarium and also about the pretty nurse. He made a clean breast of it all and placed himself at the mercy of the older man.

"No, we can't have anything like that around here. The West is not the East. People in the West won't stand for that kind of stuff. That woman is bound to talk when they examine her again tomorrow and she is going to put you in a tight spot. I wouldn't have it happen to one of my men for the world. My advice to you, young fellow, is to clear out of San Francisco, and clear out as fast as you can. The West is not the East."

The poor devil ran to his friend and classmate, Dr. Blake, and related exactly what happened.

"Well," said Blake, "if he told me to clear out of San Francisco I think I would take his advice, because I guess he knows what he is talking about."

Blake telephoned the office of one of the Japanese steamship lines and asked them if they still needed a doctor. It seems that it is required for every Japanese boat that carries passengers across the Pacific to have among its ship's officers a white steward and a white doctor.

Yes, they could use one at once if his M.D. came from a qualified college and he had some experience.

"Have just the man for you," he said over the phone. . . . "A blue serge suit and a peaked cap. Yes, I'll tell him. Sailing tomorrow ten o'clock in the morning. Yes, he'll be there. Sure. Oh, yes. His name, Dr. Davidson."

He hung up the receiver and turned in his chair. "There you are. Sailing at ten o'clock. You'll have to leave the girl behind. But you will be back in a month. It's a big boat and there are certain to be a lot of passengers. You will be back with five hundred dollars and don't you let any first-class passengers get away with a two dollar fee. Charge them ten and if they holler cut it in half as though it were for charity. Don't be a fool. I will advance you twenty-five dollars. You will have to get yourself a blue serge suit, and the regulation officer's cap. Better hurry and wait for the trousers to be made the right length. Twenty dollars covers the suit. And two-fifty for the cap. Well, that will leave you two-fifty until you have your first case. And the girl. Bring her over to my sister's flower shop. She might just as well be doing something until you

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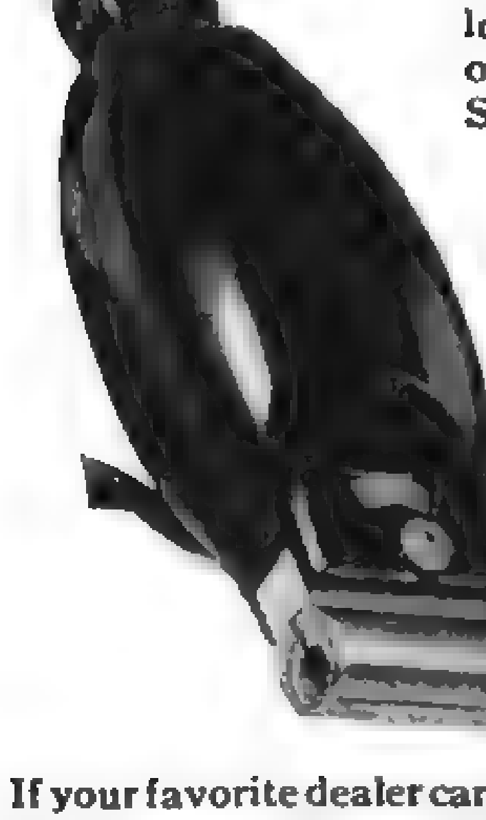

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get back. Yes. . . . If he said you better clear out then I guess you better."

That is how it was. The next morning at ten o'clock Dr. Davidson was at the dock dressed in a new blue serge suit with a peaked hat. And the pretty nurse was there to say good-bye. And Dr. Blake came along to see that everything was all right. And when the gangplank was taken up they waved to him. And soon the steamer warped out and the space of water between the land and the vessel grew wider and wider.

And as for the Bumblebee, she was left buzzing away in the ward. And in the end, the city of San Francisco had to send her back to New York. They were happy to be rid of her. Cost was no object. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 104

zens wait for hours to get into unventilated boxes where they can see Charlie Chaplin, who not only speaks a universal language, but dispenses the best propaganda for a classless society yet turned out in Hollywood . . . that since the outlawing of abortion and the virtual abolishment of divorce for all but the wealthy, Beethoven's *Fidelio* has been brought forth as a great art work, praising the appropriate devotion of a woman for her husband and tending to strengthen the family tie.

All this is significant of something—but what?

To get at the roots of these superficial observations, to gauge the direction and rate of progress in the Soviet Union, is of necessity mostly guesswork. With the most unrelenting persistence and weeks to waste, you learn exactly nothing from officials. In a land where telephone receivers may be off their hooks for days, you are likely to get a bad case of nerves.

It took me exactly two hours and twenty minutes to go up three flights of stairs to the office of the secretary of the All-Union Committee on Art, after I was in the building and had been informed by telephone that the gentleman was ready to receive me. I was not allowed to enter the elevator without a *propusk*. I had none, so after I became noisy I was accompanied a block down the street to a room filled with long lines of people and stood in one. When I arrived at the small window where these passes were issued, an interpreter explained my case. I was a foreigner whom Comrade Z— was willing to see. It had been explained over the telephone. That was not sufficient. Comrade Z— would have to send personally for me. Back to the building, another telephone call, and finally Comrade Z—'s assistant came and together we retraced the block to the pass window. This time, my passport and police record were demanded.

Intourist, of course, had my passport. To relieve a foreigner of his passport when he enters the country and hold it until he leaves is an old Russian custom. So we had to trudge to the hotel and get a card of identification with a photograph and return a third time to the long line waiting for passes. After considerable bickering over what my father's name was, the pass was issued.

The information I received from this or any other official I visited did not warrant the effort. They talk much and say little, and what they do say usually isn't reliable. I was told, for example, that Bach and Beethoven were being taken to the people's hearts today, that the great mass alone could fully understand Palestrina.

I noticed that whenever the shops got a few records, the pseudo-jazz tunes were grabbed off first . . . and I found that not one of the workers in a Crimean collective or a Kharkov factory had ever heard the name of Johann Sebastian Bach, not to mention his music.

Most of what you are told in a Moscow office, or any office, for that matter, is a generalization. And few generalities are applicable in Soviet Russia. The musical life there must be viewed from a perspective that includes activity in Eastern Siberia, from Buryat-Mongolia, Kajakstan, and on the Ukranian plains, as well as in Moscow and Leningrad. These places differ in development and attitude to a much greater degree than does musical life in America—say between San Francisco and New York, or Norman, Oklahoma and Bangor, Maine.

Trying to get at the facts of Soviet musical life is like grabbing at a wild elephant in the dark. Nevertheless, as soon as I was oriented and acclimated (that is, when I was rid of my Moscow throat), I started grabbing . . . and what I caught I'll describe under the following headings for you: Creative Activity, Performance, Distribution, and Availability to the Listeners.

No claims are made for the conclusions. And, to be contrary, we'll begin at the end, that is, with the listener.

* * *

Fifteen years ago Lenin said: "Our workers and peasants deserve something more than mere shows. They have gained the right to genuine great art. Therefore, our most urgent aim is to provide the broadest education and enlightenment for the people. This will prepare the ground for culture, provided, of course, that the question of bread is solved."

Today, the question of bread is still being solved. And along with it, the foundations for the development of a solid musical life are being laid. Nothing is more interesting in the outlying concert halls than the audience.

Continued on page 202

"And . . . Wine, Sir?"
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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 104-201

Hundreds of workers, peasants, lumberjacks—for whom the doors of a theatre are opening for the first time—saunter in, shawls over their heads, blouses open at the neck, their rough trousers stuffed into heavy boots, and sit on the edge of hard chairs for an entire evening. They have an unquenchable curiosity. They seem hungry to learn. The majority has become literate only in the past two decades.

Song or opera . . . music with a text . . . goes over best with them. They crave excitement, nudge each other at a funny moment, and stamp and cheer when the hero gets a break. They're like kids at a Wild West movie. They talk straight through orchestral interludes, and hum or sing any melody they happen to know.

What they lack in manners, they make up in genuine love of the music. And the artists who make the effort to come to them, who often take skiis in the winter and literally go on the road to peasant villages and forest camps, are repaid by the grateful welcome they receive.

The masses are themselves developing their own music and plays. For three years, the Soviet Union has had rural olympiads of amateur art, on the pattern of the Welsh *Eistedd fod.* The competitive spirit, so successful between factories and shock-brigades, arouses more enthusiasm here than a football game in the United States. Regular song and dance festivals are organized by the various trade unions, and you only have to attend one to know that folk expression in Russia is no affectation but something deeply ingrained in the people.

Gratifying work is done also among the small nationalities of the Soviet Union. A multitude of numerically insignificant, half-savage peoples, who formerly had no written language and no conscious musical expressions, now possess their own literature and are writing their first operas. They have been encouraged to draw upon their own folklore.

Soviet Russia is a rich storehouse of folk-music. More than 2,000 native musical instruments are said to be in use. And, after trips into the remote back corners, you can more easily believe that bit of propaganda about "art in a classless society opening up new and boundless horizons and securing for the growing man the fullness of life, etc."

After you watch the long lines waiting patiently for a newspaper, to get tickets to an opera (the old method of distributing tickets in blocks to trade unions and factories, leaving the individual no choice as to his entertainment, has been abolished), you feel they are really hungry for music. The leaders claim "the working masses are striving to assimilate all the cultural values of mankind" and state that "in the Soviet Union, cultural work is valued by the whole population more deeply than it has ever been valued elsewhere."

It is foolish, however, to swallow everything you're told. How much the masses take in, nobody knows, and the most is yet to be done. Even when dealing with tangibles, you can't always believe your eyes. The large gramophone displays in shop windows fill you with admiration until you discover there are practically no records to play on them: the Commissariat for Heavy, or Light, Industry—whichever it is that manufactures gramophones—was infected with "Stakhanovism," it seems, before the Gram Plast Trust.

* * *

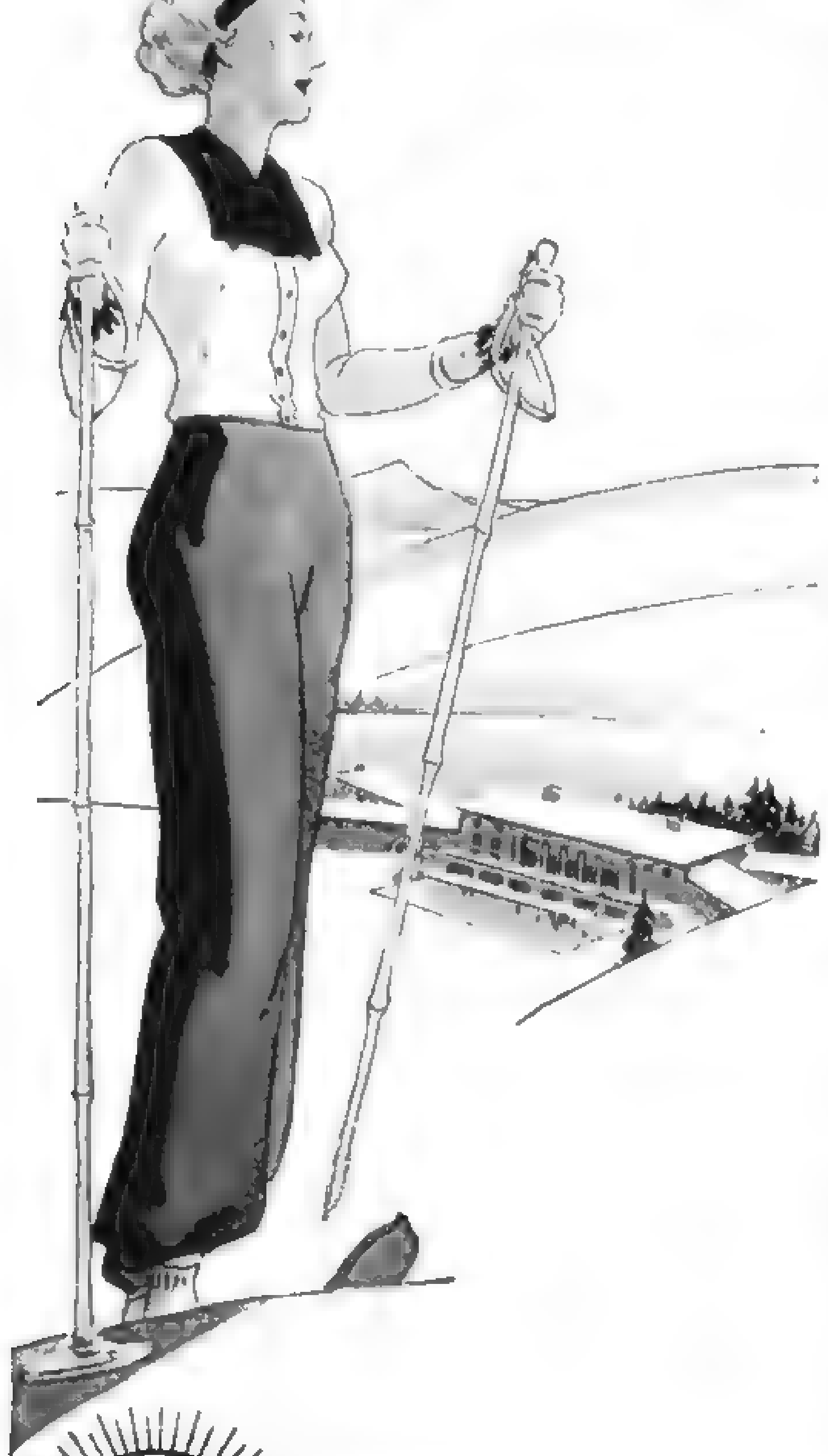
The Communist Fathers have always had a warm spot in their hearts for art. They saw in it a powerful weapon to unify many peoples, to blend their cultures, to confirm their beliefs, and to teach them the ideals of Communism. After symbols, the sickle and hammer and five-pointed star, music is the nearest approach to a universal language in a land where school instruction is given in seventy tongues.

The newly formed All-Union Committee on Art, whose head sits with the Soviet's most powerful executive body—the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R.—dispenses a liberal budget. Not only Moscow, with four opera houses operating from, roughly, September to June, but the whole Soviet Union is to have new musical theatres. Twenty-five, seating a total of forty thousand, are now under construction, and as many more will be started during 1937. And, as nearly as you can check, there are never any empty seats.

Conservatories are being built, money is available and needed for acoustical research. The radio finds time for twenty-five operatic broadcasts a month and supports its own symphony orchestra of one hundred twenty men, who are known to rehearse daily for three weeks before a concert. Imagine that in our studios!

No effort is spared to make music a natural part of the workers' daily existence. Soloists go on tour through the provinces, and frequently play in factories. Efrem Zimbalist made thirty appearances last year, ten of them before collective groups. Marion Anderson sang twenty-two recitals to S.R.O. houses, her three Moscow appearances in the big hall of the State Conservatory of Music even bringing speculators to life. She was a sensation wherever she went.

The clamor everywhere is for more good artists. Foreign celebrities who perform there accept paper rubles and, of course, spend them in the Union. But they get the best the land has to offer. Native-



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"Well, you wouldn't recognize the place, Jim. I dropped down there a couple of weeks ago. Never saw so much fine building construction anywhere. Simply amazing! They've added over $22,000,000 worth of beautiful new homes, fine apartments, and hotels in the two years since you were there."
"It looked pretty complete and swanky to me then, Tom."
"Well, you ought to see it now! Most of the new building has been done by people from every corner of America. It's really a wonderful tribute to Miami Beach itself. You see, the founders started with the idea of laying out an ideal resort in every way, and everybody's stuck to the original purpose of keeping it clean, smart, and attractive. There's nothing like it anywhere in the world, and I've been around some, as you know."
"Believe I'll run down there myself this month."
"You'll have the time of your life, Jim. And you'll find plenty of places to stay, the sort you like. Maybe I'll join you for some golf and sailfishing."

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Miami
BEACH
FLORIDA

born artists are idolized as well. Last winter, 12-year-old Busja Golstein, violin prodigy, called to take me to his box at the opera. He had his own car and chauffeur, was dressed in velvet "Lord Fauntleroy" costume, and in company with his mother, had just returned from the Crimea from a three-month holiday. Most of the violin wizards developed in Tsarist Russia — the pupils of Leopold Auer—put in their earliest years in dire want. Whether this easy luxury is conducive to the best development of talent is difficult to say. Undoubtedly, it depends on the individual. Those who get lazy when subsidized are seldom worth their salt. The genius works in spite of difficulties, not because of them. And perhaps the benefits of hardship and worry are exaggerated.

Musicians in Russia do not have to bother about the details of living. They are free to devote themselves to their work. And the crushing fear of their colleagues in capitalistic countries—that of unemployment—is unknown. They receive a twelve-months' salary. They are never on the dole, nor are they forced to perform in charity concerts.

The fact is, artistic talent is in demand in the Soviet Union. Everyone who shows promise is encouraged to develop his gifts and is provided with the opportunity to do so. The Soviet system, as it operates today in Russia, has solved the most perplexing of our musical problems—what to do with the young talent in our country?

Unquestionably, the best thing to be said about Bolshevik musical life is that it provides musicians an opportunity to work and the public a chance to hear them. ⧻

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 101

—inflamed his imagination. And it was a terrible night, the night he decided to die. Hurricane signs were printed in all the papers; the rain beat down with ferocity; the air was so oppressive that my wife and I up in Vermont were afflicted with so horrible and inexplicable a dread that neither of us could read or talk or listen to the radio or do anything except stare into the fire and commiserate with one another and, weeping, wonder why we felt so badly and why the dog, Rookie, acted so strangely—he stayed in my room all day at the foot of my bed: even when he asked to go out he did so and returned quickly and resumed his strange vigilance in my room. We came home, because of our inexplicable unhappiness, a day before we intended to; and when we drove up at eight o'clock in the evening into the driveway the lights in the house were blazing. I honked the horn to have Burton come out and help us with the luggage. Dr. Lyons and Mrs. Lyons came to the door instead. They were so kind, so good, so brave in the awful task they had before them, to break the news of the tragedy gently and to prepare us for the shock. I knew at once I had lost my boy and yet, even now, I cannot believe that this is so. There were telegrams for us already from Hermann Deutsch and Don Higgins in New Orleans, two lads who knew Burton in his infancy. Newsmen, they had read the dispatch. My mother and my brothers in California were soon on the phone and my brothers were in flight to us by airplane within a few hours. It seems to me that everyone I have ever known felt for us and gave us warmth and nourishment of spirit; they gave us of their strength freely; they showed us a love I shall never be remiss in acknowledging. If I am remiss, let the deep wrath descend upon me.

In all the news dispatches of my son's death, emphasis was laid upon a penciled note found by the police in the kitchen where the body lay. The note read: "I owe Frank Mazzi four dollars." In many of the newspapers the words of this note were set apart in bold face type. The note seemed to supply a motive for the suicide, and, because no other motive was immediately discoverable, it was seized upon. I do not censure the police or the press for this.

As a reporter (and I have long been a reporter) I probably should have attached as much significance to the note as the police and the press did. Publication of the note gave one a feeling that Burton was exact and thoughtful in his obligations; that before he died he wanted me, his father, to know that he still owed Frank Mazzi $4.00 and that he wanted me to discharge the obligation. He was conscientious about his debts and on the day before he died he paid thirty cents to Mr. Kramer, the father of his best friend, to close an account of only five days' standing. And that, so far as we can learn, is the only debt he had. The debt to Frank Mazzi was mine.

Frank is a genius who reverses the situation you would ordinarily conceive. He is an Italian and on our small place I perform the work of the day laborer; it is he who makes the terrace and the rock gardens look nice. I am very good with pick and shovel; he knows how to make flowers grow and how to transform an ugly spot into a pretty one. I defer to him in all things about the yard and garden, because once or twice I have had an idea and on these occasions he has been impatient with me. He dismisses my suggestion with the authority of one who knows his business. Once I seized upon one spot where I was going to plant some flowers and Frank did not disapprove of my idea. He didn't approve of it

Continued at top of page 204

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 101-203

either. He ignored it altogether. The spot became a reproach to my gardening. One day when I was away Frank tore it up and set about making it look like something. Frank, who used to be able to come to me two or three times a week in spring and summer because he worked by the day, now has five full days at one large place and the demands on his free time are great. He can come to me only when he has a day open in his schedule. He came on a Saturday morning, just as my wife and I were setting out for Vermont. I hadn't expected him. I had drawn just enough money from the bank to carry us through. I wanted to leave before the bank opened. I told Frank I would pay him on my return. I knew that Frank would not remind me of this, if I forgot it, so I wrote a note to myself and hung it on a hook in the kitchen. It read, "I owe Frank Mazzi four dollars." That was the note the police mistook to be my son's last message.

I have told this story as an example of how difficult it is to be sure that the information you receive in print or by word of mouth is the correct information. Friends, during all the excruciating weeks, have been exceedingly kind. I have read quite a number of books but I find I cannot express myself well about them. I shall make it up to you next month by reporting about a lot of books, and I shall tell you of my visit in Bloomington, Illinois, with Harold Sinclair, author of *Journey Home* and of my visit with Jesse Stuart in Greenup, Kentucky.

Meanwhile the first and only book of poems by A. E. Housman that was published since the famous *A Shropshire Lad* has just been issued by Knopf. There are forty-eight lyrics in it. Selected by the late poet's brother, Laurence Housman, who also writes an introduction, the first poem in the book is the one I must quote and leave you with, without comment:

They say my verse is sad; no wonder;
Its narrow measure spans
Tears of Eternity, and sorrows
Not mine, but man's
This is for all ill-treated fellows
Unborn and unbegot
For them to read when they're in trouble
And I am not. ⧺

The Trained Seals

Continued from page 35

How anyone discovers that these specimens can quote write unquote is as much a mystery as the fate of Judge Crater. If I am any guesser—and if I were not I'd never have become a trained seal—I should say that the first signs of genius are detected when a bored reporter puts an "angle" on a two-for-a-nickel accident and it becomes a "box" instead of a ten-point Bodoni head. Instead of detailing the injuries of the two people involved, the reporter (or rewrite man) plays up the cop who in hurrying to the scene trips over a dog and loses his hat down a catch-basin.

After a couple stories like that, the City Editor begins to hand him the lost kiddies, the oldest living blacksmiths, the last fire horses, the annual sweepstakes winners, the visiting Hollywoodenheads and such. These are all still in the city limits, however, and the guy is not yet a trained seal.

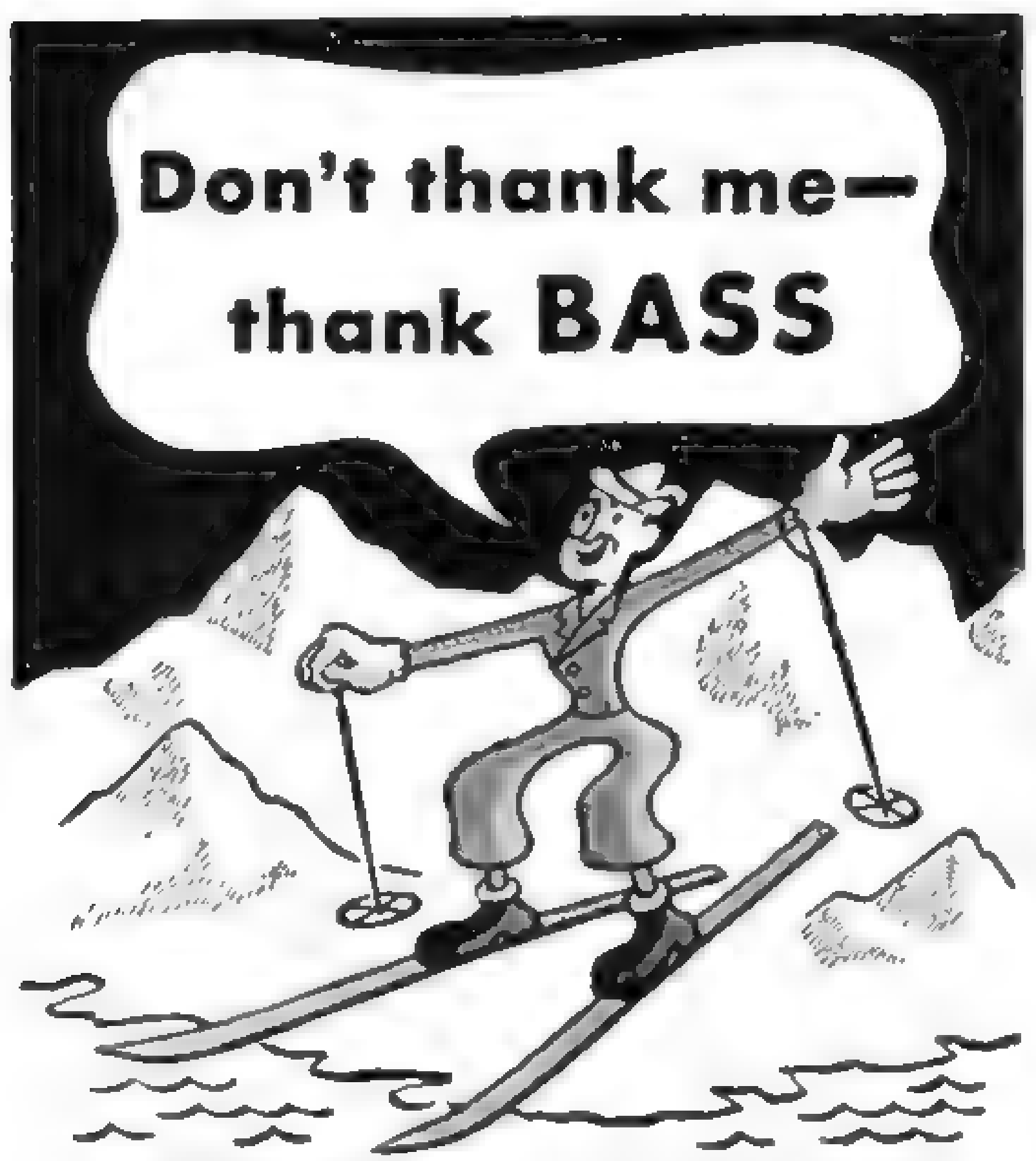
But there comes a day when the Big Stuff, the Number One trained seal is off on a story (colloq.: drunk) and there is something big and throbbing going on in West Turnbuckle. Then the little fellow who had hitherto been a parochial stunt man suddenly finds himself with a voucher for expense money, a cameraman, and instructions to the effect that for the sweet love of Jesus he will please stay sober.

That is a thrill, no fooling. As a cub I never had a bigger one unless it was the night I went over to see the gang at police headquarters and we sent the flattie on the desk out for two pints. (This was during prohibition.) He almost refused. He said his feet had been hurting him all week.

The first time on such an out-of-town assignment is frequently accompanied by cordial salutes, exchanged between the favored son and those who have to stay behind burning cigarette marks in the edges of their desks. You know the kind of salutes. The smart guy gets his in first.

From then on there is none of the well-known even tenor. The trained seal is a marked man. The Boss thinks he has kept those magnificent talents at work as much as he can. So if there is nothing really major going on around town he assigns the smart lad to interview the second-string evangelists, the rocket-to-the-moon boys, the Congressmen returning from Extensive Surveys of the European Situation, the semi-annual breadline story, the eccentric recluse who died in a stinking apartment with goldbacks stuffed behind the pictures.

If the Boss can't find anything of that caliber even, the trained seal is in a bad way. He reports for work some time during the day, but he doesn't dare sit around doing nothing. Nor does the Boss dare to have him. Aside from the possibility of the publisher's making a squawk (because very often the publisher cozies up to the trained seal and thinks he's a hell of a guy, one who should be right there on the front page every day) it is bad for two great minds to be in the same room without an idea



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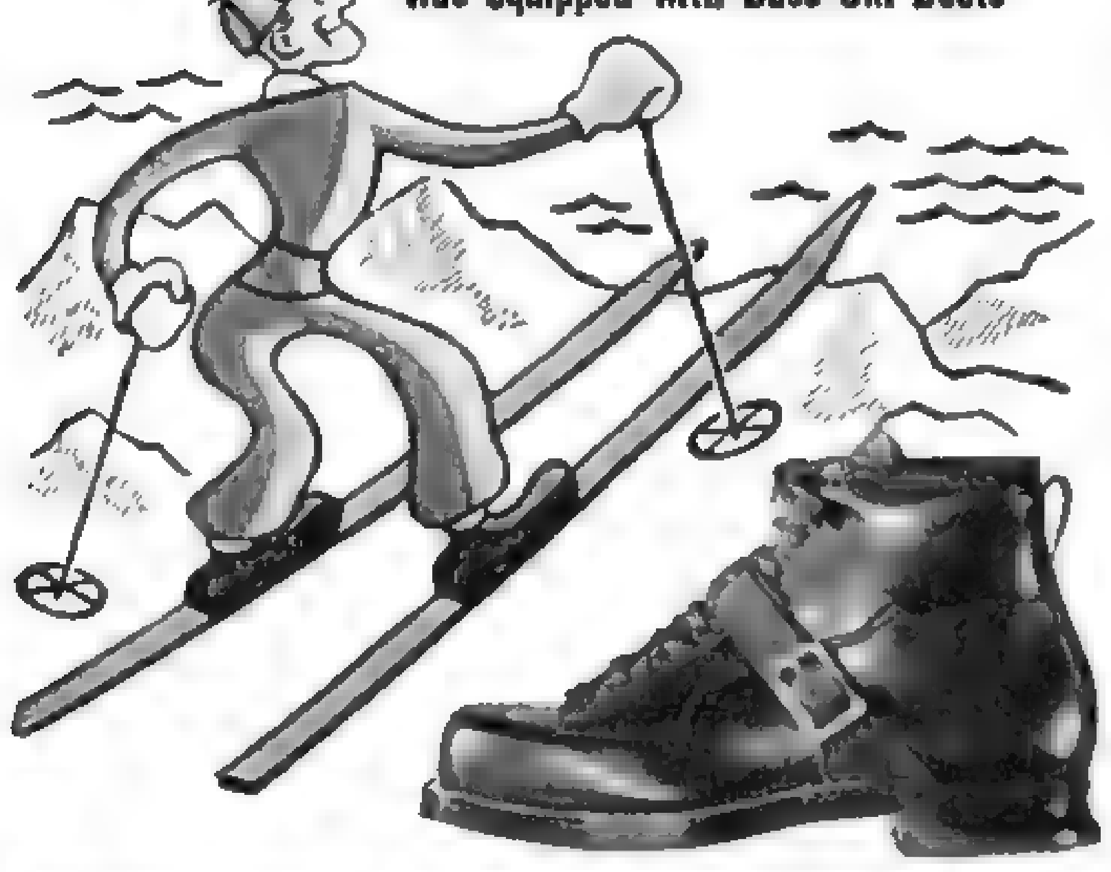

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between them. The M. E. and/or the City Editor resents that living, breathing reminder that he ever gave the fellow a rating, possibly a raise. And usually the City Editor has made his staff arrangements such that the trained seal can be detached at any time, meaning there is no place for him in routine activities.

The typical, but by no means the universal, result is too much time spent in gin fountains reading the early editions and cursing the quality of bar whiskey these days.

But that is the dark side of the picture.

The proper use of the trained seal is exploding him out of a daze and shoving him out on a story, a big story—you know, "big." The kind of stuff that has flavor and color and excitement and adventure in it—either something that everybody is going to be covering automatically or something that the rest of the lugs didn't have brains enough to see as a possibility.

A new Zeppelin arrives on its first transatlantic flight; a submarine is rammed and sunk; a girl is acquitted of murdering her father and goes back to work the bleak, run-down farm; the battle fleet is concluding its maneuvers and putting on a parade for the President; slum dwellers in a nearby town are being evicted so that a housing project they can never afford to live in can be started; an international celebrity is found hibernating at a nearby summer resort; three college students are lost on a mountain in winter.

There's lots of stuff in those kinds of stories, isn't there? Some fun to see the big ships, to meet the famous people, to watch a Coast Guard rescue at sea, to get an intimate glimpse of human tragedy.

And what a treat to be off on your own, with expense dough in your pocket, a good lead to follow, no boss to duck, no one in the world but seventeen hotel employees and a couple of railroad porters to know how much Scotch you consume, a direct wire to the office with the monkey on the receiving end knowing it's *verboten* to change the trained seal's copy, keeping your own hours, and drawing your pay as usual. Sometimes—hold your hats!—a bonus, even!

Who wouldn't rather have that than the municipal court beat, or a Democratic club rally, or a subway accident that has been cleared away before you get there and nobody knows who was hurt or where they've been taken?

Well, I would, because I love it. And a few others would because they don't know anything about it. But I know a dozen who have done it and are damned happy to be back on the desk, on rewrite, or knocking out stuffy editorials.

As a feature man, which is as near as there is to a formal title for a trained seal, it is true that a man enjoys a certain independence of regular hours and bossism, that he gets away from stinking police courts, from stealing pictures off the piano in a shabby living room while the murdered girl's mother has her face buried in her apron, and from making motions with a pencil while an eminent stuffed shirt expounds on This New Menace to America and Americans. But what does he swap for it? I'll tell you later.

First let's check off a few of the other supposed virtues. The expense account. I can hear a bitter laugh curling through the air of every city room in the land. Once there was a fellow who found when he got back from a trip that he hadn't dipped into his own pocketbook and could account for every penny. But he went to an early grave, or became a business manager. I've forgotten the fable.

Getting away from the boss? Yes, so far away that he will never possibly believe that a small-town lawyer broke his date with you and left town for two weeks; so far away that a city police card doesn't mean anything; so far away that the boss bawls you out for telephoning him and bawls you out for not letting him know what you're doing.

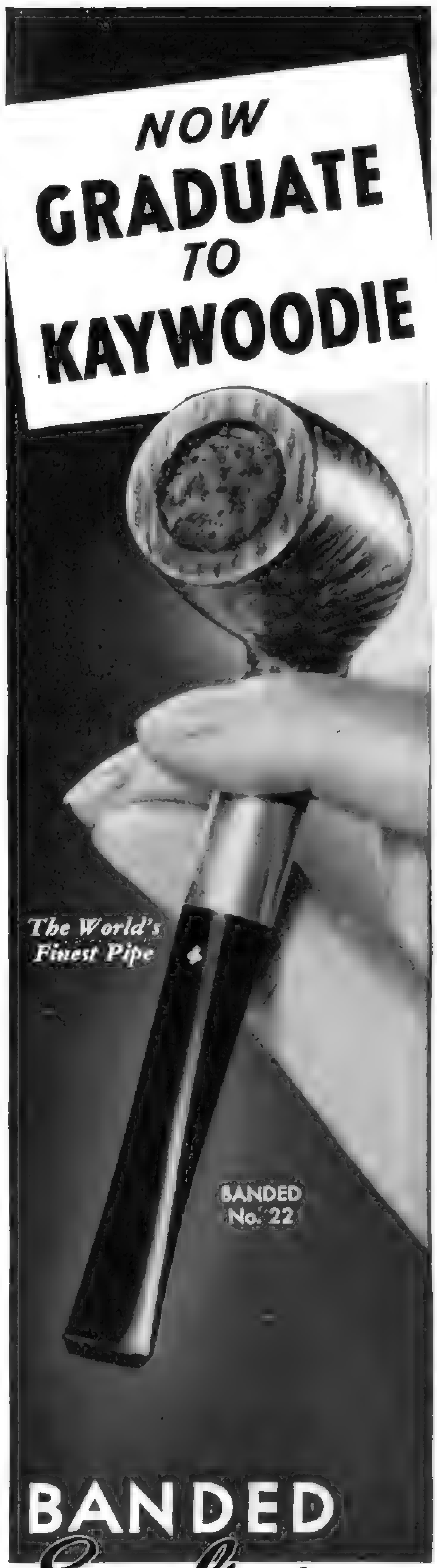
Off by yourself? And how! Off by yourself in a town that doesn't even serve beer, much less have an amiable bartender; where the only books on tap are fifty-cent editions of 1918 Zane Gray, Grace Livingston Hill (Lutz), and *Great Thoughts From The Poets;* where there are only two movies, one of which you have seen and the other of which isn't synchronized with the sound; where the restaurants serve thirty-five cent full-course dinners that are overpriced; where the telephone operator calls a cop if you mention that it has been a nice day, and where the hotel is handily located right over the tracks of an important freight junction.

Keeping your own hours? Sure, but they're all the wrong ones. About every third assignment seems to call for a ride on the "paper train," leaving about one o'clock in the morning, either overheated or freezing, peopled with dead-heading brakemen who without question smoke the worst pipes in the world, stopping at every eighth telegraph post, and made up of rolling stock the road couldn't sell to the movies for a train-wreck.

And once you arrive in the town where the story is alleged to be you try to grab off a few hours' sleep to make up for the nightmare naps in the combination day-coach and baggage car. This results in your oversleeping and finding that everybody you want to see is out to lunch. So you scurry around through a rainy afternoon, talk to all the wrong people, and at about 5:29 discover who the real guy is. But of course he's gone for the day, so you have the whole evening free to die in.

As a trained seal your home life is just charming. My first children

Continued on page 206



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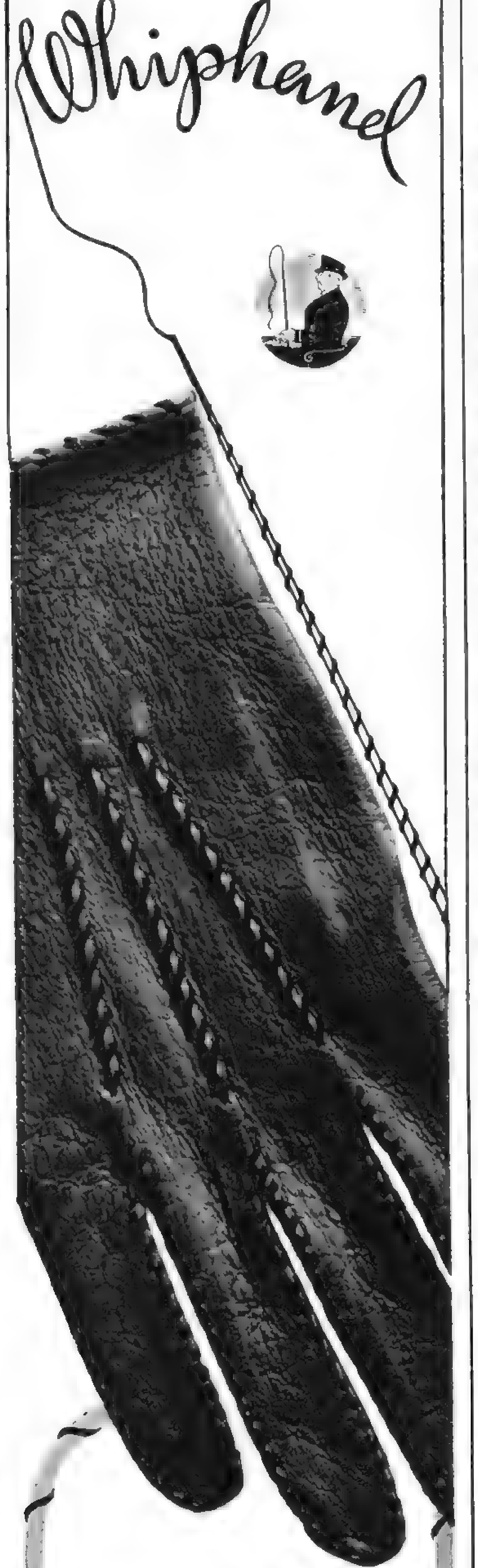

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Every Daniel Hays glove bears the signature of the master cutter who prepared the leather and cut that particular glove.

DANIEL HAYS GLOVES

The Trained Seals

Continued from pages 35-205

—yes, twins no less, and premature at that—were born while I was covering a cheap twin-bill movie (for the sake of three dollars space-rates), and I had a half-hour in which to discover the fact, get a rough estimate from the doctors as to whether all three people immediately concerned were going to live or die, and catch a train for Washington. Sure I could have begged off, called up various bosses and told them all about it. But the ticket was bought, the appointments in Washington were made, it was Sunday and the bosses were probably out golfing or riding, my wife didn't want to talk to me anyway, and, more important, it just wasn't in the picture in those days to think of flubbing the assignment. You just don't. And by and large the wives know it. Our third child was born about six hours before I started a flight across the continent. I've spent Christmases in railroad stations, Thanksgivings in submarines, and wedding anniversaries (when they were still in the low numbers and meant something) where there wasn't even a telephone. For quite a long time my wife and I agreed on a reversal of the usual system. I would telephone her that I *would* be home for dinner.

Before anyone writes in to say that that's *nothing*, I will submit that I know many instances which would stack up to much worse. I know a newspaperman, more or less a trained seal, who by reason of various thises-and-thats took his honeymoon alone. I know another who was almost locked out of his house because he had promised his wife that no-matter-the-god-damned-what he would be home on time that night. He had just slammed his desk shut and was buttoning his vest when a flash came over the AP wire that the body of an infant whose last name was Lindbergh had been found.

When the heat is on, every man in the shop is in there sweating. Unhappily, it is seldom the trained seal who writes the lead story. Either he is out of sight on an amiable and comparatively meaningless special job, or, if he is there he is given a detail that suits his exceptional talents as a "wonderful man on background and interpretation."

To the trained seal who is in a position to look back on his infamous life of ease and glory, the real grief lies in the stories that are handed to him, the getting of them, and what happens afterward.

First comes the assignment. Those the Boss thinks up usually strike you with a soft plop, and you have to try patiently and respectfully to find out what in the name of God he thinks there is in *that.*

Those stories you think up are treated in the same way by him, he thinking you're trying to finagle a three-day drunk. And if you don't think up any stories you're a loafer.

The boss is very ready to take suggestions for stories from anybody. An assistant tape-reader on the Wall Street closing tables will tell him that he read or heard, or thinks he did, something about a man, or possibly it's a woman, up in Springfield or somewhere near there, who is doing remarkable things in raising hens, or it might be cows. Or the publisher has just visited a lighthouse for the first time and he tells the Boss that there should be quite a remarkable story in lighthouse keepers—you know, the lonely life, the storms, the rescues, etc. The Boss never tells him that there certainly is a good story there and that we ran it three weeks ago, as we have once a year for twenty years.

All the trained seal has to do is pin down the facts in the one instance, and find an "angle" in the other.

For a real example of all the possible outs in this kind of work, I would relate the following. I was given a clipping from a remote country weekly back in the spring of 1932, just when the depression was getting its hammerlock set. The clipping said that a certain town had not been touched by the depression. "There is no unemployment, nobody on relief, the mill is running three shifts a day, merchants report no drop in sales, there are no delinquent taxes, etc." I was told to go out there and do a story for the magazine section on this remarkable phenomenon.

I made a long and dreary trip through the seasonal mud and drizzle, I was cheated by a taxi driver, and I was bored almost to death by a country photographer I had to hire.

I brought back the story.

Every statement in the clipping was true. But a certain vital and all-illuminating fact had not been stated. The happy community was a company town. Houses, stores, telephone company, even the water supply were owned by the mill. Thus, there was no unemployment *in the town*, because the day a man lost his job he knew pretty well that he had to make plans to move, not to another house nearby, but away from there altogether.

By the same token, there was nobody on relief because right there, there were no facilities for relief, and people didn't wait around to see. Moreover, it wasn't a town anyway, but a hamlet within a town, having no government of its own. There were no delinquent taxes because the mill owners took pains to pay up on all their properties. And finally, I couldn't find out for sure but I had a strong suspicion that the mill was running three shifts a day because their goods were a product of a chemical process

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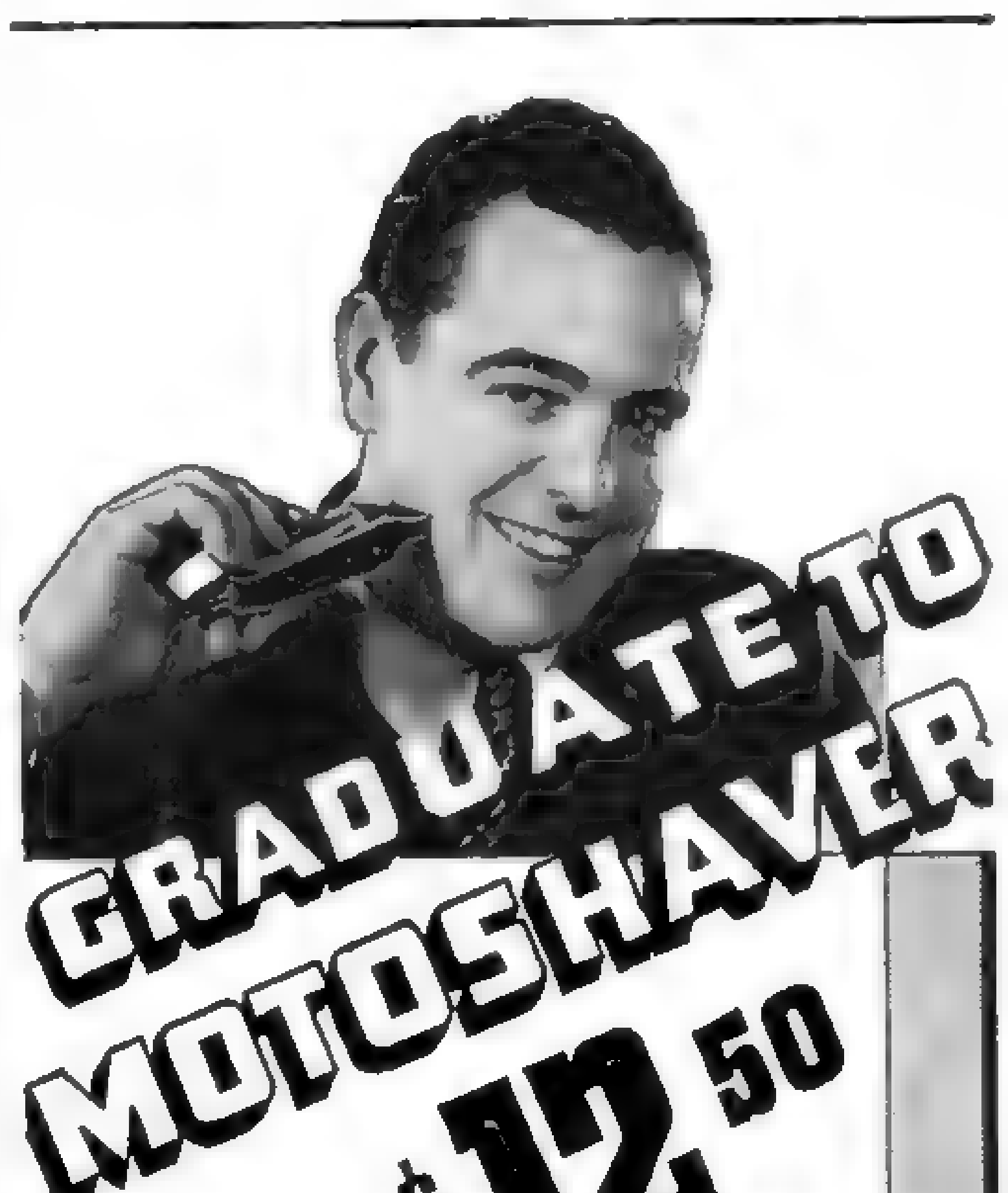

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which couldn't be interrupted, and that they were taking advantage of dead-low wages to fill their warehouses.

A wasted trip, and a lot of money spent for no story? Oh, no. I was told to write it anyway, as a good-cheer item, and not to go into too much detail as to whys and wherefores.

And that wasn't the end. A half-dozen people, who needed to have only average common sense, saw through the monkey-business and wrote in about it. So I, not my boss, was put in the position of explaining away the rude remarks.

Another time we got word that a man of great name and great wealth and no small reputation for eccentricity, who had retired to a mountain top for private scientific research, had completed his experiments and perfected a technique in a certain branch of biology which was—and still is—of world wide importance. He was some two hundred miles away and was known to be testy, so we tried to sound out the situation by telephone. We managed to get his secretary on the wire and after a mess of second-hand conversation were were informed that "Mr. J— will be quite willing to see a representative of the Evening ———." And he set a day and hour.

Need I say it was raining when I got there? He lived a three-dollar taxi ride out of town, so I phoned from the hotel that I had arrived and was coming right up. The cabbie didn't believe me when I said where I wanted to go. He indicated that nobody ever went there.

The rain blew across the road in wild gusts as we churned up the mountain and at length followed a curving driveway up to a mansion only six feet shorter overall than Versailles. I paid off the driver and dashed into the doorway. The weather hadn't improved any. While I waited for the bell to be answered the wind lashed through the shrubbery and drove the rain very precisely between my shoe-tops and the cuffs of my pants.

A mousy maid who I swear had been crying opened the door, said nothing, parked my hat and coat and started for the library. I followed her and she left me at the doorway. I was just picking out a chair to wait in when a flat voice spoke from a dark corner.

"Sit over here."

I started, smiled fatuously, and walked over to a chair by a moaning, streaming window. He remained in the gloom behind the desk—the old detective-story trick, though why he was employing it God only knows. He waited for me to speak, and I like a chump told him who I was and what I wanted.

He said: "I know all that. Why should I tell you?"

Thinking he might really want to know, I said that his work was of great importance to humanity; that no one had accomplished anything in the field before; and that at least the broader details of his experiments and conclusions would be vitally interesting.

He answered that of course it was a matter of great importance, otherwise he wouldn't have spent fifteen years on it; that he knew no one else had accomplished anything; and that even the broadest details could not interest the public.

I reminded him that he said he would see me.

"I am seeing you."

"But if you are not willing to give me the story why did you have me come out here?"

"I didn't have you come out here. You said you wanted to come."

"Do I take it that you don't want any publicity given this discovery?"

"I should be very glad to have it given publicity, and I expect that it will. If your paper cares to send out some responsible person—say, the managing editor—I will consider giving him the details."

That got me. I had had in my time the usual quota of hardshells, and had cracked most of them. One way is to put away your pencil and start for the door. Usually they beat you to it by six feet and have it chained and bolted to keep you from getting away. But this case was different. I wouldn't have taken the story now if it were hand-illuminated on parchment.

I told him I was as responsible as the managing editor; that when I was out on a story I represented the paper just as fully as any executive. In addition the managing editor was not a writer and never had been. Moreover for five years I had been doing the scientific features, interviewing scholars on all sorts of subjects and if I had thought it necessary I could have brought along their letters of commendation for stories I had written.

"I've never read any of your stories," he said.

So I stood up. "May I use a telephone to call a taxi cab?"

"There's one in the hall."

And that's every word that was said. I stood in the hall in a completely silent house and waited for the cab. The whole thing had taken about four minutes so I had to wait while the driver made a round trip.

Back at the office I made the flat statement that I had just returned from a madhouse and I turned in a transcript of the conversation. My boss said "Hmmm!"

Of course, not all the stories are duds. One or two have to get written or you'd find a new padlock on your desk one bright morning. Some of them even click nicely and comfortably on arrangements and get a good play when you get back. Some of them have a fairly strong seasoning of discomfort and danger, enough to bring the copy boys clustering around your desk when you come in.

One that I will probably be tell-

Continued on page 208

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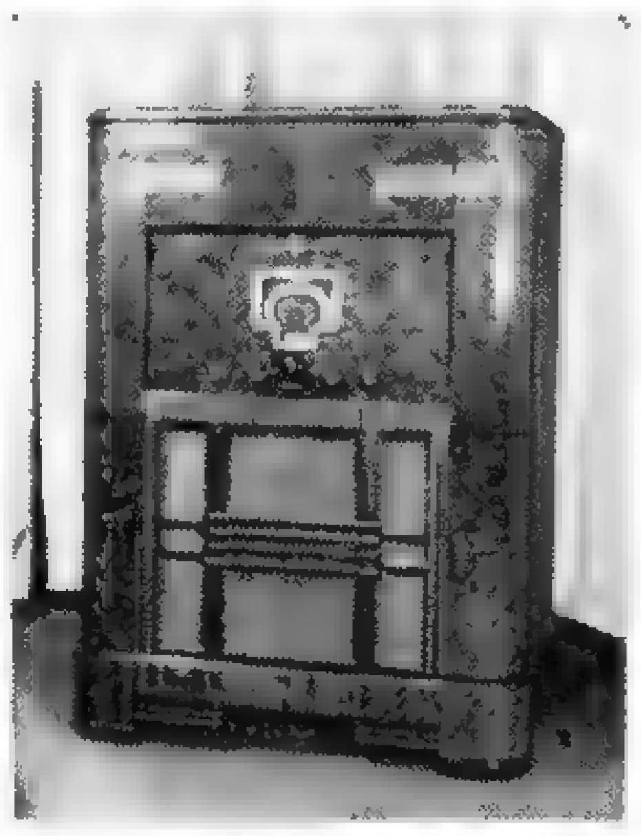
NOW, *living* music for American homes . . . achieved through the perfection by RCA Victor of Higher Fidelity Recording and Reproducing! It means that, whenever you wish, you can hear what amounts to an actual performance by almost any great artist, orchestra or dance band in the world. Victor Higher Fidelity Records have for several years captured every sound of every instrument with perfect naturalness . . . now the new RCA Victor phonographs furnish reproductions worthy of their perfection. Hear this revolutionary new RCA Victor Phonograph-Radio 9U at your dealer's.



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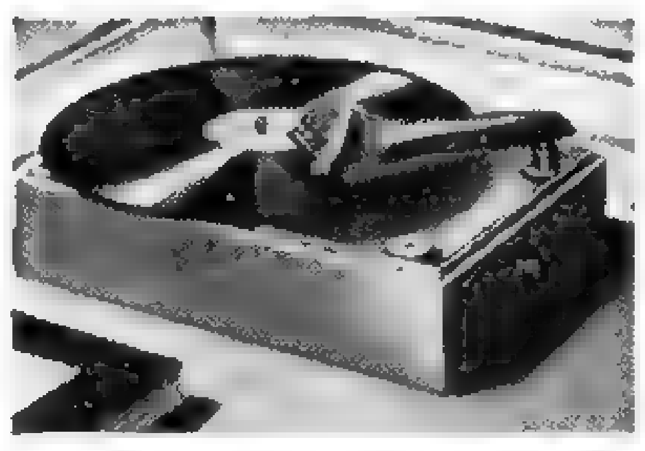

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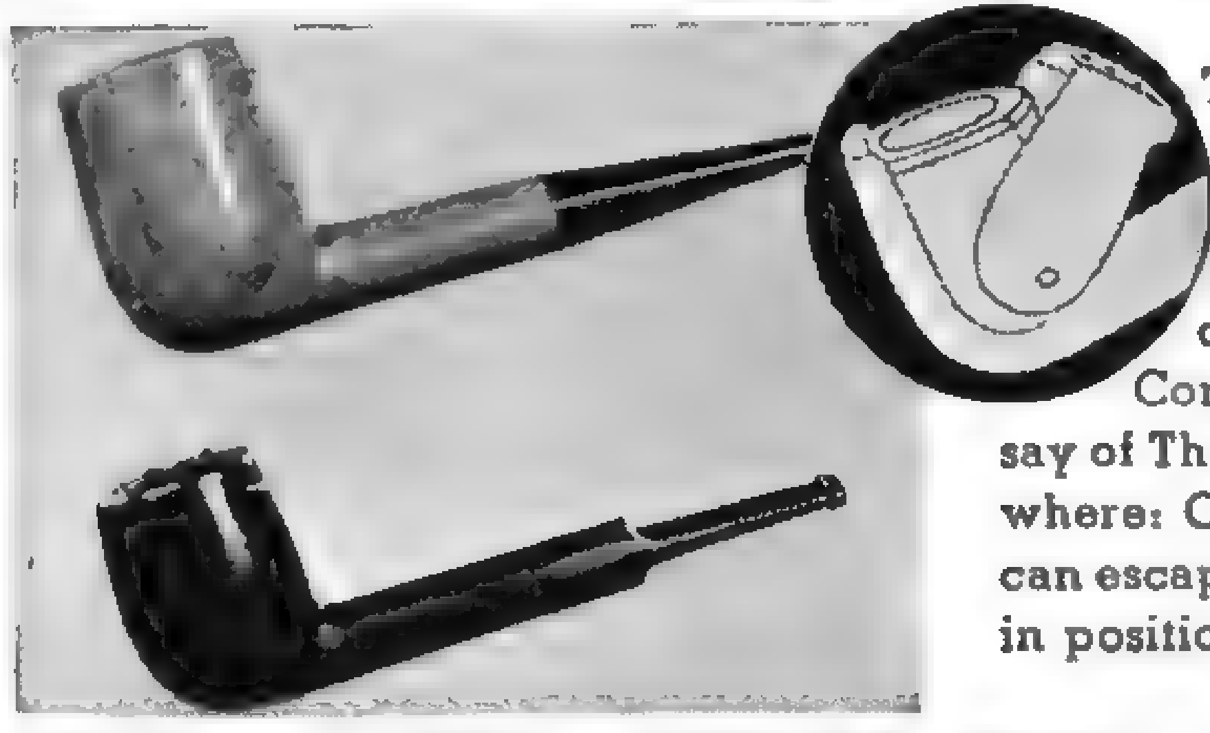

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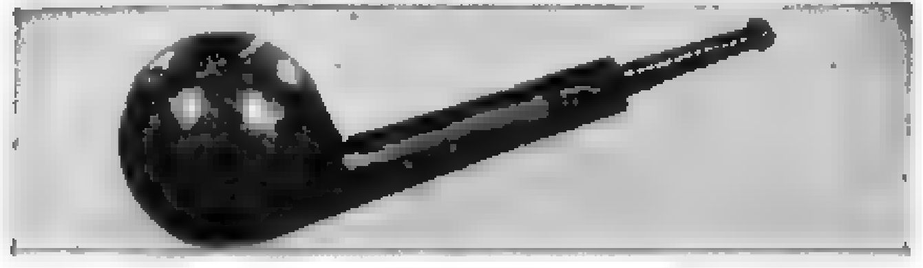

As supplied to His Majesty, the King
Golf Ball Shape, Natural, at $10.00
Walnut, at $7.50. Plum, at $5.00

The Hurricane Pipe is made in four qualities and three finishes in the Billiard and Windcheater shapes: Export, at $3.50 and Standard, at $5.00 in Plum; Special, at $7.50 in Walnut; and De Luxe, at $10.00 in natural.

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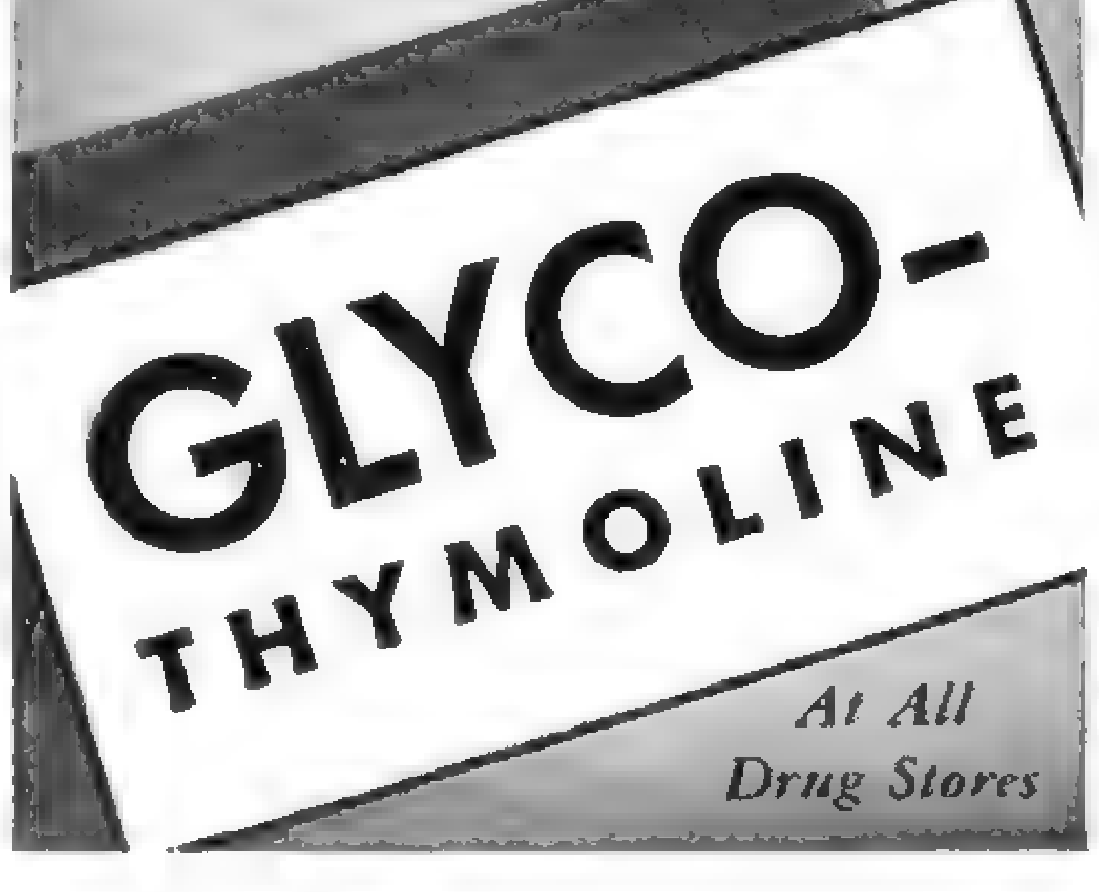
need the soothing, healing action of gentle GLYCO-THYMOLINE — the 40-year-old alkaline solution that physicians and dentists recommend. Help avoid colds and sore throats this pleasant way.



The Trained Seals

Continued from pages 35-205-207

ing the kiddies as long as an upper plate will stay in my mouth involved a trip into the North woods in winter, where a bunch of college students were taking field work in forestry at a lumber camp. A little correspondence back and forth made it look simple. There were trains and tote sleds and plenty of room in the cabins. I had no woods wardrobe and saw no need of getting one. Anyway I didn't want to travel the first three hundred miles in a Pullman wearing Bass boots and a fur hat. So I set out dressed for church—including a snappy new Chesterfield coat, felt hat and, as a concession to the surroundings, a pair of rubbers.

I made the Pullman jump, then a long ride in a combination freight and passenger train, then hired a snowmobile. We skied along over a hardpacked road through a vast area of second-growth timber under a bright blue sky, and reached the one-store, one-house turnaround for the tote sleds. They came out Tuesdays and Fridays. This was Tuesday. The snowmobile went back and I waited by the stove in the store listening to the Canuks and Hunkies and natives abusing each other.

By three o'clock I thought it was time to check up. Nobody else seemed much interested, but I finally got the storekeeper to telephone in. He said into the phone: "Yep. Yep. I see." Then he turned and said: "They're totin' Thursdays and Mondays from now on."

Well, I went back by snowmobile and train to the nearest hotel, then went in again Thursday. The tote sled was there—three sets of four runners coupling thirty-foot logs, hauled by a barking tractor. It was a magnificent trip and it ended in the dark when the driver shouted into my deafened ears, "Here we are!" He jumped down, and so did I—up to my thighs in snow. Then there was another voice and a light: the forestry instructor and a student. It seems the student camp was three miles in from the logging camp, so they had brought me a pair of snowshoes.

Thus, in the dark and through three miles of underbrush and unexpected gullies, I made my first trip on snowshoes. It was easier than you might think, but bad enough.

I spent Friday and Saturday there, Sunday at the main camp, and the sled was to start out at eleven Monday morning. I got up about nine, missing breakfast by hours. Meals wait for nobody in a logging camp; you can't even talk at table because it would hold up the cook. But that was all right. I'd be back at the store by two o'clock. The tote road was about five hundred yards from the camp and when I heard the tractor coughing I floundered out toward it.

Then suddenly the coughing became a roar, there was a rattling of chains and shackles, and the tractor had started!

I shouted. Then I shouted again until my throat cracked. But I knew full well nothing could be heard in the cab. The sled was gone.

For fully ten minutes I stood in the road, then followed it a way when it occurred to me it might stop at the lake landing further down. It didn't.

I had been gone from the office a week now and it would be another four days before I could start back if I waited over. I looked at the road. It was pretty hard packed at the edges by the runners and pretty well chewed up in the middle by the tractor. It was eighteen miles to where the snowmobile could meet me. But it was a bright, clear day and not too cold. So I walked.

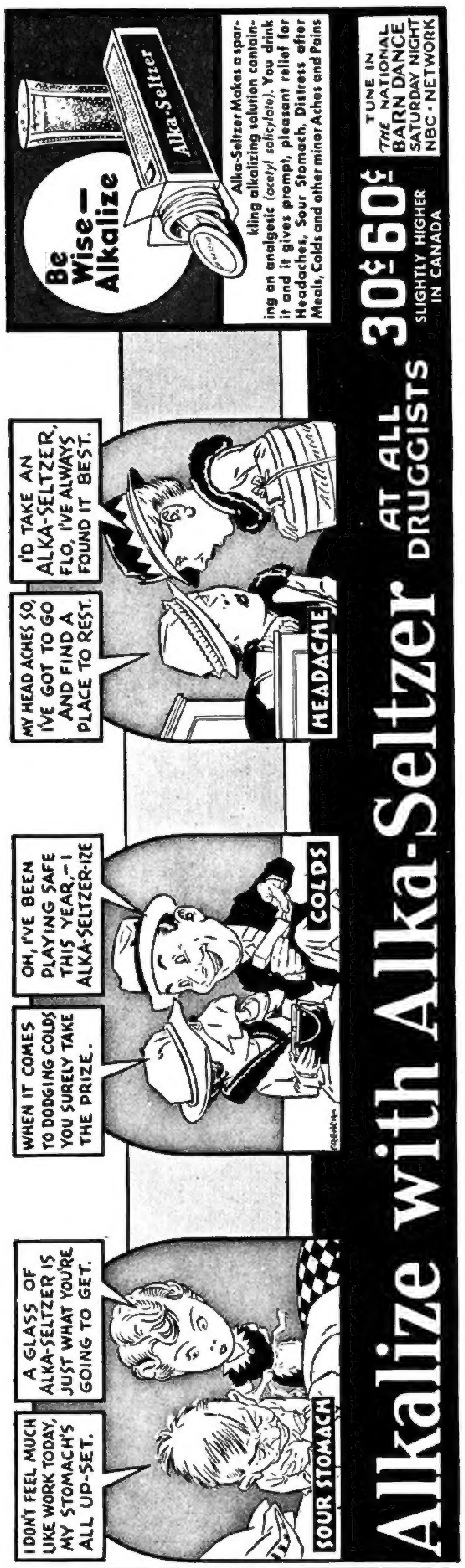
I figured five hours would do it, even after I had tried a mile or so. The runner tracks were slick from the iron; the middle was broken and treacherous. After a while I had to open my overcoat, then my suitcoat, then my vest. I put my gloves in my pocket. I put my hat on the back of my head. It was warm.

About one o'clock I picked up with two Hunkies who came out of a side road. They had a month's pay and were going out to spend it. They also had two pints of something that was neither prune nor corn nor applejack. We went along together and I was proud I was able to keep up with them. After they had had a couple of rounds apiece they let me in on the pink lightning. A tiny sip was all I could gag down, but it helped. They kept pulling at it.

At dusk I knew I had been walking. My leg muscles weren't painful, but stiff and knotted. I stopped to look at some tracks in the snow which the Hunkies said were bobcat. They looked like awfully fresh tracks, and it was getting dark fast. We went along. The other two were getting a little ahead of me now. One time when I looked up there was only one of them.

I was about to assume that one of them had stepped to the side of the road for obvious reasons when there were two of them again. And the road between them and me was crawling and heaving in a heavy ground swell. I shook my head and went on.

From then on it was a three-hour nightmare. The dim horizon ahead tilted, folded and rippled. There were anywhere from two men to a regiment ahead of me. Strange colored lights would flicker off at one side then vanish when I looked for them. Someone, I'd swear, was talking behind me. Every once in a while I would catch up with the Hunkies sitting in a snowbank. They had drunk all the booze and one of them in particular insisted on taking a nap. I would argue diz-



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A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS JUST WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET.
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WHEN IT COMES TO DODGING COLDS YOU SURELY TAKE THE PRIZE.
OH, I'VE BEEN PLAYING SAFE THIS YEAR,—I ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
COLDS
MY HEAD ACHES SO, I'VE GOT TO GO AND FIND A PLACE TO REST.
I'D TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, FLO, I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT BEST.
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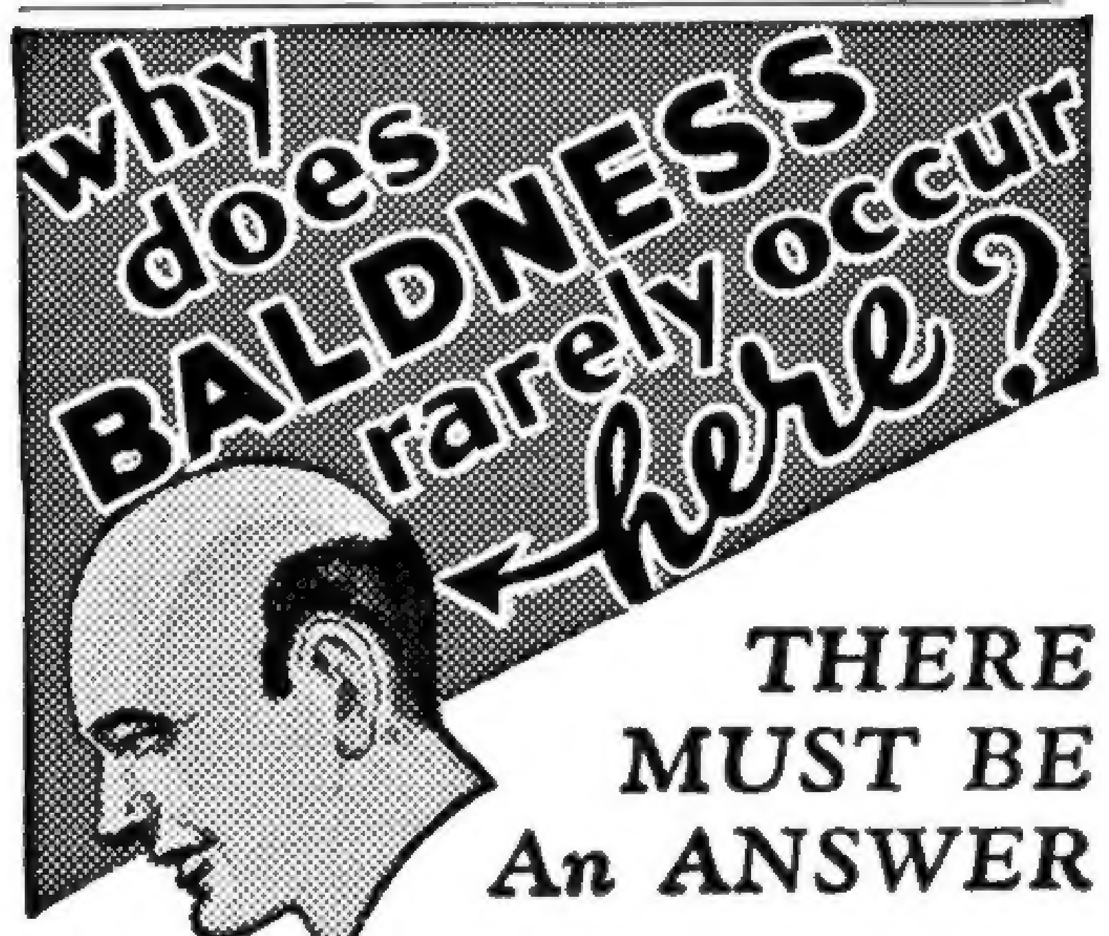

why does BALDNESS rarely occur here?

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MEN lose hair on top of the head, but seldom on the sides. Is it because dandruff cannot cling there, or is it because the hair on the sides of the head is exercised and cleansed daily—or is it because these parts have greater freedom of the air? Give your hair the careful attention it deserves—and watch results.

Try Lucky Tiger Treatment—

Apply Lucky Tiger several times a week, and massage the scalp briskly each time. Here is what this treatment will do for you . . . eliminate clinging dandruff—stop itching and excessive hair loss—allay scalp irritations—stimulate blood circulation—wake up lazy scalp muscles and dormant hair roots and beautify the hair. It's worth while to try and keep what hair you have.

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Lucky Tiger FOR HAIR AND SCALP

zily with them—not wanting to leave them, for both their sakes and mine. They would curse me for a "dam' ful" then totter on again. One time they found a lean-to half collapsed under snow, with a broken oil drum stove. There was no wood, no chimney and no reason for staying there, but it took half an hour to convince them.

I consigned them bitterly to hell a dozen times, never more so than when, an hour later, I wanted to lie down in the snow for a little rest and they wouldn't let me!

At 8:30 we made the store. I could hardly open the door but I was glad nobody paid any attention to me. I collapsed into a chair and waited for the floor to stop heaving. Later I ate a chocolate bar, having heard it was a quick energizer, and some fig bars. As a result, when the snowmobile took me to a steak I had a sour lump of ambergris in my gizzard and couldn't eat the meal.

The boss didn't believe a word of it and buried the story inside the magazine.

* * *

It's almost impossible to remember the stories themselves—that is, what it was you finally wrote. But there's always a quirk or two that sticks.

I remember a submarine trip out of New London. NBC was doing a stunt broadcast from under water. Two submarines were used: one to stay on the surface, the other, connected by microphone cables, to submerge. I was on the surface boat, my colleague on the other. We were both running down the harbor on the surface, on the way to deep water, when I saw a commotion on the other ship. My colleague told me later that the radio men were making last minute adjustments. All hatches were open and people were on deck. The radio men wanted one more trial of their wires.

They handed a microphone to the commander and suggested he read a few lines of his script, to see how it sounded. He spoke the first one that struck his eye, something like:

"Crash dive! Open Kingston valves!"

The crew below hadn't been told of any more rehearsals and those words are a command that isn't inquired into. They started a crash dive. There was fully three seconds of awed silence before an oathful shout cancelled the order.

Also at New London, another time, a motor-sailer was detailed to me for taxi service and I pridefully swept up to the public landing, picked up my suitcase, and stepped out. When I felt a trickle down my leg I looked down and found I had parked my suitcase at the side of the cockpit, where the loose water rolled up into it while we were riding the chop outside.

On the flight across the continent we christened the trip by cracking up a trimotor on the takeoff at Newark.

In a trawler off Nova Scotia on a test trip for ship-to-shore telephone I saw the Icelandic mate pridefully call up his wife in East Boston just for a thrill. He got her on the wire, grinned all over his face as he spoke the first few words, then a look of infinite pain and shock crept over his countenance.

Then he flung the instrument to the skipper and tearfully begged him to tell the wife he *hadn't* missed the boat that and *wasn't* drunk in a saloon ashore.

I took the pre-maiden trip on the *Morro Castle* from the builders' yards at Norfolk, Virginia, to New York. They gave each of us a deck of cards for a souvenir. On the face of the joker is a picture of the brave new ship.

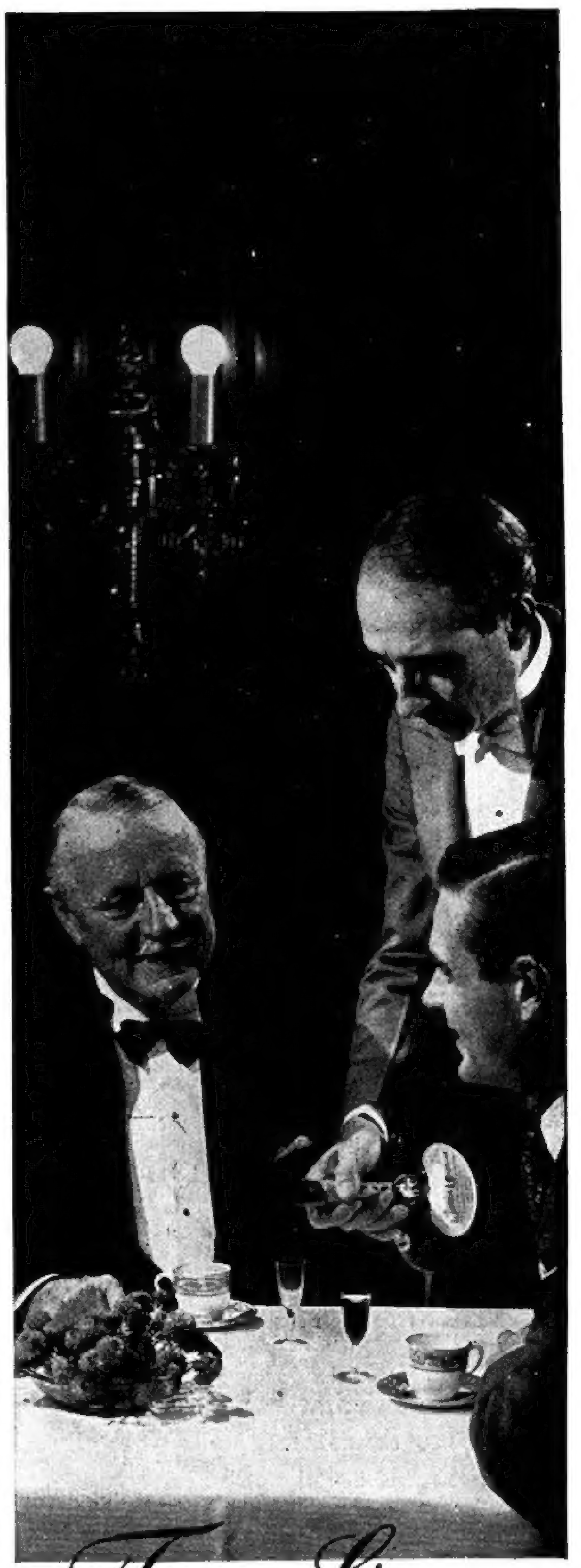
On various stories I have been 15,000 feet above the earth's surface and 4,000 feet below it; have ridden in Navy bombing planes, Hudson's Bay Company dogsleds, 100-mile-an-hour locomotives and six-mile-an-hour freight cabooses, as well as on bicycles and horses; have made friends with nobility and been snubbed by a country postmaster; have seen my stuff translated into Chinese, Portuguese, Spanish, French, and have had it picked up by *The New Yorker* for an awful boner.

I've seen a lot (about a tenth of what some of the nationally known boys have) and I've missed a lot. I've never covered a big labor disturbance (although I was detailed to Communist headquarters in Boston when Sacco and Vanzetti were executed). I've never covered an inaugural or a political convention nor interviewed a President. I've never been up in a dirigible or seen a World Series. I missed out on the gang wars.

But you see those aren't trained seal jobs. The political writers, sports writers, "straight news" men get those assignments. As a trained seal gets older he may move into one of those berths, but he isn't likely to. As I think over a dozen or so men who were doing journalistic fancy-work when I was, over a ten-year period, they are now employed as follows: news reels, columnist, novelist, Hollywood, publicity, advertising, teaching journalism (God save us!), publicity, literary agent, book publishing, monthly magazine, publicity, advertising, publicity.

You will note the drift away from the knockabout existence. Seemingly there comes a time when the prospect of more money speaks loudly, when the domestic Beautyrest is more attractive than a waiting room bench, and perhaps when that small-boy urge to ride on fire engines fades away. Then the trained seal puts aside the spangled ball and the xylophone and plays traitor to his kind.

Me? Well, you see I had this offer to do publicity at twice the money. . . . ⧺



Try a Liqueur
INSTEAD OF DESSERT

If desserts give you a "stuffy" feeling, try a liqueur instead. Especially useful at luncheon. Try a Cusenier Liqueur—none better in the world. Thirty-one kinds. Offer guests the three below: Creme de Cacao, Apricot, Creme de Menthe.

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The Liqueurs of
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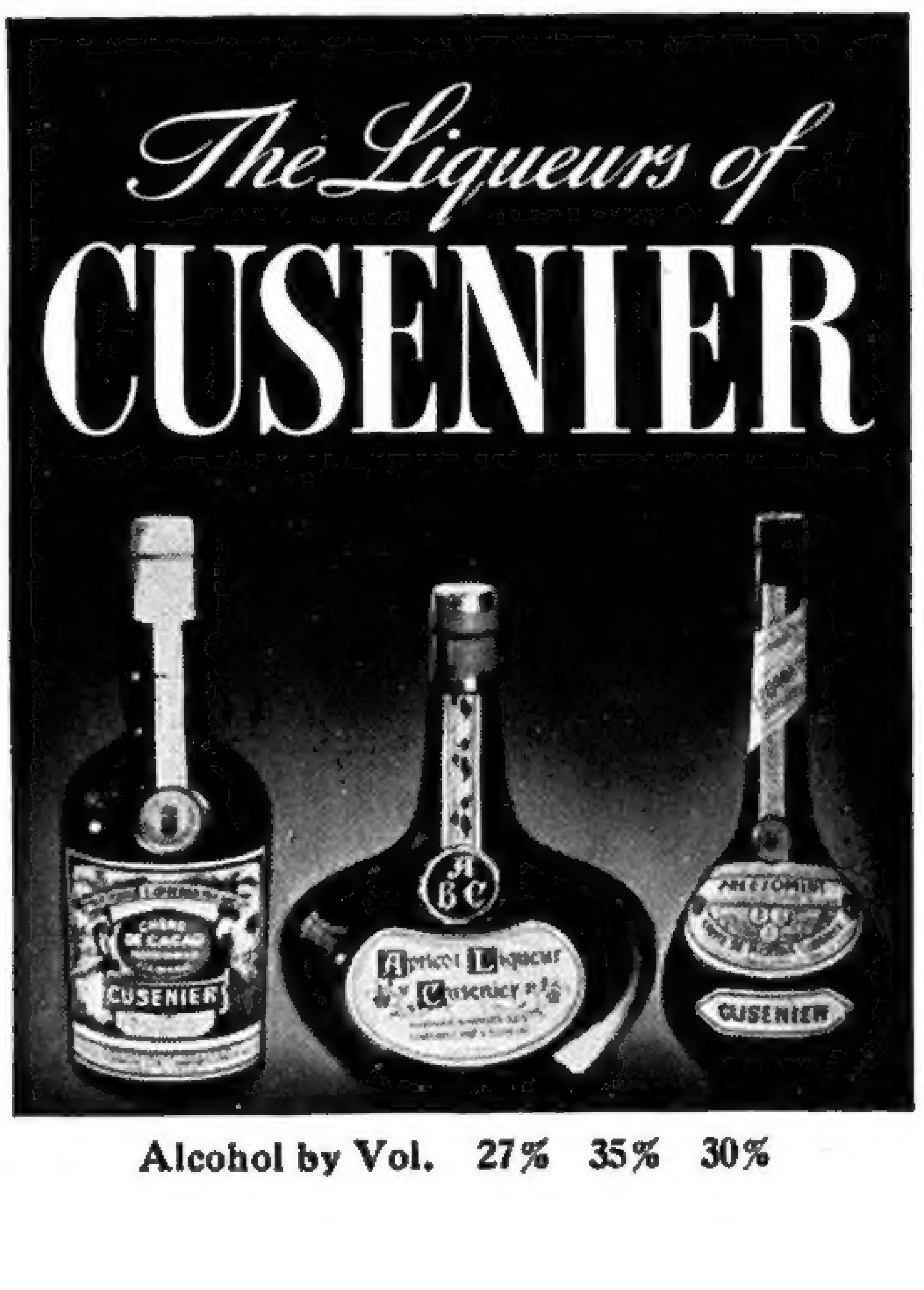

Alcohol by Vol. 27% 35% 30%

The Professional Slant on
Book Reviewing

. . . As defined in the course of a radio broadcast (*) by Irita Van Doren, editor of the New York Herald Tribune's Sunday "BOOKS" section—generally acknowledged as a leading book review section in American journalism.

Rogers: Mrs. Van Doren, when I learned that I was going on the air with you, I fell back on my reporting experience and did a little investigating. I learned that you taught English at Hunter College while doing graduate work in literature at Columbia. Then you went to the Nation. I found out that you joined the staff of the Herald Tribune Sunday literary review when it was started and that you became its editor two years later. According to an article I read, in the ten years of your editorship you have made it the most famous and most American review in the country. Now tell me, do all editors have to have that sort of background?

Van Doren: No, I don't think there's such a thing as a typical editorial background. Most editors, of course, have learned to read and write, but that's probably the only similarity in their careers. Dr. Canby, for instance, the editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, was first a college professor. As for me, there was a much larger element of chance in my becoming a book editor than your research would indicate.

Blacker: I've always wondered how in the world you ever manage to review all the books that are published.

Van Doren: We don't, that's the answer. More than ten thousand books are published a year in this country. We couldn't possibly review them all. And, just among us, I think it's best that a great many of them be allowed to die peacefully.

Rogers: Well, how many do you cover?

Van Doren: Oh, I should say about three thousand or thirty-five hundred each year.

Blacker: How do you decide which ones to review?

Van Doren: I have a group of specialists who act as advisors in their different fields. If, for example, a book comes along in economics, whose value I can't possibly know, I ask for the advice of some good economist. Is it worth reviewing, I ask him? If so, who would be the best person to do the review? General literature, of course, is a different problem and one that the editor usually has to cope with himself. Any novel or biography by a well-known person would be automatically reviewed, whether good or bad. But it's the new author who presents the big difficulty. Usually, if a really promising new author has a book coming out, an editor hears about it one way or another, through a sort of literary grape-vine. Some friend who has read the manuscript will tell you about it, or someone in the publishing house that is bringing out the book will call it to your attention. But, frankly, there is a certain amount of trial and error in the process.

New York Herald Tribune

BOOKS

New Light From Grant's Secretary of State

Hamilton Fish's Diaries Ably Handled, Illuminate a Dark Period

"BOOKS," published Sundays with the New York Herald Tribune, carries the reviews of some twenty-five writers covering about fifty books an issue, and reaches — in addition to the nearly half-million Sunday Herald Tribune families—more than fifty-six thousand others who subscribe to it through any of 126 book stores located throughout the country.

Blacker: Do you find authors as temperamental as they're supposed to be?

Van Doren: Certainly not. I've known some writers who were as even natured and untemperamental as the postman. But some of them . . . well, let me tell you about my first meeting with D. H. Lawrence. I went to see him to ask him to do an article. I was shown into a large living room full of big, deep chairs and sofas, lots of cushions, and dark, heavy curtains. I sat waiting for him, at first merely expectantly, then with a slight sense of unease. After awhile I got up and walked about, looked out the window and sat down again. Still he didn't come. It wasn't that I minded waiting. But I had the strangest, most uncomfortable feeling in that room. I got up again and wandered restlessly about and sat down once more. At last, in what was for me a most unusual state of nerves, I began looking slowly about the room. And suddenly off in a far, dim corner, curled up like a cat in deep, soft cushions, I saw a little man with a white face in a mass of red hair and beard. He was watching me. It was Lawrence. He had been there all the time, very still, very feline. When he saw that I had at last become aware of him, he uncurled himself slowly, and, surprisingly tall, came smilingly across the room to meet me. He was now completely gracious.

Blacker: What was the point?

Van Doren: I don't know. Though I saw him several times and corresponded with him for a number of years, no mention was ever made of this strange first meeting. But I have always felt that it was perfectly characteristic of a certain feline quality in the man's personality and writing which has both attracted and repelled me.

Rogers: Getting back to earth, I'd like to know whether there is any right or wrong way to review a book. I mean, any definite method of reviewing.

Van Doren: No, there aren't any hard and fast rules. Different types of books require different kinds of reviews. And different magazines approach books in different ways. We try to find a reviewer who knows the subject, can do an authoritative review, and at the same time write in a lively, readable fashion. Finding this combination is much harder than you would suppose. Unfortunately, so many of the college professors, on whom you would normally rely as experts in their field, write in a dry, academic fashion. So that no one wants to read the review. And there's no point in publishing a review, however learned, that's not going to be read.

Rogers: Do you try to find some reviewer who will like the book?

Van Doren: Not necessarily. What we want mainly is an intelligent account of the book and a frank criticism of it.

Blacker: But there are many books on controversial subjects, on which there are two points of view. What do you do in a case like that?

Van Doren: With such a book I try to pick a reviewer who is sympathetic to the view point from which the book is written. Then I feel that I can fairly ask him to tell our readers whether it is good or bad. For instance, I should never send one of Maurice Hindus' books on present day Soviet Russia to an exiled Russian prince. Nor would I send Madame Tchernavin's "Escape From the Soviets" to a New Masses editor. Do you see what I mean?

Rogers: Yes, I do. But tell us, how do publishing houses find new authors?

Van Doren: Mainly through the great number of literary agents. The agents send out their manuscripts to various publishers. The publishers have readers who report on all the manuscripts they receive.

Blacker: Don't they consider manuscripts sent in by authors without an agent?

Van Doren: Certainly they do. Occasionally something good turns up in this way. But, for the most part, these manuscripts are pretty bad.

Rogers: Suppose nothing good comes in. What do the publishers do for material?

Van Doren: They all have scouts who go out looking for authors. In fact, a writer would have a hard time hiding his light today, even if he wished to do so. Nearly all publishers these days feel that they must make at least one trip a year to England and the Continent in the hope of finding new authors . . . Now, does that answer your questions?

Blacker: Yes, that takes care of all of mine.

Van Doren: Well then, I just want to say a word to you. I gather from your interest in all this that you and some of your friends are thinking of becoming book reviewers and critics. I don't want to be discouraging, but I should like to point out that there's no royal road to book reviewing. And before you set out on it, you might as well realize that it is a long one, often discouraging and never well paid. If in spite of this you still yearn to be a book critic, this is the only advice I can offer you: Read — read everlastingly. And read thoughtfully. Practise shaping in your own mind, or in conversation with your friends — or, even better, on paper, your opinion of every book you read. Then, after years of reading and living, you may have some thing to say about a book which it is worth an intelligent person's time to listen to. When that time comes, let's hope that you also have some ability to write. For without that, no matter how hard you work you will never be better than a competent reviewer. And the world is already too full of merely competent people. The chief trouble, it seems to me, with our schools and colleges is that they turn out thousands of young people with an amateur attitude toward life. A book only 80% well written will not last. You do not have to be a lawyer or a doctor to be professional. It's a matter of attitude. You can have a professional attitude toward your work, whether it's keeping house, or caring for babies, or mending pipes, or writing books. Naturally I do not mean that you can all turn out a 100% job; but there is no need to be complaisant and satisfied with yourselves if you do less. That is the amateur attitude. And in book reviewing, as in everything else in life, there is no excuse for an amateur attitude.

(*) *From one of a series of broadcasts sponsored by the WOR-Herald Tribune High School Radio League — in the course of which Mrs. Van Doren was interviewed by Sanford Rogers and Lillian Blacker, students in journalism.*

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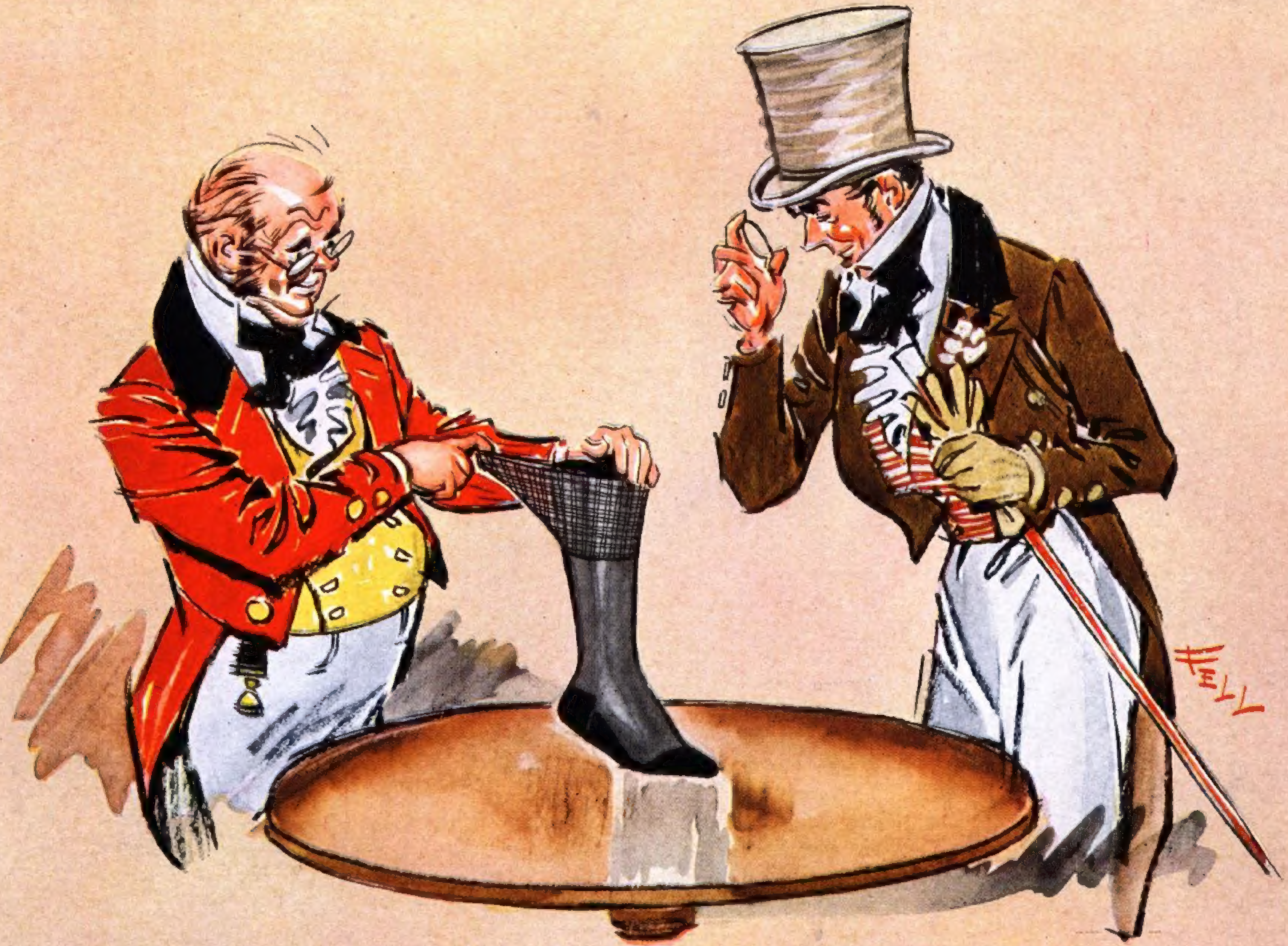

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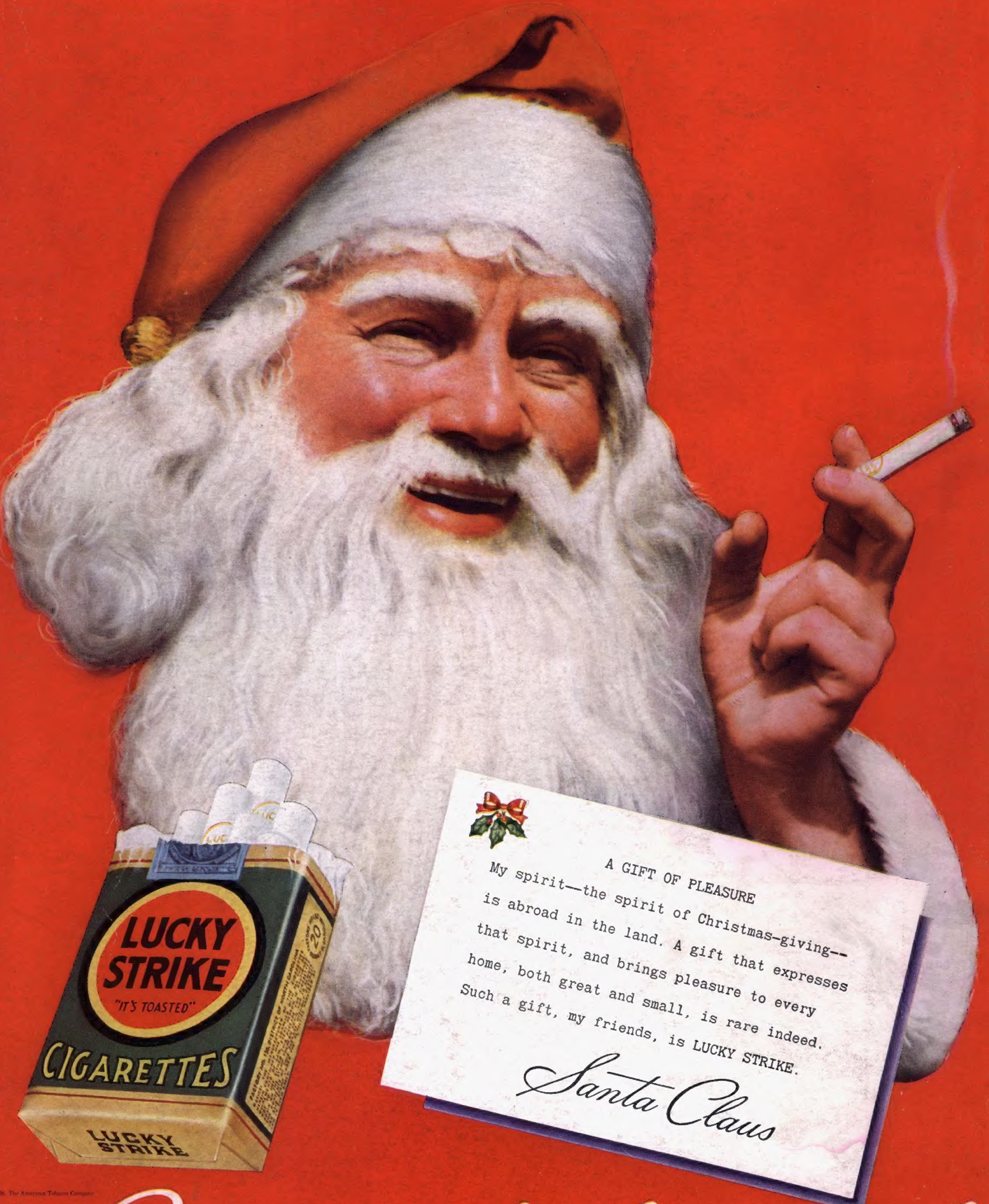
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